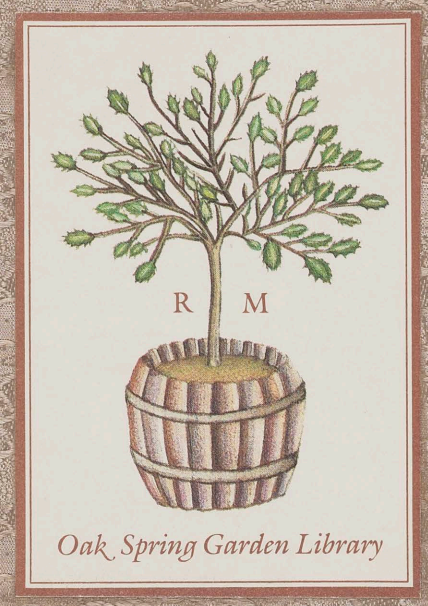

Oak Spring Garden Library

English School
Scrapbook
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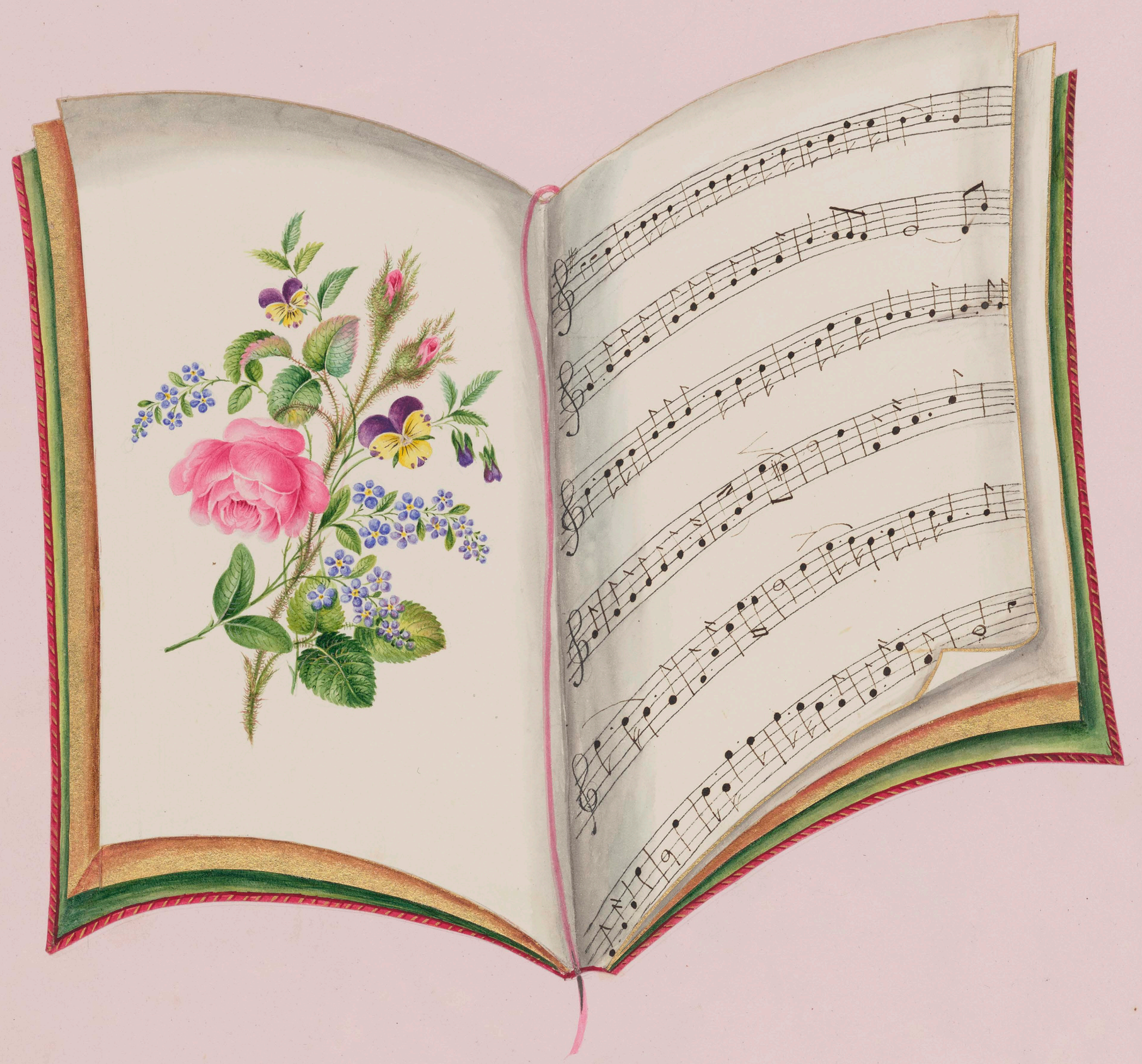
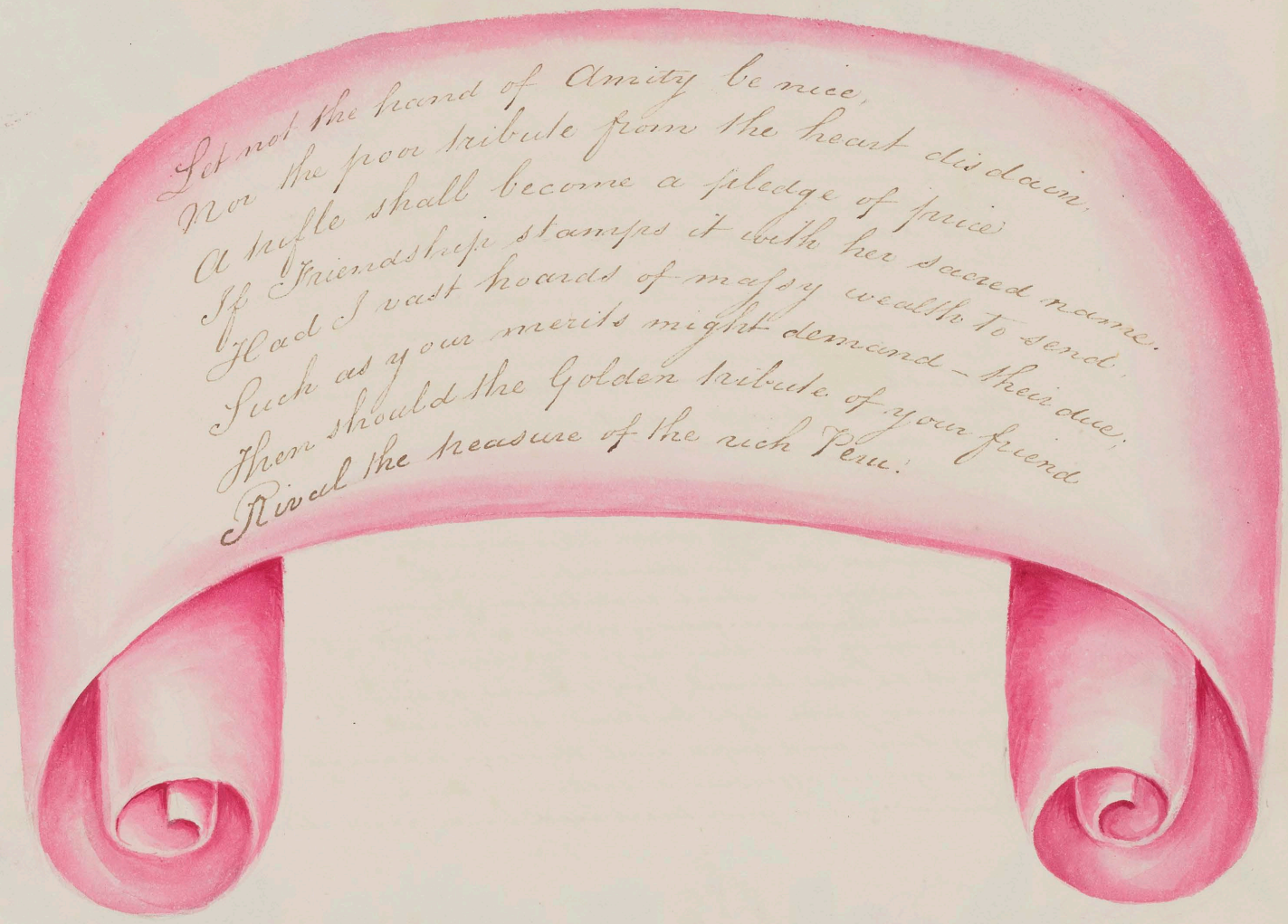
5357
Date 1826

Flowers
IN
LITERATURE
PAINTING
AND
MUSIC
Gratefully Selected
ALBUM
SCRAP
BOOK
SOLICITED
SCRAPS
Le temps fuyez
Mais L'Amitié reste
To Love and Friendship I devote the strain
To Amis Wit and Beauty one of nature's
To all these Combined Ties of the soul
The simple theme will full prove
If some celestial lyre were given
And round my brow were twined a brighter wreath
If I could snatch immortal verse from Heaven
And pour it's melody to souls beneath
Then should my Muse Celestial flowrets
Fadeless entwith to garland
I sware song of our fair knight
How ever blooming fair
Lay of love for Lady bright
And gems of genius culld with care


Let not the hand of Amity be nice,
Nor the poor tribute from the heart disdain,
A trifle shall become a pledge of price
If Friendship stamps it with her sacred name.
Had I vast hoards of massy wealth to send,
Such as your merits might demand – their due,
Then should the Golden tribute of your friend
Rival the measure of the rich Peru.

Dear ——— this simple chaplet take,
And keep it for Eliza's sake.
Lair summer's fragrant flowers are dead,
And Autumn's tears upon them shed;
But I have sought with pleasing care
Such as will bloom throughout the year.
The opening rose, love's emblem true,
Fresh and dear maid will be your due;
The pansée, which will balm impart,
Should sorrow chance to wound your heart.
The grecian pea do smell and gay,
Will drive ennui and care away.
The laurestinus, and arbute,
December's dreary landscape suit;
Like hope they cheer the winter's storm,
And wear the emblematic green.
And here be that remembrance flower,
Which claims from verse a magic power,
Recalling in the days of pain,
Back to the heart joy's hours again.
Oh may your life be thus combined,
May love - and hope, and Heaven be kind;
And firm affections silken band,
Twine round your heart, and bind your hand.

Blossoms more rich and rare shoots shoot,
May twine round Beauty's graceful brow
In wreaths of sunny mirth;
The Rose, or the Myrtle flower,
Might more become her festive hour,
And give in Pleasure's careless power
To brighter fancies birth.

But in those moments, sad yet dear,
When parting makes affection's tear,
Thy blameless blossoms bring;
Those memories, forbade me to forget!
Double be the chosen coronet,
Love, on the loveliest brow terrible set,
To claim fond Memory's wreath.

When "earth to earth" and "dust to dust"
The lovely lamented, are entrust
What flower may grace the spot;
Where sleeps the relique of the dearest,
For whose the frequent tear is shed,
Like thine — which proves the grave's dread
Repents — "Forget me not!"

Yet not in feminine mood alone
Thy heart-appealing name we own,
To love — to friendship dear;
Were not thou name with joy combined,
Were not thy bright blue blossoms twined
With hopes as bright — thou wouldst not find
A welcome station here.

Not in my volume's opening leaf,
Should flower which only sings grief,
A mournful emblem stand,
For unforgetting love: — whose light
Makes even sorrow's clouds look bright!
In joy, and hope, with magic might,
She feelings can expand.

And therefore would I place thee here,
Symbol of hope the heart holds dear,
In every clime and age;
Thoughts loved in sun-shine or in gloom,
Reigst from the cradle to the tomb;
Prompt me to wreathe thy azure bloom,
To deck my opening page.

Here, then, mid fairest leaves of green,
Be thy cerulean blossoms seen
To grace my garden plot!
Nor would I prouder flowers entwine,
Round friendship's, or affection's shrine,
Than one which can excel like thine,
The words — "Forget me not."

L'amitié en fait le prix, 1826

"Before this earthly planet wound her course
"Round Light's perennial fountain, before Light
"Shot to existence in a blaze of day,
"Before the Morning-Stars together sang,
"And hail'd Thee architect of countless worlds,
"How art thou glorious, All beneficent,
"All wisdom and Omnipotence "How art".

On the Eternity of the Supreme Being

Could we with ink the Ocean fill,
Were the whole earth of Parchment made,
Were every single stalk a quill,
And every man a skilful trade,
To write the praises of God above,
All would drain the Ocean dry,
Nor could the scroll contain the whole
Tho' stretch'd from sky to sky.

"For the ruddy morning purple wings
"Fortune with indefatigable courses
"Seek the bowing borders of the east,
"Where the bright sun, emerging from the darkness
"With his first glories gilds the trembling seas,
"And, resembles our pure waters, paints the sky,
"Still thro' the watery desert guides my course,
"And there the tortoise, surged from deep secure,
"And wreath'd in the dreadful whirlpool leaves
"Unlike on the warring ocean."

Verse borrowed from the 139th Psalm.

Father of light and life! thou good supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure!
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

Religion.

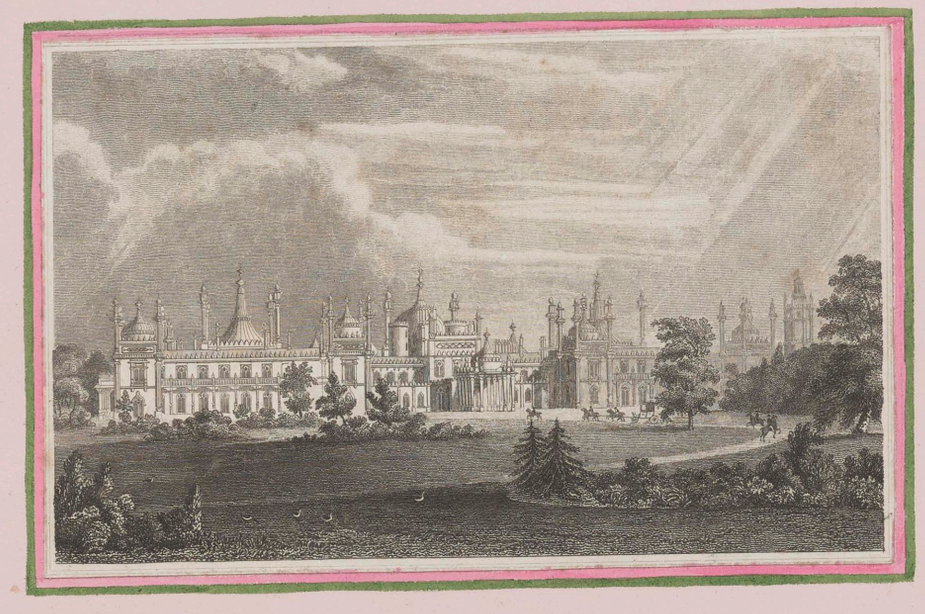
What sweet serenity from virtue flows!
How the rapt soul with pure contentment glows
That owns RELIGION! thy delightful power
Or in affliction's or enjoyments hour;
As broods the halcyon oer the troubled wave
So art thou prompt and powerful to save;
Fling oer the surface of the raging deep
A soothing calm, and bid man cease to weep;
From sorrow's eye wipe off the falling tear,
And make each trial by its triumph dear.
Thou art all pleasing; thy endearing sway
Disrobes the night of gloom, and cheers the day;
From Death's dark terrors thou canst man release,
And gild his mortal hour with joy and peace.
Let those who doubt, mark how the christian dies;
Hope beams enshrines in his uplifted eyes;
Faith bears him up, and Charity's sweet grace
Sheds resignation oer his woeworn face;
While his last words the heavenly truth confess
RELIGION gives unchanging happiness.

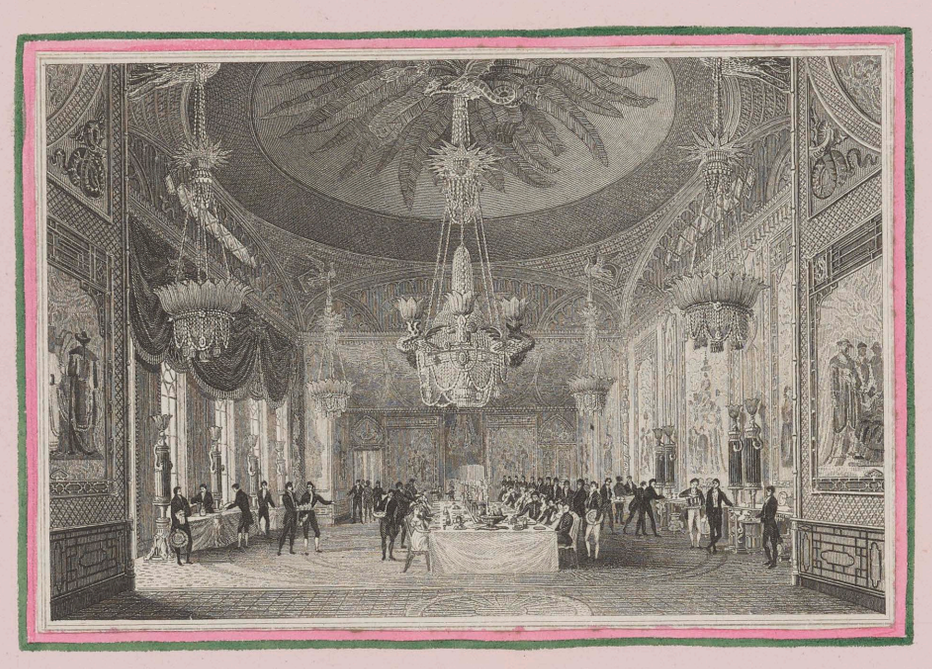
Tired of his sport the wreck of human hearts,
There on his heavenly couch in slumber bound
The God of Love reclines; — his idle darts,
Whose messengers of love, lie scattered round,
But that he wounds amid his dreams profound
With so much jealous care his unstrung bow,
How might we now his boasted strength confound,
From his own quiver pay the debt we owe,
With his own shaft pierce our unconscious foe!

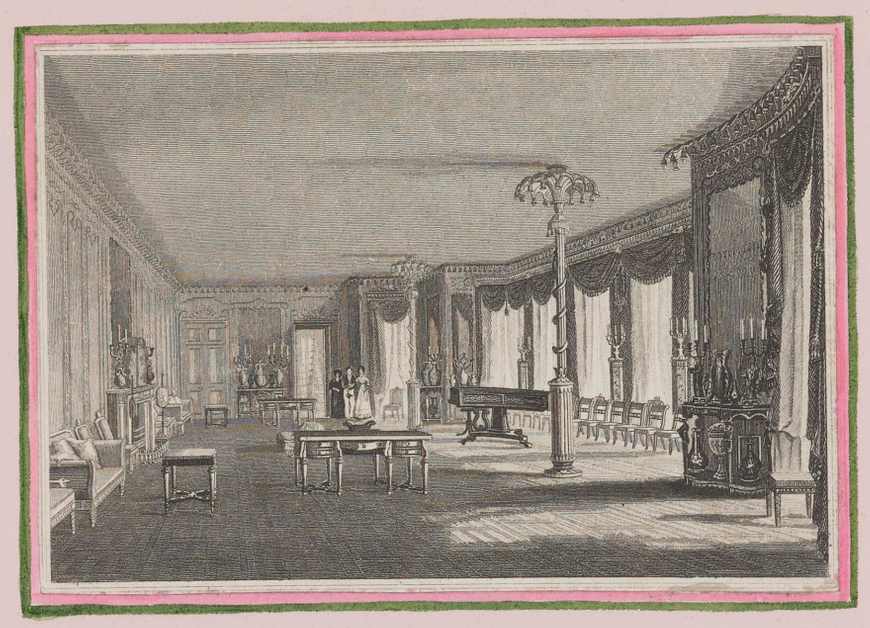
But who would wound a breast so passing fair?
Look, in immortal beauty where he lies.
His flushed cheek pillow'd on his arm; his hair
Clustering like sunny beams on autumn skies
Around his glorious brow; — his calm-sealed eyes
With silken-fringed lids, like flowers that close
Their dewy cups at eve; — and lips whose dyes
Rival the crimson of the damask rose,
Wreathed with a thousand charms — in sweet repose.

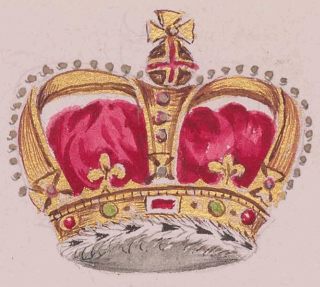
Love: oh, young love, how beautiful thou art!
The brightest dream that ever a poet feigned
May scarce compare with thee; what though thy dart
The blood of many a gentle breast hath stained:
What though thy god-like powers thou hast profaned:
And proved to some an evil deity!
Yet in thy noble moods thou sustain'd
Full many a sinking heart; — and thoughts of thee
Have often stilled the waves of life's rough sea.

Thou art indeed omnipotent — divine!
For the wide world is weak with thy name.
Princes and peasants bend before thy shrine;
Tribes of all nations thy behests proclaim;
E'en timid woman echoes forth thy fame!
Noble and serf — the savage and the slave —
(For e'en a slave, if love his homage claim)
May wear a double chain) thy shaft must have
And own thy power — to ruin or to save! —



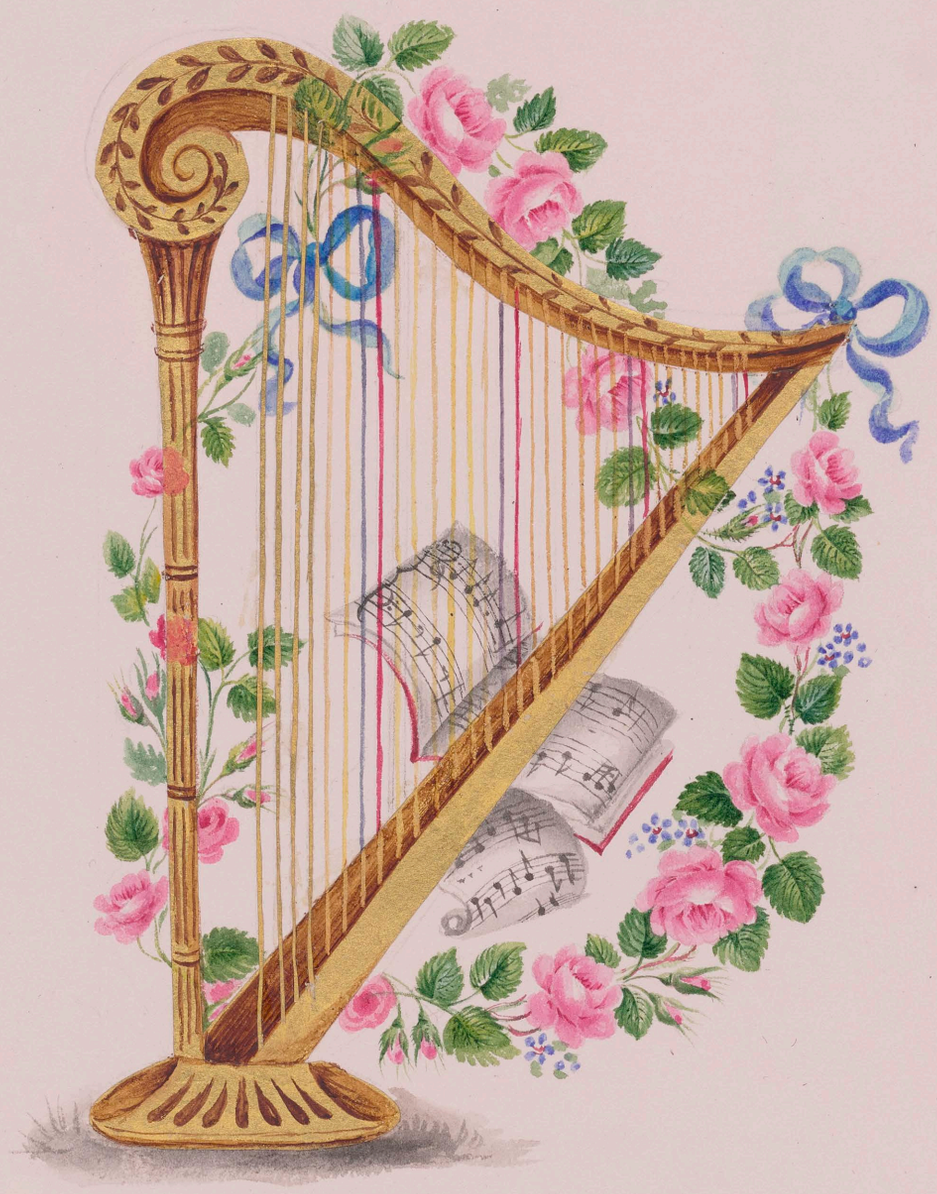






God save great George our King!
Long live our noble King!
God save the King!
Send him victorious –
Happy & glorious –
Long to reign over us –
God save the King!

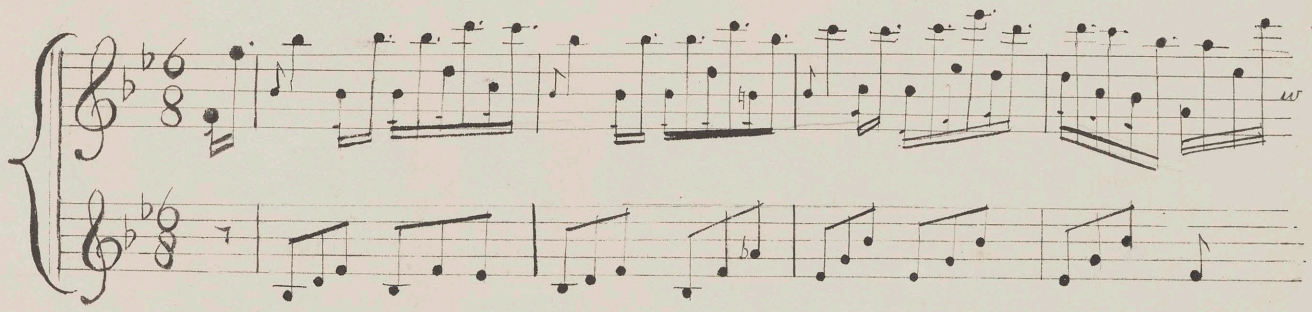
Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King! —

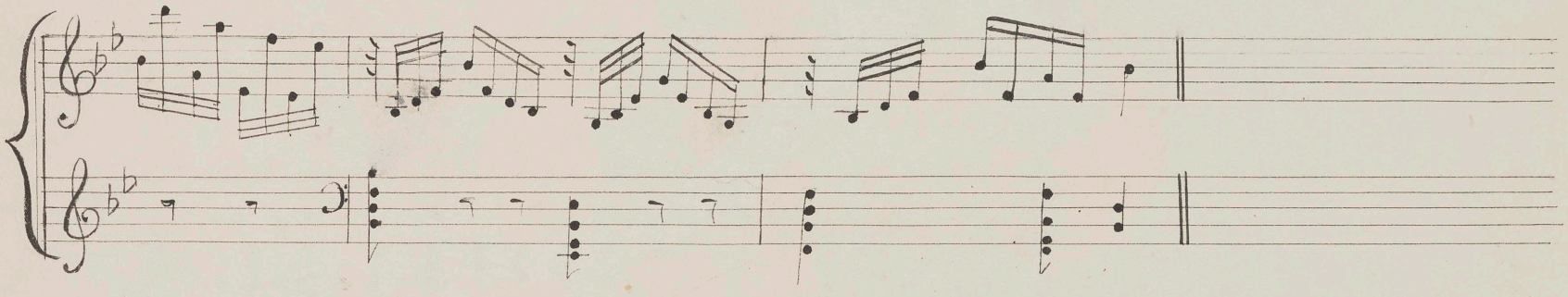


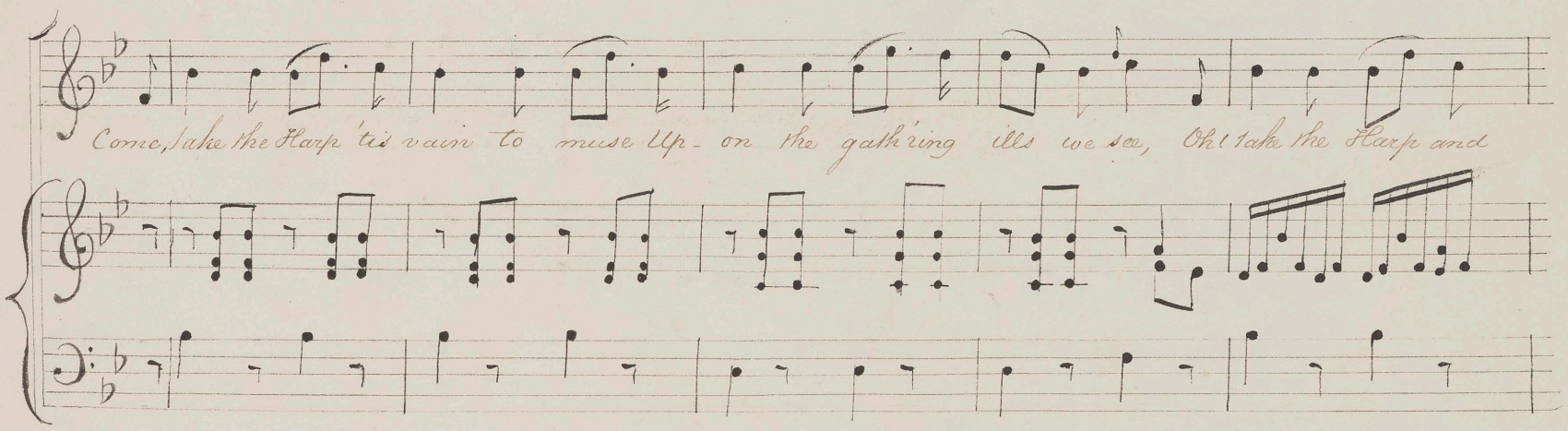
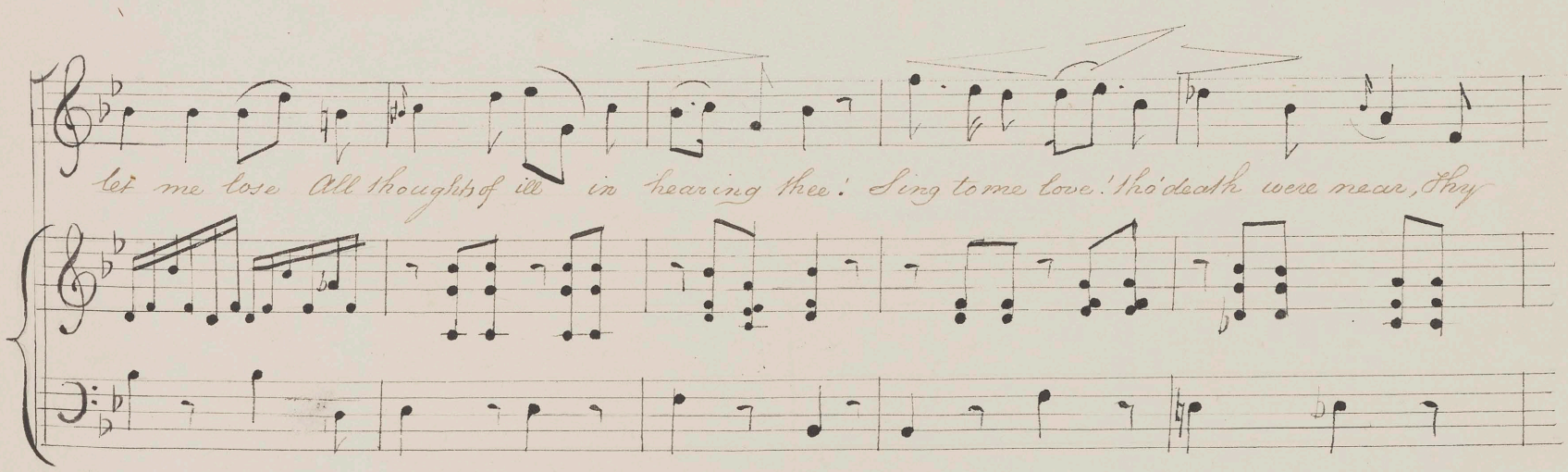
Come Take The Harp

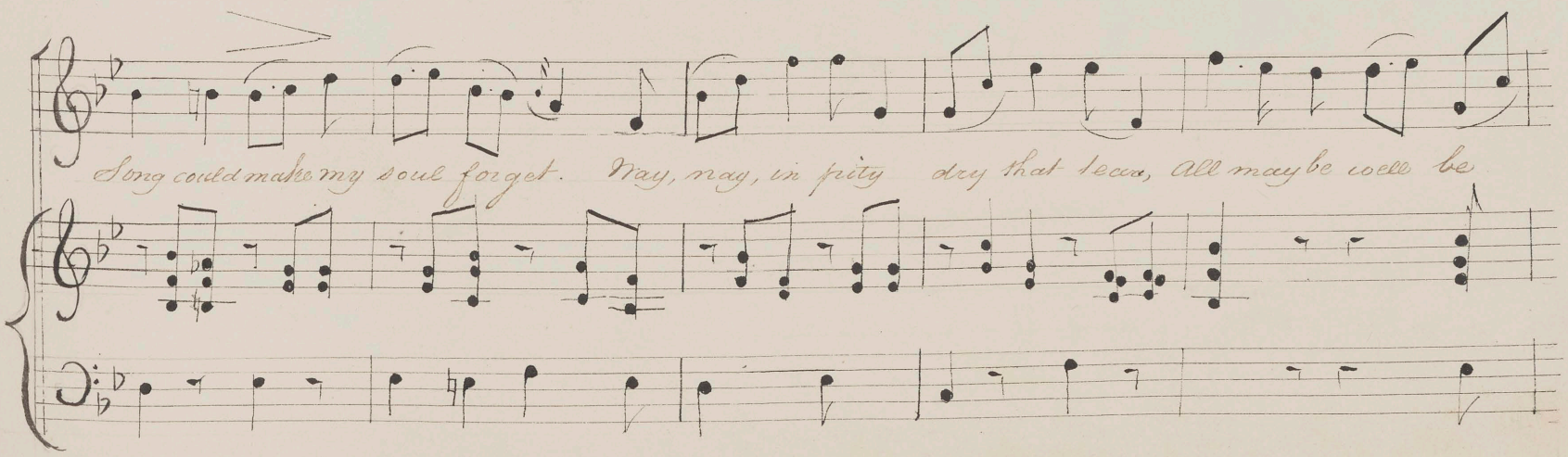
The Music by Sir J. Stevenson — *The Words by Thos. Moore Esq.r*

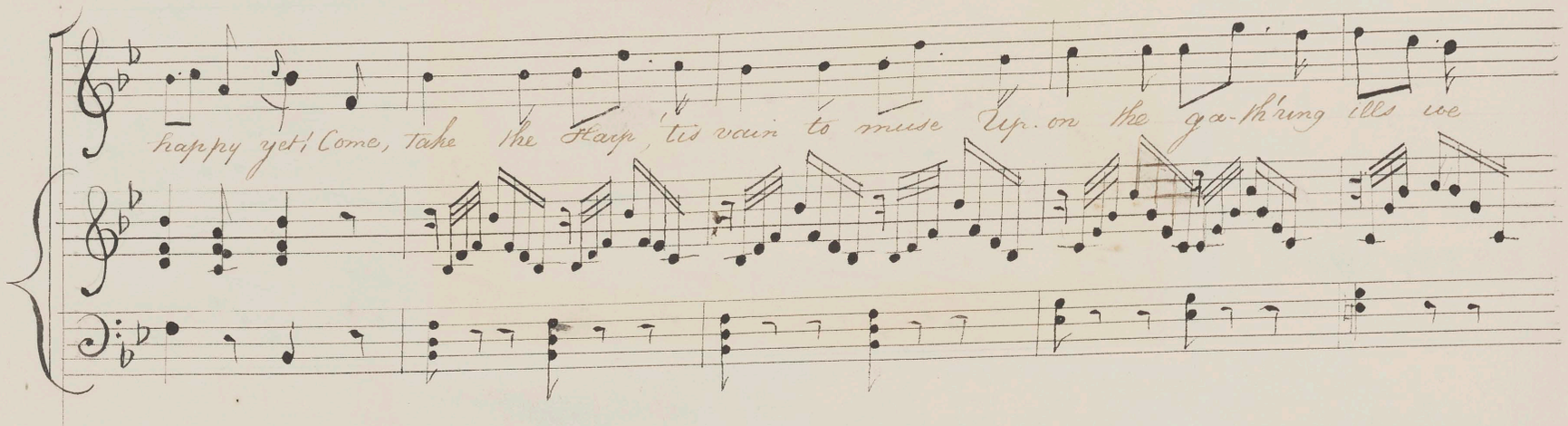
WITH EXPRESSION

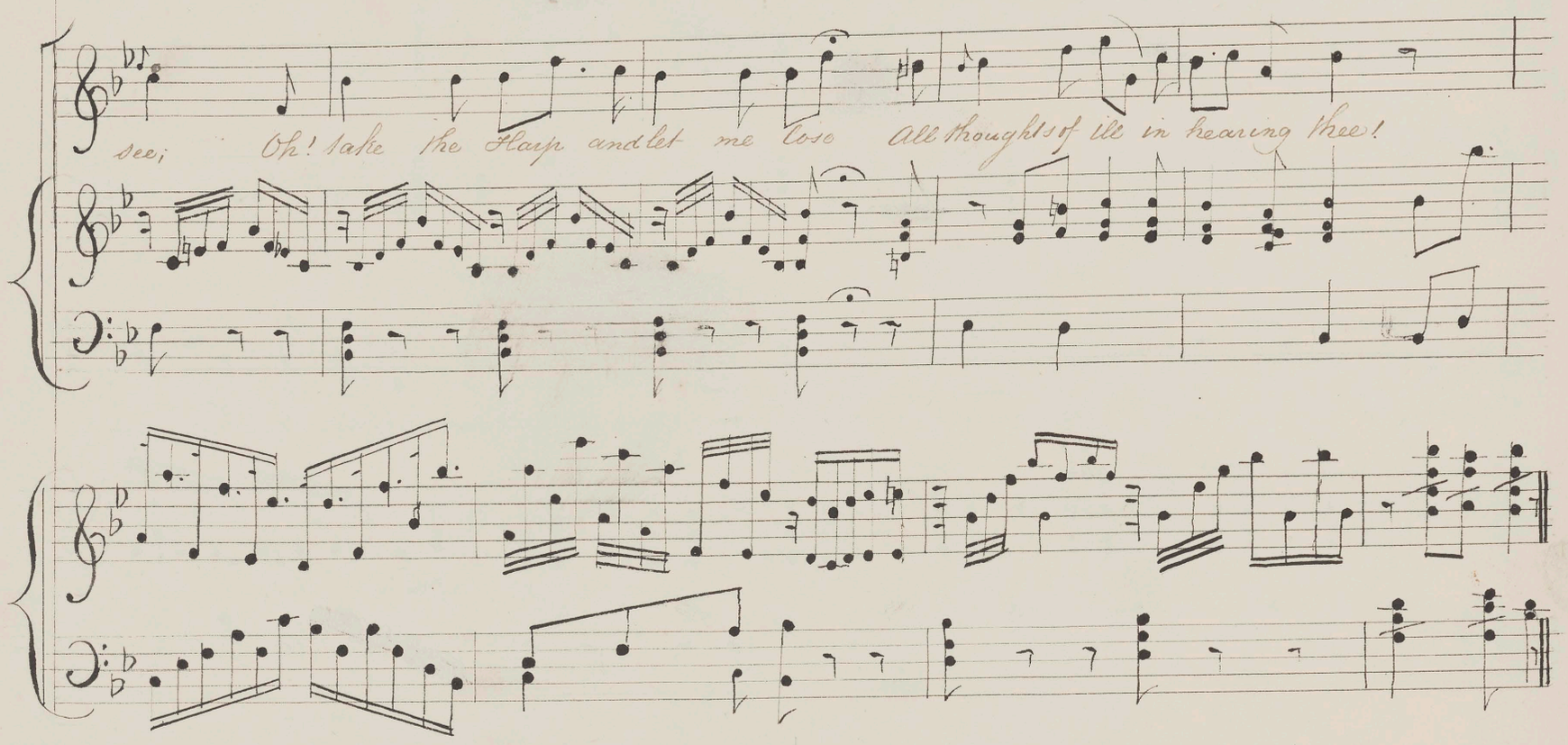












Let me but see that snowy arm
One more upon the dear harp lie-
And I will cease to dream of harm,
Will smile at fate, while thou art nigh!
Give me that strain of mournful touch
We us'd to love, long, long a-go,
Before our hearts had known as much
As now alas they bleed to know!
Come take the Harp, tis vain to muse
Upon the gathring ills we see,
Oh take the harp-and let me lose
All thoughts of ill in hearing thee!

Sweet notes! they tell of former peace,
Of all, that look'd so rapturous then,
Now wither'd lost! Oh! pray thee cease,
I cannot bear these sounds again!
Art thou too wretched? Yes, yes, thou art;
I see thy tears flow fast with mine.-
Come Come to this devoted heart,
'Tis breaking-but it still is thine!
Come take the Harp-'tis vain to muse
Upon the gath'ring ills we see-
Oh take the Harp-and let me lose
All thoughts of ill in hearing thee.

Rocks of my country! let the cloud
Your crested heights array;
And rise ye like a fortress round
Above the surge and spray!

My spirit greets your rugged strength,
Breathing the billows' roar!
Oh! Thus for ever guard the land
The sacred land of Home!

I leave left sunny skies behind
Lighting cerulean shrines;
And music on the southern wind,
And sun-shine on the vines.

But thine's the sabbath peace my land,
And thine the guarded hearth;
And thine, the stead and noble band,
That make thee holy earth.

Their sires' dust is in the soil;
Their steps are on the strand;
Their names by old majestic pines,
Are whispered round thy fanes.

Their blood hath mingled with the tide
Of thine exulting sea; –
Oh be it still a joy and pride,
To live and die for thee!

Returning slowly from a violet bed,
A passing gale a fragrance odorous shed;
I searched the spot, and quickly there I found,
Hid 'neath their leaves, and bending to the ground,
Two modest buds; which without display,
Last left their leaves to unveil the morning day,
Ones from the cover gracefully exile,
Were but discovered by their fragrance mild.
Used such, me thought, while bending to the stem,
So modest merit fame and dimple gem.
No ostentatious wish to seek for praise,
But still retiring from the public gaze,
It spreads its sweet beneficence around,
And by the flame it shuns can best be found.
Such the similie may trivial favoured,
As these sweet flowers, all withered, soon noticed.
For while the head, their fragrant scent exhale,
And their sweet leaves the form to charm retain,
So yet has tyrant Death in vain the power,
Virtue to conquer with life's transient hour,
It still will live in every kindred heart,
And make the world with its sweet influence blest,
Till that great hour, when Heaven's Eternal King,
Calls it to blossom in an endless spring.

Isabel or The Ruined Cottage,

None will dwell in that Cottage, for they say
Oppression reft it from the honest man,
And that a curse clings to it; hence the vine
Trails its green weight of leaves upon the ground;
Hence weeds are in that garden; hence the hedge,
Once sweet with honeysuckle, is half dead;
And hence the grey mofs on the apple tree.
One once dwelt there, who had been in his youth
A soldier; and when many years had past,
He sought his native village, and sat down
To end his days in peace. He had one child —
A little laughing thing, whose dark eyes,
He said, were like the mother's she had left
Buried in stranger lands; and time went on
In comfort and content — and that fair girl
Had grown far taller than the red rose tree
Her father planted her first English birthday.
And he had trained it up against an ash
Till it became his pride; — it was so rich
In blossom and in beauty, it was called
The tree of Isabel. Twas an appeal
To all the better feelings of the heart,
To mark their quiet happiness, their home —
In truth a home of love; and more than all,
To see them on the Sabbath, when they came
Among the first to church, and Isabel,

Isabel or The Ruined Cottage,

With her bright colour and her clear glad eyes
Bowed down so meekly in the house of prayer;
And in the hymn her sweet voice audible;
Her father looked so fond of her, and then
From her looked up so thankfully to Heaven!
And their small cottage was so very neat;
Their garden filled with fruits, and herbs, and flowers;
And in the winter there was no fireside
So cheerful as their own. But other days
And other fortunes came — an evil power.
They bore against it cheerfully, and hoped
For better times, but ruin came at last;
And the old soldier left his own dear home
And left it for a prison; 'twas in June,
One of June's brightest days — the bee, the bird,
The butterfly, were on their lightest wings;
The fruits had their first tinge of summer light;
The sunny sky, the very leaves seemed glad,
And the old man looked back upon his cottage
And wept aloud: — they hurried him away,
And the dear child that would not leave his side.
They led him from the sight of the blue heaven
And the green trees, into a low, dark cell,
The windows shutting out the blessed sun
With iron gratings; and for the first time
He threw him on his bed, and could not hear
His Isabel's good night. But the next morn
She was the earliest at the prison gate,
The last on which it closed, and her sweet voice

Isabel or The Ruined Cottage,

And sweeter smile made him forget to pine.
She brought him every morning fresh wild flowers;
But every morning could he see her cheek
Grow paler and more pale, and her low tones
Get fainter and more faint, and a cold dew
Was on the hand he held. One day he saw
The sunshine through the grating of his cell,
Yet Isabel came not: at every sound
His heart-beat took away his breath, yet still
She came not near him. For but one sad day
He marked the dull street through the iron bars
That shut him from the world; at length he saw
A coffin carried carelessly along,
And he was desperate —— he forced the bars;
And he stood in the street free and alone.
He had no aim, no wish for liberty ——
He only felt one want, to see the corpse
That had no mourners. when they set it down
Or ere 'twas lowerd into the new-dug grave,
A rush of passion came upon his soul,
And he tore off the lid, and saw the face
of Isabel, and knew he had no child!

He lay down by the coffin quietly ——
His heart was broken! . . . . .

Wert thou a Stranger from the world of bliss?
Some little Seraph wandring from thy sphere,
Which came to tarry for a night in this —
And with the light of morn to disappear?

Tell us, sweet Babe, what made thee lose thy way,
Amidst those stars which deck the azure sky?
Tell us, sweet Babe, why with the morning's ray,
Thy Spirit winged again its flight on high?

Did something vex thee in this world below?
Or did some Angel trace thy wandring path?
And to prevent thy days and nights of woe,
Allurid thee back beyond the stream of death?

Yet thou art happy and thy pure delight,
Recalls no more, thy silent wandrings here;
For every sin of that short, fleeting night,
Was laid on One, and paid with many a tear.

Oh! twas enough, poor wanderer of an hour,
To touch Time's verge, and breathe its very sighs;
To make thee pass that vale, whose darkning Towers,
Must open up the portals of the sky.

The Setting Sun.

That setting sun — that setting sun.
What scenes since first its race began,
Of varies hue, its eye hath seen,
Which are, as they have never been.

That setting sun! fair many a gaze
Hath dwelt upon its fading rays,
With raptured, according thoughts sublime,
For every age, and every clime.

'Tis sweet to mark thee, sinking slow
The ocean's sadden caves below,
And when the obscuring night is done,
To see thee rise, sweet setting sun.

So when my pulses cease to play,
Serenely close my evening day,
To rise again, where hid slumbers alone,
Glorious like thee, sweet setting sun.

To a Lady that wished to Die

Your form sweet fair to earth is due;
Not yet to Heav'n repair.
Since Angels are on earth so few,
And are so many there!

ORIGIN OF A PEN

Love begged and prayed Old Time to stay
While he and Psyche toyed together;
Love held his wings, Time tore away
But in the scuffle dropped a feather.
Love seized the prize, and with his dart
Adroitly worked to trim and shape it:
"O Psyche tho' 'tis pain to part,
This charm shall make us half escape it.
Time need not fear to fly too slow,
When he this useful toy discovers;
A Pen's the only plume I know,
That wings his pace for absent Lovers!"

THE BREVITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

What is Life? — a breath — a dream
A bubble on a rapid stream —
a lurid shade, with scarce a ray, —
a short and stormy winter's day —
a falling star, — a morning flower, —
a passing cloud — an autumn shower, —
A flying shuttle, — nay a span, —
So short and frail's the life of Man.

FIDELITY

From the Spanish

One eve of beauty, when the sun
Was on the streams of Guadalquiver,
To gold converting one by one,
The ripples of the mighty river;
Beside me on the bank was seated,
A Seville girl with auburn hair;
And eyes that might the world have cheated,
As wild, bright, wicked, diamond pair.

She stooped, and wrote upon the sand,
Just as the loving sun was going;
With such a soft small, shining hand,
I could have sworn 'twas silver flowing.
Her words were three, and not one more,
What could Diana's motto be?
The syren wrote upon the shore,
'Death, not inconstancy!'

Sonnet by Mrs. Opie

"The world invites thee - go Lorenzo go!
"Be thine the statesman's toil or poet's song;
"Charm with thy eloquence the listening throng;
"Or bear thy lightnings on the foe!
"Go; thou wast formed to shine such scenes among.
"And gain the garlands that to wit belong;
"Away; nor turn to heed my parting woe:
"I shall remain in lonely shades apart -
"Not blest, but pining; and my pleasure be
"To catch the distant echoes of thy fame,
"And pray thy proud preeminence to see.
"Nor thou forget, tho while there is a heart
"That beats with pride, and rapture at thy name,
"And swells to bursting at one thought of thee!"

The Grave of Körner.

Charles Theodore Körner the celebrated young German Poet and Soldier, was killed in a skirmish with a detachement of French troops on the 26th August 1813, a few hours after the composition of his popular piece, "The Sword Song". He was buried at the village of Wöbelin, in Mecklenburgh, under a beautiful oak, in a recess of which he had frequently deposited verses, composed by him while campaigning in its vicinity. The monument, erected to his memory beneath this tree, is of cast iron, and the upper part is wrought into a Sword and Lyre, a favourite emblem of Körner's, from which one of his works had been entitled. Near the grave of the Poet is that of his only sister, who died of grief for his loss, having only survived him long enough to complete his portrait, and a drawing of his burial-place.

Over the gate of the cemetery is engraved one of his own lines,

"Vergiss die treuen Todten nicht."

Forget not the faithful dead.

Green wave the Oak for ever o'er thy rest!
Thou that beneath its crowning foliage sleepest,
And, in the stillness of thy Country's breast,
Thy place of memory, as an altar keepest!
Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was poured,
Thou of the Lyre and Sword!

Rest, Bard! rest Soldier! — By the Father's hand
Here shall the child of after-years be led
With his wreath-offering silently to stand
In the hushed presence of the glorious dead
Soldier and Bard! — For thou thy path hast trod
With Freedom and with God! *

The Oak waved proudly o'er thy burial-rite,
On thy crowned bier to slumber warriors bore thee,
And with true hearts; thy brethren of the fight
Wept as they veiled their drooping banners o'er thee;
And the deep guns with rolling peals gave token
That Lyre and Sword were broken!

* The poems of Homer are strikingly distinguished by religious feeling

Thou hast a hero's tomb! — A lowlier bed
Is hers, the gentle girl, beside thee lying,
The gentle girl, that bowed her fair young head
When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying,
Brother! true friend! the tender and the brave!
She pined to share thy grave.

Fame was thy gift from others — but for her
To whom the wide earth held that only spot
She loved thee! — lovely in your lives ye were
And in your early deaths divided not!
Thou hast thine Oak — thy trophy — what hath she?
Her own blest place by thee.

It was thy spirit, Brother! which had made
The bright world glorious to her thoughtful eye,
Since first in childhood 'midst the vines ye played
And sent glad singing through the free blue sky!
Ye were but two! — and when that spirit passed
Woe for the one, the last!

Woe, yet not long! — She lingered but to trace
Thine image from the image in her breast;
Once, once again to see that buried face
But smile upon her ere she went to rest!
Too sad a smile! — its living light was o'er
It answered hers no more!

The Earth grew silent when thy voice departed,
The Home too lonely whence thy step had fled;
What then was left for her, the faithful-hearted?
Death, death, to still the yearning for the dead!
Softly she perished — be the Flower deplored
Here, with the Lyre and Sword!

Have ye not met ere now? — So let those trust,
That meet for moments but to part for years,
That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust from dust,
That love where love is but a fount of tears!
Brother! sweet Sister! — peace encomp ye dwell!
Lyre, Sword, and Flower, farewell!

An Adieu.

An adieu should in utterance die;
Or if written should faintly appear;
Only heard in the burst of a sigh;
Only seen through the blot of a tear!

SONNET

By G M

To Poesy

Wonderful Spirit! whose eternal shrine
Is in great Bards souls; whose voice doth send
High truths and dreams prophetic without end,
Into the blind world from those founts divine;
Deep adoration from such souls is thine,
But I have loved thee, Spirit, as a friend;
Woo'd thee in pensive leisure, but to lead
Thy sweetness in to this wayward heart of mine;
And charm my lone thoughts into joyousness.
And I have found that thou canst lay aside
Thy terrors, and thy glory, and thy pride;
Laid thy proud temples for a calm recess
In lowly hearts, and dream sweet hours away;
Winning from soaring thought a frequent holiday.

As those we love decay, we die in part.
String after string is severd from the heart:
Till loosend life, at last but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to fall away.

Thomson

Sacred Melody.

He healeth the broken heart and bindeth up their wounds

Oh thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee.
The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown;
And he who hath but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which like the plants that throw,
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and withered too.
Oh who would bear life's stormy hours,
Did not thy wing of love,
Come brightly wafting thro' the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above.
Then sorrow touched by thee grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

THE CRIMINAL

His hand is red with blood, and life, aye, life
Must pay the forfeiture of his dark sin!

Ah! Woman's Love is a night-scented flower
Which yieldeth its most precious perfume forth
Mid darkness, and mid tears.

'Tis silence in that cell, and dim the light
Gleaming from the sunk lamp; there is one stands
Fetter'd and motionless — so very pale,
That were he laid within his winding-sheet
And Death were on him, yet his cheek could not
Wear ghastlier hues; cold damps are on his brow;
With intense passion the red veins are swelled;
The white lip quivers with suppressed sobs,
And his dark eye is glazed with tears which still
He is too stern to shed. His countenance
Bears wild and fearful traces of the years
Which have passed on in guilt; Pride, headstrong ire
Have left their marks behind; yet, mid this roar
Of evil elements, some glimpses shine
Of better feelings, which like clouded stars,
Soon set in night. — A sullen sound awakes
The silence of the cell; And up he starts

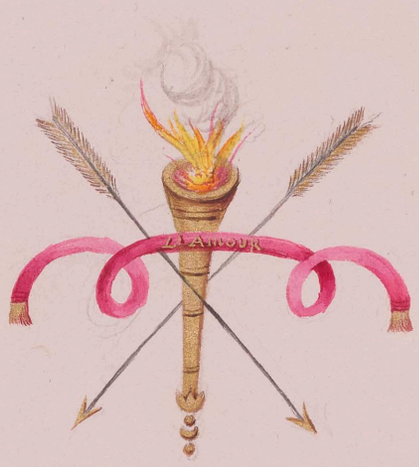
Roused from his dizzy trance of wretchedness,
And gasps for breath, as that deep solemn toll
Sinks on his spirit, like a warning voice
Sent from Eternity; Again it tolls!
Thy awful bell, St. Sepulchre, which tells
The Criminal of Death;— His life pulse stops
As if in awe, and then beats rapidly:
Rushes a sudden crimson on his face,
Pales, and leaves it deadlier than before.
He is alone no longer; one is there
Whose only language is her tears, and one
Whose words of anger on the sinful child,
His shame and sorrow, find no utterance now.
At first the look the Murderer wore was stern,
And cold, and ghastly, for his pride had nerved
His spirit to its agony; but when
He felt that pale girl's tears upon his hand,
And heard his father's words of penitence,
Of tenderness, and pardon, then relaxed
His marble brow, and wild, warm drops came down
He strove no more to quell. And there she lay

His wretched Ellen, pillowed on a breast
Whose lightest beat to her was more than life,
All guilty as it was; — Her fair blue eyes
(How softly beautiful!) were filled with drops
They had no power to shed, but heavily
They hung upon the eyelash, which drooped o'er
A cheek whose summer colour had departed
With the sweet hopes which nourished its bloom.
His Love had been destruction; he had thrown
Shame and dishonour on the innocent one,
Whose fate was linked with his; who loved him yet
Most truly and most fondly. From the hour
When, a young bride, she dreamt of Happiness,
She never had forsaken him, but still
Had been his better angel. — His mad life
Had passed 'mid fearful passions, evil deeds,
And she had often wept in solitude:
Yet sometimes, (for he loved her) he returned;
Her patient smile then lighted up his home;
And never did that soft lip breath reproach;
Only her health-forsaken cheek, her brow
So wan, told of her wrongs, and she would sob

At times upon his bosom, till he swore
To leave his evil wanderings. At last
The thunder-bolt came down; and crushed her heart,—
He was a Murderer!——————————
Still she forsook him not, and his lone cell
Was brightened by her presence— her soft voice
Breathed consolation in its gentle tones;
She watched— she wept— she prayed with him;— how deep
Is woman's memory of her first love-dream,
Though truth has chilled its sweet illusiveness!
Yet like the Indian, though severer light
Hath broken in upon his radiant faith
And shewn its falsehood, still his spirit clings
With listening homage to his early worship.
So Ellen's breast yearned to the guilty one,
Mid crimes— mid darkness. She could not forget
He was the chosen of her youth, that he
Had been her first, her only love.
The morn had broken, and a dull, red light
Streamed through the iron grating heavily:
The bell had ceased its summoning,— they loosed

In desperate hope to catch another toll
In vain – and loud and hurrying steps were heard!
The door was opened, and the chains were struck
From off his shackled hands. They led him forth –
He clasped his Ellen, and prest one cold kiss
On lips as cold, and placed her as a child
Upon his father's bosom, and departed.
A shriek rang after him, and many there
To their last hour shall not forget that cry.
They led him on; his step was firm, altho'
His face was very pale; and when he reached
The Scaffold, he knelt meekly down and prayed.
Silence was all around: His eyes were clothed:
This world one gasp concluded, and to him
Opened Eternity. – – – – – – – – – – – – – – –

"Oh, who was those who died of love complain?
"He is a gentle spirit, and injures none."
"His face was rosy, from whence the bitter pain,
"The keen deep anguish, the heart rending groan
"Which in his midst reign was never known.
"His tears are softer than the April showers,
"Which nourish Innocence & support his Throne,
"His sighs are sweet as breath of earliest flowers,
"Affection guides his steps, and Peace protects his hours."



Sweet memory's flowers, of my love dear
Permit they back once more to come;
When in death's sorrow but I lie,
Oh, bloom around my humble grave:
And if some tender, faithful friend
Should, led by love, approach the spot,
And o'er the flowers wandering bend,
Then say for me, — "Forget me not."

Byron

Yet with strange feelings would I gaze
Upon this dream of Maine,
Magnificent as if the mind
Fondly had carved her shrine:
An altar unto which was given
The flowers of earth, the light of Heaven.

As the first glance that eye is known,
But if I read aright,
A forehead of sacred dower lies hoar,
Beneath its flashing light,
Tenderness, like a gushing rill,
Subdued, repressed, but flowing still. * *

Words disfigured by the foreign tongue,
Pun every differing mind;
Some good folks as the false they blamed,
And thus tax with unkindness:
But there are some whose lofties turned
Grave misdoubtings on such things to bend.

Such, methinks, was the destiny
That threw its chill on thee;
Thou heeded mingled with the false, true as
Seemed but alike to thee;
Could not the workings of thy heart
Another bodied creed impart?

I read it in thy spiritual page,
In every noble thought,
Each lofty feeling, every sacred song
With heavenly hope fraught;
For these thine immortal soul was shown,
Their truth, their beauty, and thine own.

For not on the vain vocalising's speech
Which saith the heart's skill
But sets forth feelings he has not;
Dashes off, wrought out at will.
What knows he of that sacred feeling?
He hath no part in its revealing.

Ones if sometimes he is not all
That his own song has sung,
It is but part of that great curse
Which stirs to earth his clay.
Where'er his heart be, who yet shall see
Himself as he deserves he should be?

The mind can rise divinely
With its immortal wand,
But use has of its happiness
Is the prize given for shame:
For such a burden Angels can fly
But cannot to Heaven the mortal bring.

Oh, if there be one sullied page
Unworthy of thy name,
The weakness of a mighty one,
To shew on it no more shame,
Dare cruelly, when thy fine mind
Has left such matter stone behind.

But there art with the dead, – thy life
Its touch i cause has given,
Most glorious in the sight of man,
Precious in Book of Heaven.
Marathon, sweet Thermopylae;
Such soil, when falling, grave for thee! –

All that's Bright must Fade

Indian Air

Melancholy

All that's bright must fade The brightest still the fleetest,

All that's sweet was made But to be lost when sweetest

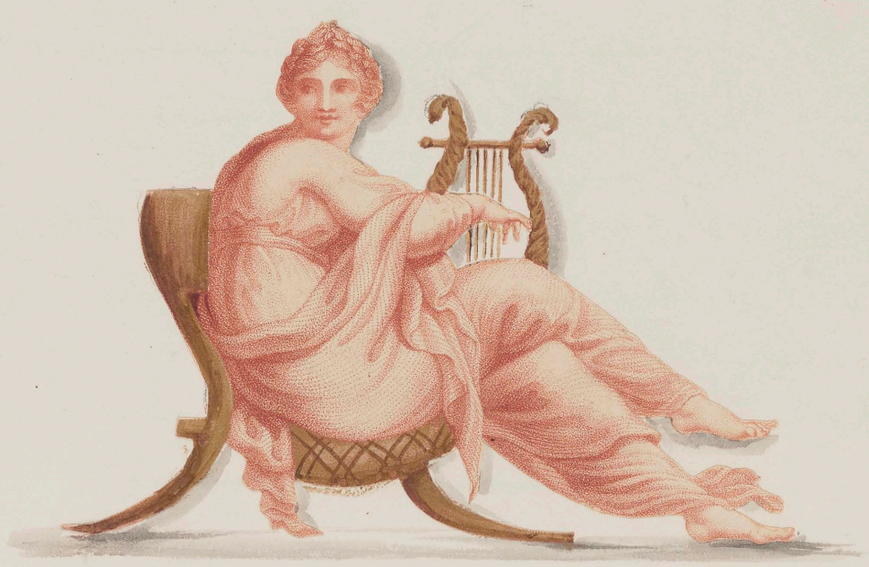
Stars that shine and fall, The flow'r that drops in spring - ing

These a - las! are types of all In which our hearts are cling - ing

All that's bright must fade, The brightest still the fleetest,

All that's sweet was made, But to be lost when sweetest!

Who would seek or prize
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking?
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than be blest with light and see
That light for ever flying!
All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!



I saw them once blowing
Whilst morning was glowing,
But now are their withered leaves strew'd o'er the ground,
For tempests to play on,
For cold worms to prey on,
The shame of the garden that triumphes around.

Their buds which then flourish'd
With dew-drops were nourish'd,
Which turn'd into pearls as they fell from on high;
Their hues are now banish'd,
Their fragrance all vanish'd,
Ere evening a shadow has cast from the sky.

I saw, too, whole races
Of glories and graces
Thus open and blossom, but quickly decay:
And smiling and gladness
In sorrow and sadness,
Ere life reach'd its twilight, fade dimly away.

Joy's light-hearted dances
And Melody's glances
Are rays of a moment — are dying when born:
And Pleasure's best flower
Is nought but a flower,
A vanishing dew-drop — a gem of the morn.

The bright eye is clouded,
Its brilliancy shrouded,
Our strength disappears — we are helpless and lone;
No reason awaits us,
And intellect fails us,
Life's spirit is wasted, and darkness comes on.

To my Brother on his Birth Day.

Why throbs my heart on this glad day,
When it should sparkle with joy?
Alas! my Brother is away!
My Life has its alloy.

I heard a sister's accents plain,
But distant is the voice,
Whose sound would give me that fond name.
How then can I rejoice?

Hope answers to my anxious heart
"He'll come again to thee;
Nor will he ever more depart,
To tempt the faithless sea."

Cease, cease thou tyrant, - cease to smile,
Thou may'st not be believed;
Tis ever thus thou dost beguile,
Then leave the heart deceived!

But if a Sister's prayers prevail,
Safe shall his bark glide on;
"The breath of Heav'n shall waft his sail,"
And guide him to his home!

These Love and Hope are blooming flowers
That cannot fade away;
Soon they will shade his native bow'rs,
And, tempt him not to stray.

Then haste my Brother - haste thee home,
And heart-felt joys to share;
But like the pearl of Heav'n be won,
Oh, - cast thy Anchor, there!!! —

E — July 24th.

"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
"And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased
"With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
"Some chord in unison with what we hear
"Is touched within us, and the heart replies.
"How soft the music of those village bells,
"Falling at intervals upon the ear
"In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
"Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
"Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on.
"With easy force it opens all the cells
"Where Memory slept. Wherever I have heard
"A kindred melody the scene recurs,
"And with it all its pleasures and its pains.
"Such comprehensive views the spirit takes,
"That in a few short moments, I retrace
"(As in a map the voyager his course)
"The windings of my way through many years."

Dear wedding Bells – dear wedding Bells,
How many a tale thy music tells,
Of youth, and hope, and pleasant time,
Where last I heard thy tuneful chime.

Those happy hours are passed away,
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now silent dwells,
And hears no more thy wedding Bells.

Soon so I'd be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other hands will walk your dells,
And hymn your praise, sweet wedding Bells!

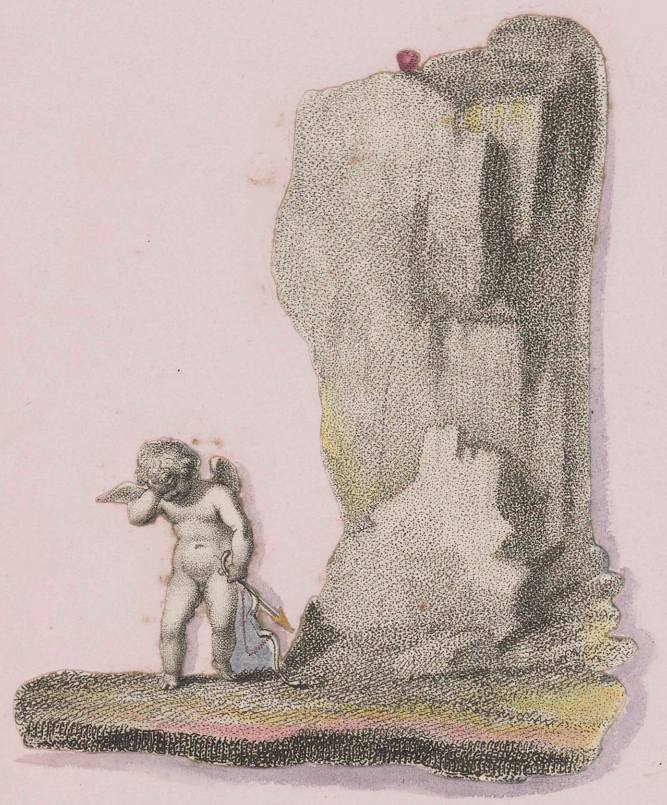
A Riddle.

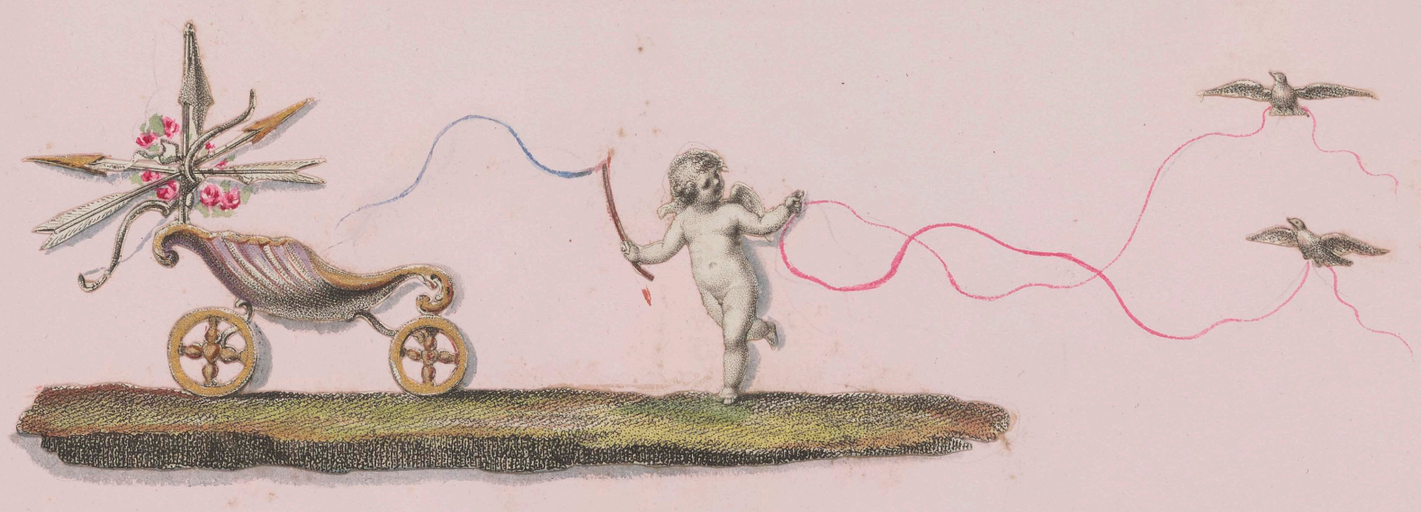
Which every reader must solve for himself.

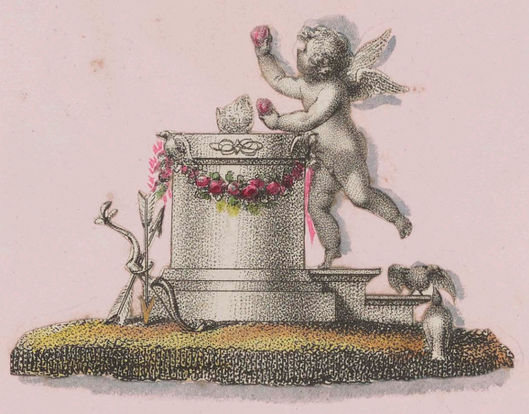
I know not what these lines will be,
I know not who these lines may see;
But since a word in season read,
To poor or rich at hazard's head,
May reach a roving eye, or dark
Conviction through a careless heart,
O that an arrow I might frame
To the unaimed genius of any mind,
Which with unerring aim should strike
Each who encounters its alike.

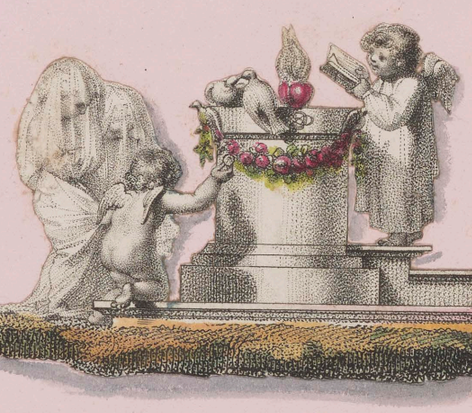
Reader, — attention! I will spring
A wondrous thought; — 'tis on the wing;
Guard well your heart; — your guard in vain,
The wound is made yet gives no pain;
Surprise may cause your cheek to glow,
Yet, courage! none but you shall know;
The thoughts awaken'd by my spell
Is more than I myself can tell.
Now! — search the secrets of your breast,
Each think of that which you love best: —
Then ask within — "What will this be,
A thousand ages hence, to me?"
Weed up it will not pass the fire
For which all nature shall expire
Think, see these rhymes aside are cast,
(As though the thought might be your last)
"Where shall I find below, above,
Any object worthy of any love?"

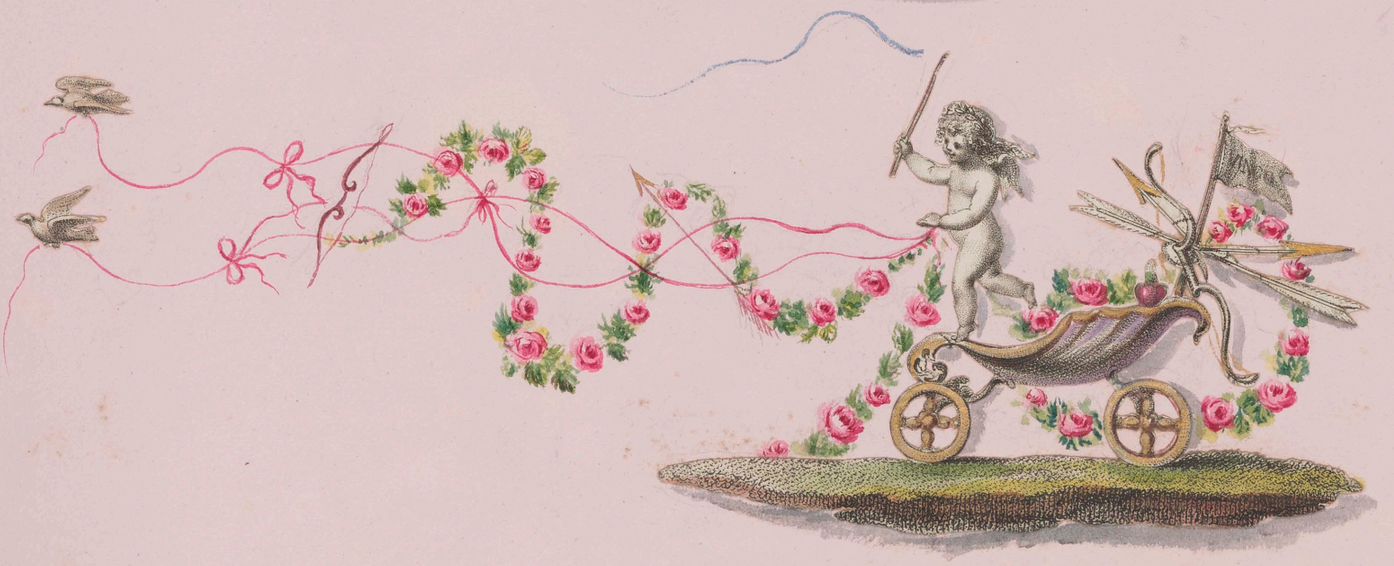
Now hearken: and forget it never —
Love that which you may love for ever.











"Let Mars hail the rising Sun!
"I bow to him, whose race is run!"

—Born with high hope, and leaving sacred flame,
At England's call the ardent Patriot came;
Unconquered proved the immortal mind displayed,
But worn with wasting thought, the frame decayed:
Pale rose his lamp in Albion's cause retired,
The Muse's fondest fears and wishes fired.——
Mind-gifted Pitt!—Sincere!—sincere—!
So early lost, amidst dauntless to deserve!—* *
If all the highest efforts of the mind,
Exalted—noble—elegant—refined—!
Call for fond sympathy's heart-felt regret,
Ye sons of England, pay the unwearied debt!

Each worthy action of our life gone by,
Affords some solace to our latest sigh;
And every evil one by settled doom,
Pursues us with repentance to the tomb.

"He who is great is happy. Let the vassal
" Artillery of Heaven knock through a cloud
" And clash its thunders at him; he'll remain
" Unmov'd, and scoffer conquest entertain
" In welcoming the approach of death, than vice
" Ever found in her fictitious paradise.
" Time smooths our youthful wishes while we wander past
" Delights, brings us to unfathomed age.
" Where are we left to satisfy the rage
" Of thousand living deaths: pomp, beauty, wealth, & all
" Our friends slips, shrinking from the funeral."

Dorrington's Curtara.

"Surely there are
"some stars whose influences are upon our lives
"Evil and overpowering; it is those
"that blight the young rose in its earliest spring;
"Sully the pearl fresh from its native sea;
"Bring the shafts to dim youthful conscious brow
"In his first field; and fade the crimson cheek
"And blue eyes of the beautiful!"

L. E. L.

"
"Fatality attending the House of Stuart.
"The year Eighty eight has been for several succ-
"eeding centuries fatal to the Royal House of Stuart.
"James the third on June the 11th 1488 lost a battle to
"his subjects, by whom he was pursued & afterwards murdered.
"Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded the 8th of Feby 1588.
"James second of England abdicated on the 12th Decr 1688.
"and in the year 1788 the last Pretender made
"of the unfortunate House of Stuart expired."

The Warrior's Farewell.

"Maid of my love! I must away;
You waving pennon chides my stay:
But ere my lingering steps depart,
To keep thy image in my heart,
Take this fair flower, whose modest worth -
Still as I've marked it, to the earth
Its blossoms bend - hath seem'd to me
Like thy retiring modesty:
See Love! its soft and azure hue
Is like thine eye of lustrous blue,
And clear and pure as is thy soul,
Whose thoughts are under Heaven's control;
Take it sweet Maid! and let its name
An echo in thy bosom claim:
Where'er I go, whate'er my lot,
Fraget - ah Love! - forget me not!"

The warrior sought the battle-plain,
But his parting words were not in vain:
There is no flower, in field or grove
Which shares that gentle lady's love,
How fair so'er its blossoms wave,
Like that her distant lover gave.
And when this flowret greets her eye,
A prayer is mingled with a sigh,
While gentle voices round the spot,
Seem whispering - "Forget me not!"

The warrior fought - the warrior fell -
What tongue shall e'er presume to tell
The doubt which scarce the fate believed,
That heart so fond could be bereaved;
The maddening pang - the bursting sigh
The throbbing bosoms agony;
Thoughts of past bliss her grief to swell,
Unspoken and unspeakable!

She died not - and the waste of years
Hath hush'd her sighs and dried her tears;
But in the depth of her wrung heart
Shall love ne'er die, nor quite depart.
Her happiest hours, and hapless they,
Are at the time of closing day,
When 'mid her nicks and gay fantene,
She bends upon one flowret there
A lengthen'd glance, with trembling eye
And as the Zephyr murmurs by,
The thoughts of other days will trace,
A smile of sadness on her face,
As though her ear the tones caught -
"Forget - ah Love! - forget me not!"

A Lady having heard it asserted that no subject could fail of receiving dignity from the manner in which Dr Johnson would treat it, said she would try him on that of Love; and accordingly, desired the novels of the day, and taking her measures about Love — "It is not (as you call it) about Love, but (as I call it) about Sense, that I am desirous to be informed, (replied the Philosopher,) because they treated never felt, never was happy; and because they treated to feel a passion which had caused the change

A Anecdote of Dr Johnson.

Why look from Paradise had thou fled?
When thou didst find it me;
In pity therefore, lovely maid,
To mend it back to thee!

Oh, had it by some magic art,
The gift of life obtained,
It seem would feel with joyous heart
Regained?"
R. Paradise—

Written in Milton's Paradise-Lost, on returning it to a young Lady from whom the author had borrowed it.

On a Gentleman being asked by a Lady his waking wish on new year's Day,

I wish'd that two vowels were joined,
In wedlock so holy and true;
I could not but think in my mind,
Those vowels must be I. and. U.

I turn'd it in each point of view,
And turn'd myself round with a sigh;
Naught else could I make of the two,
For inverted they came U. and I;—

Sweet Sabbath of the year!
Where evening lights decay,
Thy parting steps methinks I hear
Steal from the woods away!

Amid thy silent bowers,
'Tis sad, but sweet, to dwell;
Where fading leaves and drooping flowers
Resemble our breathe farewell.

Along thy sunset skies
Their glories melt in shade;
And like the things we fondly prize,
Seem lovelier as they fade.

A deep and crimson streak
Thy dying leaves disclose;
Or on Consumption's warning cheek,
Such tints bloom the rose.

Thy scene awake vision beings,
Of beauty in decay;
Of joys and early fondest things,
Too exquisite to stay.

Of joys that come no more;
Of flowers where bloom is fled;
Of pleasures wept upon the shore;
Of friends estranged or dead.

Of all that now in memory seem,
To memory's fearful eye,
The vanished beauty of a dream
Or which we gaze and sigh.

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
"Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land?
"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
"As home, his footsteps he hath turn'd
"From wandering on a foreign strand.
"If such there breathe: go, mark him well,
"For him no minstrel raptures swell;
"High though his titles, proud his name,
"Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
"Despite those titles, power and pelf,
"The wretch concentred all in self—
"Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
"And, doubly dying, shall go down
"To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
"Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung."

Lay of the last Minstrel.

Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end;
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,—
Beyond the reign of death,—
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

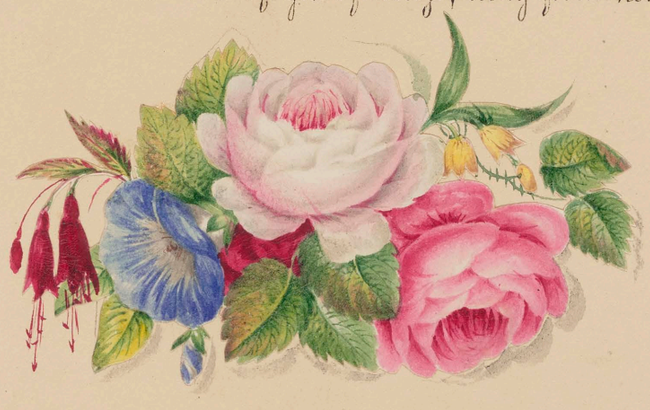
There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are past away;
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in Heaven's own light.

Montgomery.

"When free and uncrown'd as the conqueror rov'd
"By the banks of that lake, with his only belov'd,
"He saw, in the wreaths she would playfully snatch
"From the hedges, a glory his crown could not match,
"And preferr'd in his heart the least ringlet that curl'd
"Down her exquisite neck to the throne of the world!

"There's a beauty, for ever unchangingly bright,
"Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer day's light,
"Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
"Till love falls asleep in it's sameness of splendour,
"This was not the beauty —— oh! nothing like this,
"That to young Nourmahal gave such magic of bliss;
"But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
"Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,
"Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies
"From the lips to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes,
"Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,
"Like the glimpses a saint hath of Heav'n in his dreams.
"When pensive, it seem'd as if that very grace,
"That charm of all others, was born with her face;
"And when angry —— for ev'n in the tranquillest climes
"Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes —
"The short, passing anger but seem'd to awaken
"New beauty, like flow'rs that are sweeter when shaken,
"If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye
"At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,
"From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings
"From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings!
"Then her mirth —— oh! 'twas sportive as ever took wing
"From the heart with a burst, like the wild-bird in spring:-
"Sham'd by a wit that would fascinate sages,
"Yet playful as Peris just loos'd from their cages,
"While her laugh, full of life, without any control
"But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul."



ON MUSIC.

When thro' life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear;
Should some notes, we us'd to love
In days of boyhood, meet our ear:
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
Wakening thoughts that long have slept;
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept!

Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song
That once was heard in happier hours;
Filled with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath!

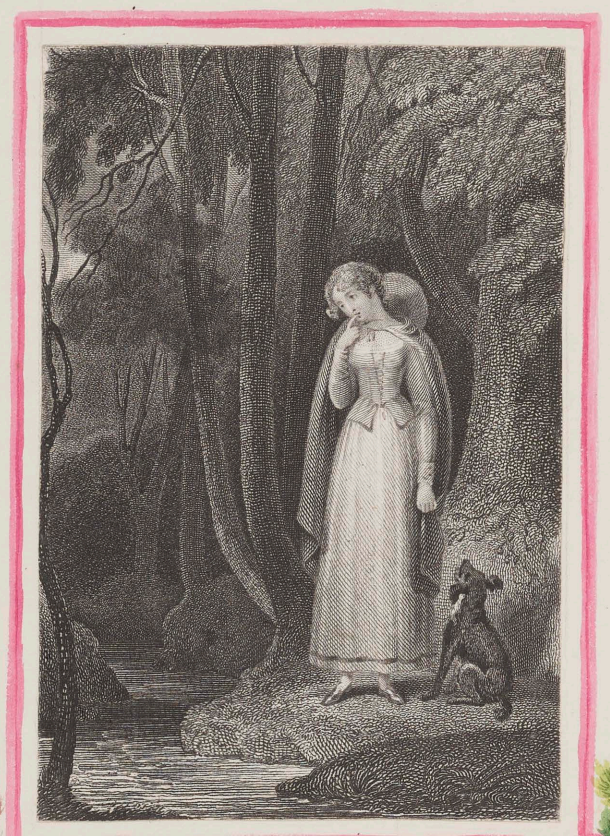
Music!—Oh! how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's self may wear a traitor's guise;
But the mute look, the thrilling strain,
Can rarely soothe, and ne'er belie!

TIMES CHANGES

"I saw her once,— so freshly fair
"That, like a blossom just unfolding—
"She open'd to life's cloudless air,
"And nature joy'd to view its moulding:
"Her smile, it haunts my memory yet—
"Her cheeks fine hue divinely glowing—
"Her rosebud mouth— her eyes of jet
"Around on all their light bestowing.
"Oh! who could look for such a form,
"So nobly free, so softly tender—
"And darkly dream— That earthly storm—
"Should dim such sweet— delicious splendour!
"For in her mien, and in her face,—
"And in her young step's fairy lightness,
"Naught could the raptured gazer trace
"But Beauty's glow,— and Pleasure's brightness.
"I saw her twice.— an alter'd charm
"But still of magic richest, rarest,
"Than Girlhood's talismanic arm
"Though yet of earthly sights the fairest:
"Upon her breast she held a child!—
"The very image of its mother;
"Which ever to her smiling smiled,
"They seem'd to live but in each other.—
"But mation cares, or livelong woe,
"Her thoughtless, sinless look had banished,
"And from her cheek the weale glow
"Of Girlhood's balmy morn had vanished;
"Within her eyes, upon her brow
"Lay something softer, fonder, deeper,
"As if in dreams some vision'd woe
"Had broke the Elysium of the Sleeper.

"I saw her thrice — Fate's dark decree
"In widow'd garments had array'd her.
"Yet beautiful she seem'd to be,
"As in my reverie pourtray'd her;
"The glow, the glance, had pass'd away,
"The sunshine, and the sparkling glitter:
"Still, tho' I noted pale decay;
"The retrospect was scarcely bitter;
"For in their place, a calmness dwelt,
"Serene, subduing, soothing, holy;
"In which, the bosom felt
"That every louder mirth is folly —
"A pensiveness — which is not grief,
"A stillness! — as of sunset streaming —
"A fairy glow on flower, and leaf,
"Till Earth looks like a landscape dreaming —

"At last time's — and unmoved she lay,
"Beyond Life's dim uncertain river,
"A glorious mould of fading clay,
"From whence the spark had fled forever!
"I gazed — my breast was like to burst,
"And, as I thought of years departed,
"The years wherein I saw her first,
"When she, a girl, was lightsome hearted; —
"And, when I mused on later days,
"As moved she in her matron duty,
"A happy Mother, in the blaze
"Of opened hope, and sunny beauty, —
"I felt the chill — I turned aside —
"Bleak Desolation's color came o'er me,
"And being seemed a troubled tide
"Whose wrecks in darkness, swam before me!"—



LOVE and DUTY

A Rural Sketch

by Mrs B. Wilson

Shall I've quit new fair scenes and its peaceful bowers,
Where the sunny light peeps through the jasmine flowers,
The home of her heart in its earliest truth,
To follow the steps of a stranger youth.
The world's wide wandering pathway through?
What will not maids when love leads them do?

'Twas summer morning's soft and shadowy calm
When a fair haired and graceful village girl,
Upon whose gentle cheek the opening rose
Had scarcely blushed in womanhood, stole forth
From the fond shelter of her father's cot,
To meet the youth she loved. The trysting place
Seemed a fit spot, chosen by natures self
For love to build his shrine in: overhead,
The sweet brian, and wild honey suckle twined
Their scented blossoms; while young flowrets round,

The blue tipped violet, and the heath bell pale
(As if to add more fragrance to a scene
Where nature had been prodigal of sweets)
Gave like some youthful beauty coy by kind
Their dewy perfume to the wooing breeze,
That kiss'd them as it passed!
At this still hour,
When nothing save the nightingale was heard
Breathing her lonely lay, the maiden came,
With noiseless step, gliding unmarked along
To join her soldier lover! He was one
Who to "the pomps and circumstance of war,"
And the fond elegance that women prize,
Vowed many a village conquest: nobly born
And ranking with the lofty ones of earth:
Yet would he stoop to pluck a lowly flower
And leaving snatched it from the parent stem,
To blossom in his heartless breast awhile,
Leave it to droop and perish. — Light of mood,
Light too of love was he; and oft would make
With gay companions, 'mid the festal board,
Such griefs a theme for merriment. — This eve
The last that would behold him in these shades.
(For war had waved her crimson banner high,
And called her sons to arms), this very eve
Ere the chaste moon should look upon the world
Blushing to mark its follies, she had sworn —
She who now stands beneath the woodbine boughs
That drop their honey'd blossoms on her head —
To share a soldier's fortunes; though she knew
For "quickly comes such knowledge" to the heart,
She could be his, by none but guilty ties —
Ties virtue may not sanction!
As she stood,
On the appointed spot in pensive mood,
Listening the well known footsteps — her blue eyes
Bent on the earth her finger on her lip
In silent contemplation — midst the leaves
A gentle rustling stirr'd: — not his the step,
Nor his the touch that met her drooping head
And roused her musing fancy; but she turn'd,
And at her side beheld an humble friend,
The dumb attendant on her infant sports,

Whose shaggy neck in childhood's blameless years,
She oft had wreathed with flowers: his presence now
As with caressing joy he greeted her,
Waked feelings stifled long but unsubdued!
How oft in life the simplest incidents,
A word, a look, a tone, at once recall
Striking some answering chord within the soul
That wanders back to virtue, or arrest
Vice in her mad career! Oer Lilias heart
Such feelings now held empire: - when a child
So fearless happy laughter loving thing
Reaching for water lilies in the stream.
Its faithless bank gave way: ere any saw,
Ere any guessed her danger. Tray had borne
His little mistress dripping to the shore,
Pale the flowers she sought for. Thoughts of this
Brought thoughts of others with it. How alas!
How shall her trembling swelling heart decide
'Twixt Love and Duty? Shall she cling to him
And fearless follow on, through distant climes
Wars chequered prospects? Love has mighty power,
But Duty's still small voice, pleads in her soul
With greater eloquence. At natures bidding
A thousand tender gentle thoughts arise
To win her from such purpose: now they steal
Like distant music, o'er her struggling heart
And melt it into softness. Memory too,
(Memory the potent sorceress who keeps
The golden key that opes the gate of tears)
Puts her kind influence - leads the doubting maid,
Untwisting many a thread of tangled thoughts
Back to the pleasures of her cottage - home;
Painting in glowing tints to fancys eye
Joys she would sigh to leave - the rustic dance
To the brisk pipe upon the village green
At summers sunset hour - the merry tale
Or frantic jest, told o'er the social fire,
When wintry torrents fall.
Then shifts the scene:
And lo! the sterner attributes of war -
The field of carnage, and the bed of death
Rise to her mental sights; with all the wants.

The wasting cares, indignities, and woes,
That woman, never meant to share such toils,
Following a camp amidst suffer! Then again,
As busy Fancy plies her wakeful loom,
Weaving the griefs of many years to come
Into a moment's space — again she sees
Tears (and the bitterest, tears that man can shed),
Wept for a daughter's shame, in eyes that once
Gleam'd with affection's pride! Those hallow'd lips,
Whose morning prayer, whose nightly unison,
Breathed o'er her head new blessings — shall they grow
Withered and pale with curses? Shall the heart
That did enshrine her as a precious gem,
And own no other treasure, live to feel
Its milk of love turn'd into bitter gall,
Loathing a child's dishonour? — Oh strange chance!
Cupid, thou boasted archer! could thy dart
Sever at once as with a giant's stroke,
Kind nature's earliest ties? Happy the maid
Who, pausing upon vice's flower-crown'd brink,
Feels that no love, and no power in love
Can pay her for a parent's vanish'd smile,
Made stranger by her folly! — Oh! did all
But feel as Lilias felt, there would not be
Wandering about our crime-fill'd crowded streets
So many wretched ones! — The maiden fled,
Nor dared to trust her hearing — fled when she saw
A waving plume between the opening boughs,
Nor sought another glance; nor stay'd to view
One pleading look — nor hear one subtle wish
Convinced the maid who hesitates — is lost!!

Hindoo Girl's Song.

Playful and wild as the fire-flies lights,
That mingle and hide in the summer sky's bright,
Like the foam on the dark green sea,
Is the spell that is twined round my love by me.
Dove-eyed as sweet as the lotus bright,
When the wind of the evening is night;
Rosy your smile like that glorious light,
Seen when the stars gem the deep midnight;
Dear that sigh and that smile for ever the same -
They were shadows, and fled; to love's study a flame.

Love once formed an amulet,
With pearls, and a rainbow, and rose-leaves soft.
The pearls were pure as pearls could be,
And white as unsullied purity;
The rose had the beauty and breath of youth,
And the rain-bow changes crowned the whole.
Frown on your book one little while,
Peace will be the light of your smile;
Let your blush, laugh, and sigh, now mingle together,
Like the bloom, sun, and clouds, of the sweet spring weather.
Love never must sleep in security,
Or most sudden and cold will his waking be.

Elegant Impromptu.

As Dr Young was one day walking in his garden with two ladies (one of whom, he afterwards married) the servant came to acquaint him a gentleman wished to speak with him. "Tell him," says the Doctor, "I am too happily engaged to change my situation." The ladies insisted he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his patron & his friend; but no persuasion could have effect they took him one by the right arm, and the other by the left, and led him to the garden gate; when finishing a sudden resolution in verse, he broke, laid his hand on his heart, and in that expressive manner for which he was so remarkable, spoke the following lines: —

"Thus Adam look'd, when from the garden driven,
And thus disputed orders sent from Heav'n -
Like him I go, but yet to go am loth;
Like him I go, for Angels drive us both.
Heart sore at his fate, but mine still more unkind,
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind."

SONNET

I could have lengthened out one fleeting hour
Into an age, sitting at set of Sun
Under the long low open shed where woon
The mellow evening light through leaf and flower,
Playing the hostess in that summer bower
To such dear guests, while rose the antique song
By those young sisters' voices pourd along;
So wild, so pure, so clear, full of sweet power,
Ringing and vibrating. It was a lay
That sent a smile into the very heart,
As when the early lark shoots up in May
With his blithe matins, rarer than all art
Save this. O happiest and most feeling day
Why art thou gone so soon? Why must we part? –

TO A LADY

On her saying she did not believe me

By Francis Kingston Esqr

Believe me or believe me not,
But if to me the power were given
My every idle word to blot
From that bright record kept in Heaven:

If all my lips have ever said,
If all my eyes, my heart, would say;
If every secret thought were read,
And what I wished were swept away;

I would not from th'eternal book,
If such indeed were Heaven's decree,
Erase a word, a thought, a look;
I ever gave sweet maid to thee.

On a True Friend.

Hast thou a friend? Thou hast indeed
A rich and large supply:
Treasure to serve your every need,
Well managed 'till you die.

Cowper.

By a young Officer.

On the Eve of his departure for India.

"When shall we four meet again
"When shall we four meet again?
"Oft shall glowing hope rejoice,
"Oft shall wearied love retire,
"Oft shall death and sorrow seize
"One we four shall meet again."

"Though in distant lands I stray,
"Path'd beneath a hostile ray,
"Though the rolling sea roam's part,
"Friendship shall unite each heart.
"Still in fancy's rich domain,
"Oft shall we four meet again."

"When the dream of life is fled,
"When its wearied lamps in dead,
"When in cold oblivion's shade,
"Beauty, friendship, fame are laid.
"Where immortal spirits reign,
"There shall we four meet again."

The meeting of Friends.

"And don't we a meeting like this make amends
"For all the long years we've been wandering away?—
"To see them around me, my youthful early friends,
"As smiling and kind as in that happy day!
"Tho' haply the locks of some heads, as ours mine,
"The snow-flake of time may be sterling — what then!
"Like Mays in the sun-set, shine brightly we'll shine,
"And wear the gay hearts of youth's sweet again.
"What softened remembrances come o'er the heart,
"In gazing on those we've been long used to so long!
"The manners, the joys, of which once they were part,
"Still round them like visions of yesterday throng.
"Its letter some hand hath invisibly traced,
"Which held to the flame will stand out in the light,
"So many a feeling, that long seem'd effaced,
"The warmth of a meeting like this brings to sight.
"Look then, in the memory's book, — we should glance
"To mark the scenes of our childhood's dawn,
"Tho' oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
"The wreck of fond many a hope shining through:
"Yet this, in fancy, we paint as the flowers,
"That o'er some favorite garden of old the gay shore,
"Decked for a moment we'll think them all ours,
"And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more.
"So brief our existence, a glimpse, all the world,
"So well are we sure have of the few we hold dear;
"That oft' even joy, in anticipation would look,
"For want of some heart, that could echo it near.
"Ah, well may we hope, when this brief life is gone,
"To meet in some world of more permanent bliss,
"For, a smile, or a grasp of the hand, lost in one,
"Is all more we ever enjoy, of each other in this.
"But, come — the more rare such delights to the heart,
"The more we should welcome, and keep them the more;
"They are ours when we need — they're lost when we part,
"Like birds that bring summer, and fly when 'tis o'er.
"Then circling our hearts, closer still closer each link,
"Let sympathy guide us through pleasure, thro' pain;
"And fast as that feeling doth tarnish one link,
"Her magic shall scour it thrice o'er the chain."

Receipt for lowness of Spirits

Take one ounce of spirits of **Resolution** properly mixed with the oil of good **Conscience** infuse into it a large spoonful of the salts of **Patience**; distil very carefully a composing plant called others **Woes** which you will find in every part of the Garden of life, growing under the broad leaves of disguise, add a few drops of this and gather a handful of the blossoms of **Hope** sweeten all with the balm of **Providence**. And if you can procure any of the cordial of **True Friendship** you will have the most valuable medicine that can be administered / but be very careful you do not substitute a counterfeit of the latter ingredient for the genuine; it is like it in appearance but very different in its nature and effects. its proper name is self interest a small quantity of this poisonous plant is sufficient to spoil the whole composition / Make these ingredients into pills of **Comfort** take one every night when you lie down to rest, and as soon as you awake in the morning.

DIOGENES.

Receipt for a Modern Duel

Two fools, with each an empty head,
Or like their pistols lin'd with lead;
Two minor fools to measure distance,
A surgeon to afford assistance;
A paragraph to catch the Jair,
And tell the world how brave they are!

An Acrostic for the lovers of Alliteration

She sings so soft, so sweet, so soothing, still,
That to the tone ten thousand thoughts there thrill;
Elysian ecstasies enchant each ear;
Pleasure's pure pinions prune prince, peasant, peer.
Hushing high hymns heaven hears her harmony,
Earth's envy ends, enthralled each ear, each eye;
Numbers need ninefold nerve, nor need I name
Soul stirring Stephens' skill! sure seraphs sing the same!

Native Land.

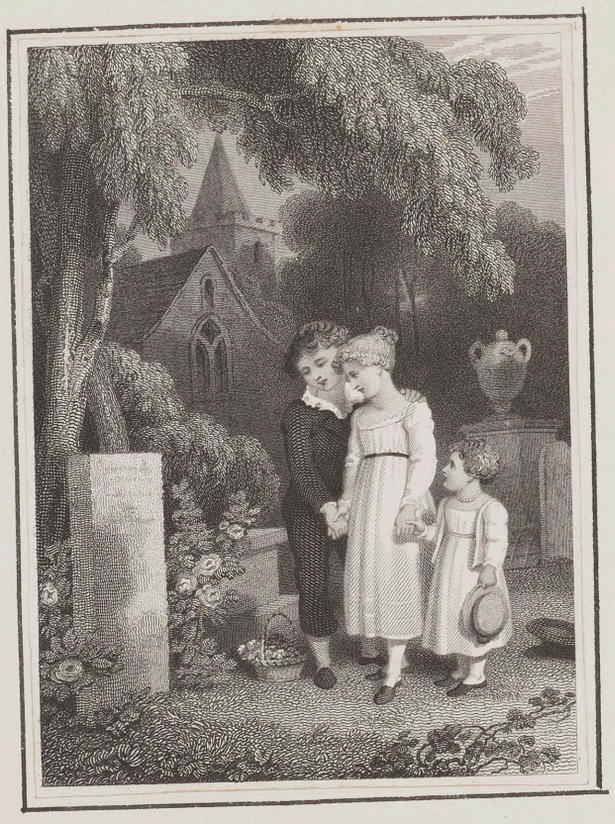
There is a holy, fetter willing chain
That wreathes itself into the human heart,
Nor time can rust nor absence tear in twain,
Nor thy sharp tooth, Ingratitude, can part.
Ask the poor peasant on his lonely hill,
With all his wants he loves his country still.

Who of the sternest has not felt the spell,
The nameless, ceaseless, never dying love
Of his own land? Oh! the exile tell,
Whose withering heart can well this feeling prove!
All things may fade before thy ruthless hand
O Time! but dreams of youth and love of native land.

Friendship

By F. Kingston Esqr.

Oh, prized and loved through many a year
Of pain and sorrow fast away!
Why should'st thou lady blush to hear,
Why should I think it wrong to say
How near in pure regard thou art
To the best feelings of my heart?
And yet my inmost thoughts of thee,
The sinless eye of God might see:
Nor would it dim one ray of light
That shines around the eternal throne.
If of the Angels the most bright
Such thoughts of mortal kind should own.
A Sisters love I never have known,
But it has ever seemed to be
Like that regard which thou hast shown,
The same in weal or woe for me.
Nor were I worthy to be blest
With friendship so sincere and true
Unless my very soul confess'd
Esteem as pure, as sinless too.



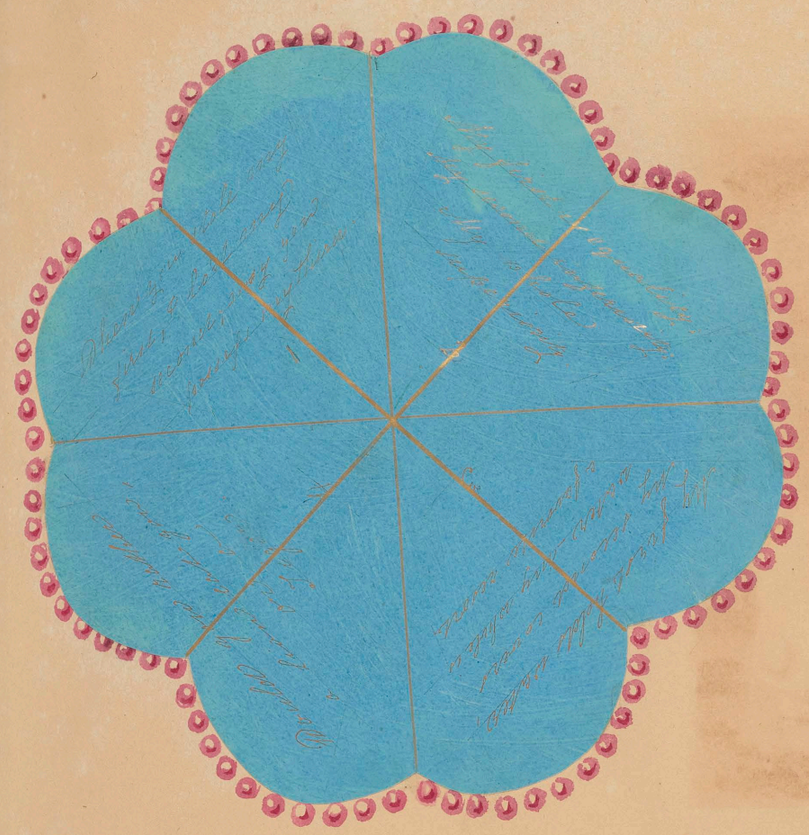
THE MOTHER'S GRAVE

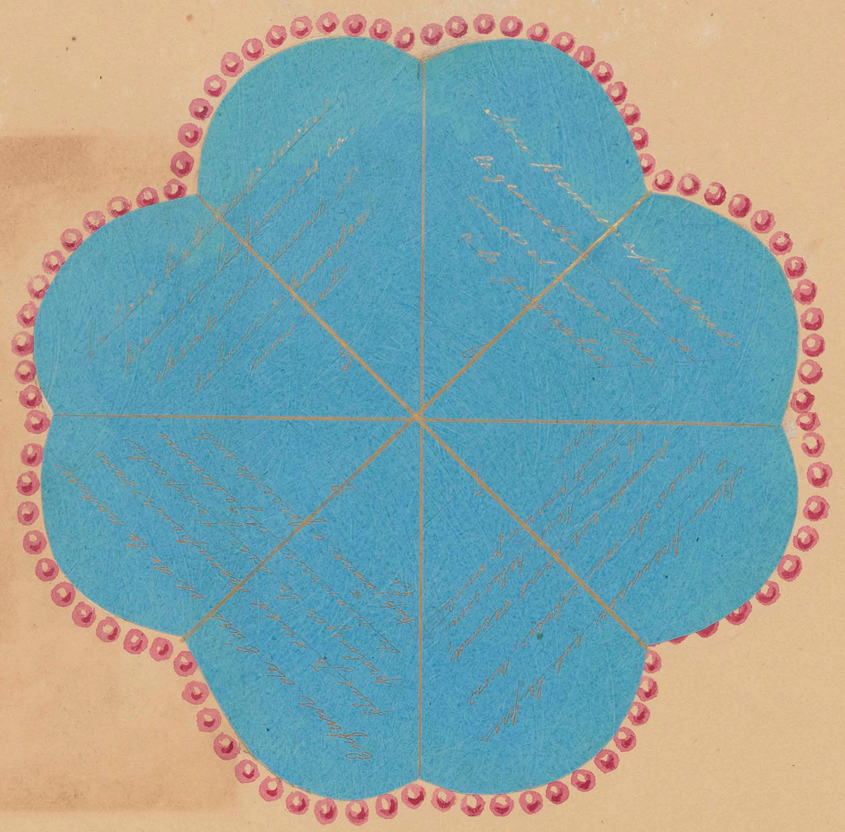
And that same dew which sometimes on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty infant's eyes
In tears — Shakespeare —

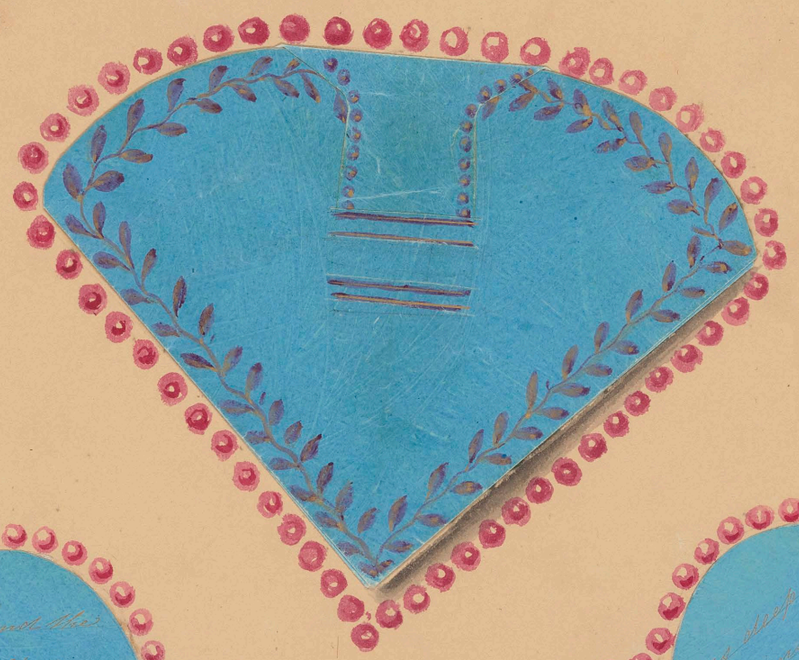
'Look, sister sweet, upon that hallow'd stone,
We stand upon a spot of love and fear;
For there is laid a heart, the fondest one,
That ever left its children weeping here.

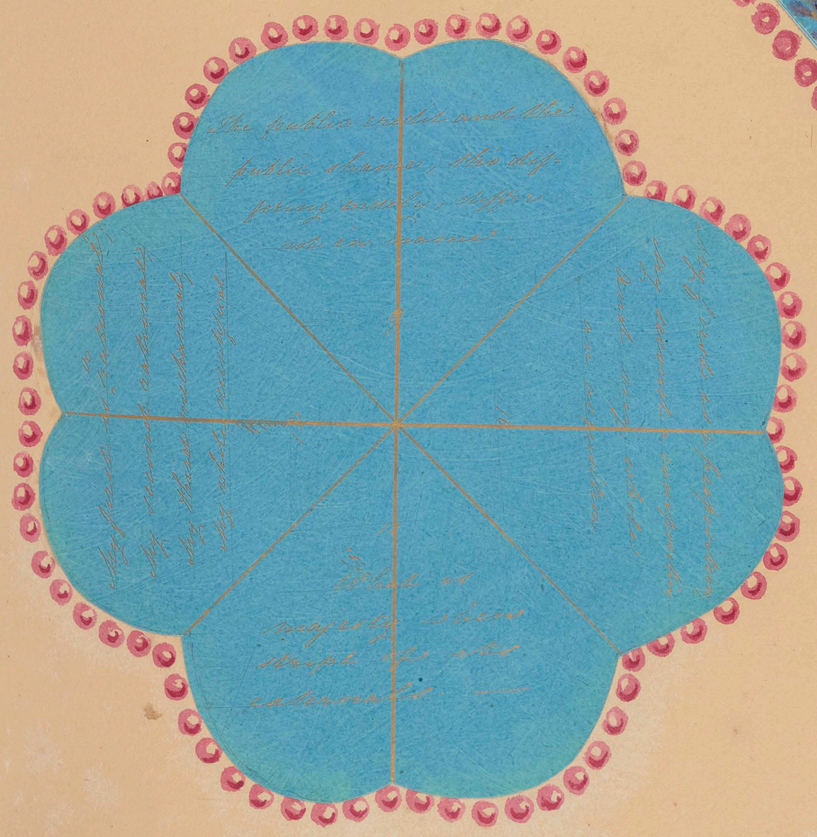
'There sleeps our mother, in the silent dust,
By all our sorrow all our love unmoved;
Sleeps till the solemn summons of the just
Bids her awake, to meet the God she loved.

'But oh, 'tis joy to think that Time may bear
Us onward to a world of faultless bliss,
That we again may see, and love her there,
Whom we so fondly loved, and prized in this.





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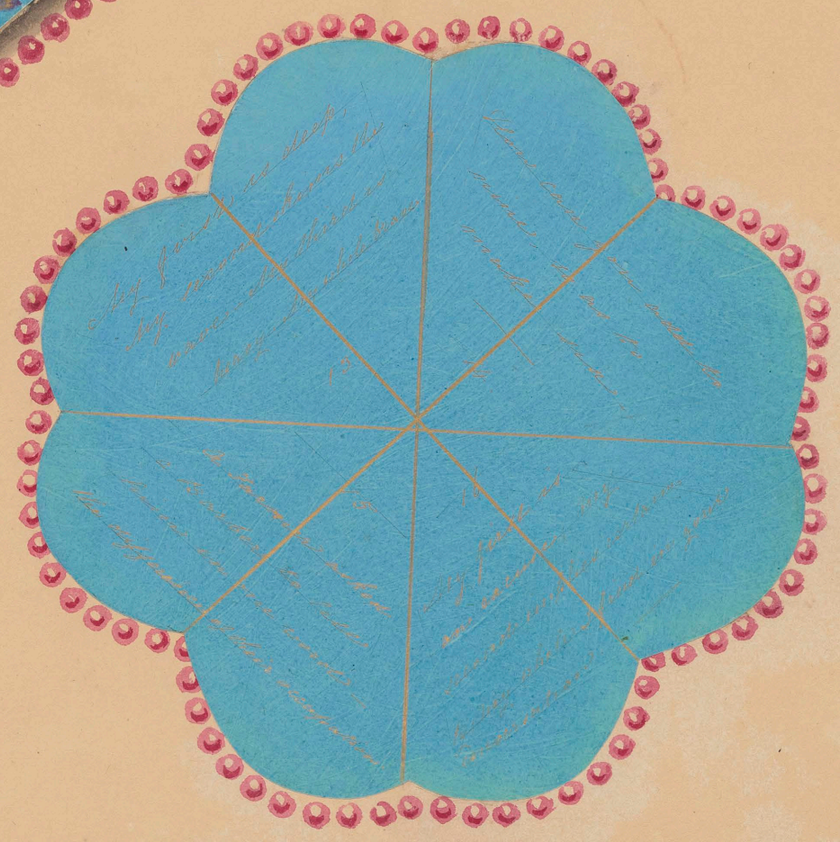

GUIDO FELIX

Suggested by Chantrey's Statue of Lady Louisa Russel.

By Mrs Hemans.

Thou art a thing in our dreams to rise,
Amidst the echoes of long-lost melodies;
And to bring bright dew from the morning back
Fair form, in each image of childhood's track!

Thou art a thing to recall the hours
When the love of our souls was as leaves and flowers,
When a world was our own in some dim, sweet grove,
And Pleasure unfold in one captive Dove!

Are they gone? can we think it, whilst thou art there,
Thou radiant child with the clustering hair?
Is it not Spring that indeed breathes from thee
And speaks to each thought, as we gaze on thee?

No! never more may we smile as thou
Sheddest round smiles from thy sunny brow!
Yet something it is in our hearts to shrine
A memory of beauty undimmed as thine.

To have met the joy of thy speaking face,
To have felt the spell of thy fairy grace,
To have lingered before thee, and turned, and borne
One vision away of the cloudless morn!

Receive, dear friend, the truths I teach,
So shalt thou live beyond the reach
Of adverse Fortune's power;
Not always tempt the distant deep,
Nor always timorously creep
Along the treacherous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Embittering all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the power
Of wintry blasts; the lofties towers
Comes heaviest to the ground;
The bolts, that spare the mountain's side,
His cloud-capt eminence divide,
And spread the ruin round.

The well-informed philosopher
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
And hopes, in spite of pain;
If winter bellow from the north,
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth
And nature laughs again.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen;
But oh! if Fortune fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvass in.

A Reflection on the foregoing Ode

And is this all? Can Reason do no more,
Than bid me shun the deeps, and dread the shore?
Sweet moralist! afloat on life's rough sea,
The Christian has an art unknown to thee.
He holds no parley with unmanly fears;
Where duty bids, he confidently steers,
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all.

The Rose and Lilly

The nymphs must lose their female friends,
If more admir'd than she—
But where will fierce contentions end,
If flowers can disagree?

Within the garden's peaceful scene
Appear'd two lovely foes,
Aspiring to the rank of queen,
The Lilly and the Rose.

The Rose soon reddens into rage,
And, swelling with disdain,
Appeal'd to many a poet's page,
To prove her right to reign.

The Lilly's height bespoke command,
A fairer empire flow'd;
She seem'd designed for Flora's hand,
The sceptre of her pow'r.

This civil bick'ring and debate
The goddess chanc'd to hear,
And flew to save, ere yet too late,
The pride of the parterre.

'Yours is,' she said, 'the nobler hue,
And yours the statelier mien;
And tho' a thousand sweets are you
Let each be deem'd a queen.'

Thus sooth'd and reconcil'd, each seeks
The fairest British fair.
The seat of empire in her cheeks,
They reign united there.

Cowper.

The following was sent with a bottle of Otto of Roses
to Mrs Sullivan who had recently left India.

Quand la belle Sullivanne quitta l'Asie
La Rose Amoureuse de ses charmes
Pleura à la Morte de sa belle Amie
Et cette bouteille contient ses larmes.

Song

Though he thinks for the former love he bears to her
All cool reason ceases to influence his mind
Yet reason breathing its fires towards that quarter
Where it wants it will be kind
Many wiles with its pleasures we'll contrive
And such we know will soothe our pain
Find we cannot all the clouds that may gather tomorrow
For we have all the hours we live
And in fear of the storms that brighten today
We lose half the sunshine

Oh where is honor safe? not with the living
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams
And make them truths;—they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings; grow upon disgraces;
And when they see a virtue fortified
Strongly above the battery of their tongues
Oh! how they cast to sink it."—

Beaumont

"The Moon is in her summer glow,
"And loose and high the breezes blow,
"And tracking o'er her face, the cloud
"Varies the tinctures of her shroud;
"On Barnard towers and Tees's stream,
"She changes as a guilty dream,
"Pleins conscience, with remorse and fear,
"Speeds sleeping Fancy's wild career.
"Her light seems now the black of shame,
"Seems now pure angel's drapes flame;
"Shifting, what shade to come next go,
"Like apprehensions heaved slow;
"Then sunk in livery dims the air,
"And dies in darkness, like despair."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"The sultry summer day is done,
"The western hills have hid the sun,
"But mountains peak and village spire
"Retain reflection of his fire. * * * * *
"The crimsons and the gold away'd,
"Decks yet unchill'd the closing shade,
"Then slow resigns to darkening heaven
"The tints which brighter hours have given.
"Then aged man feels better and more
"The vanities of life forego,
"And counts their youthful follies o'er,
"Till Memory lends her light no more."

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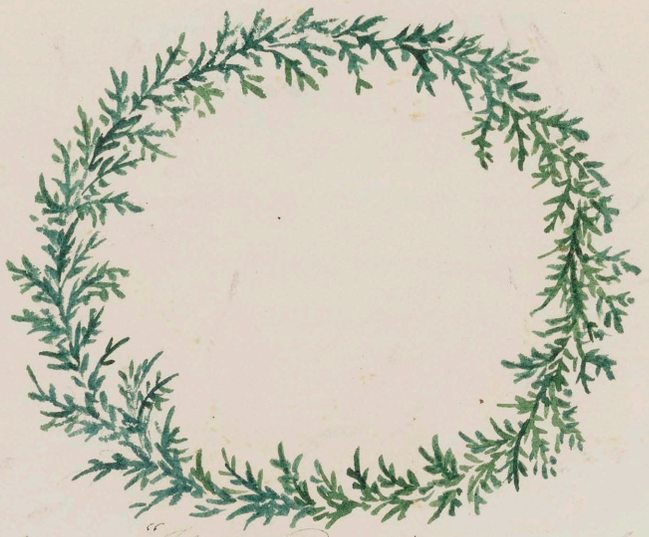


"Kind Wycliffe, with thine eye
"Thy mirrored skill?— nay, no reply—
"And look and smile!— I guess thy thoughts,
"Thy verse with laurels would be bought,
"And poor Matilda, landless now,
"Has not a garland for thy brow.
"Yet I must leave such Robedy's glades,
"Nor wander more in Gretri shades,
"Both since no virgin jailor, there
"Will a stern prison walls allow,
"Where summer flowers grow wild as wise,
"Or Hawwood chase, and Fodin Dell,
"Thou holly green and lilly gay
"Shall twine in guerdon of they lay."—
"The mournful youth, a space awhile,
"To tune Matilda's harp applies;
"And then a low sad descant rung,
"As fondude to the lay he sung."

The Cypress Wreath.

O Lady fairest no wreath for me?
Or twine it of the cypress tree!
Too lively glow the lilies light,
The varnished holly is all too bright,
The may-flower and the eglantine,
Nay shade a brow less sad than mine:
Then, lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress tree!

Let dimpled mirth his temples twine
With wreaths of the laughing vine;
The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be true;
The myrtle bought with lover's sighs,
But Matilda will not prize;
Then Lady fairest no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree! * * *

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
The ivy meed for minstrel hair;
And, while his crown of laurel leaves
With bloody hand the victor weaves,
Let me bind Evan's triumph dear;
But when you hear the passing bell,
Then Lady twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress tree.

Yes! twine for me the cypress bough;
But O, Matilda, twine not now!
Nay, let a few brief months be past
Since I have looked and loved my last:
Then village maids may strew my bier
With pansies, rosemary, and rue. —
Then, Lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress tree.

HONI. SOIT QVI MAL Y PENS

It is a painful, humbling thought—
To know the empire of the mind,
With wit endowed, with science fraught,
Is fleeting as the passing wind;
And that the richest boon of Heaven
To man — is rather lent, than given.

This world is all a world of woe.
For man's illusion given:
Its smiles of joy - its tears of woe
Deceitful shine deceitful flow
There's nothing true but Heaven

The Deceitfulness of the World

In the morning of life, when its sweet sunny smile,
Shines bright on our path, we may dream we are blest;
We may look on the world as a gay fairy isle,
Where sorrow's unknown, and the weary have rest.

But the brightness that shone, and the hopes we enjoy'd
Are clouded ere noon, and soon vanish away;
While the dark beating tempests on life's stormy tide
Obscures all the sweets of the morning's bright ray.

Then where are those bowers, in some gay happy plain
Where hope ne'er deceives, and where love is aye true;
Where the brightness of morning shines on but to gain
A sunshine as bright and as promising too.

Oh; ask for it not, in this valley of night,
Where we smile but to weep and we ne'er can find rest;
For this world we would wish, shines afar in the skies,
Where sorrow's unknown - 'tis the home of the blest!!

The ornamental plantations of Claremont are luxurious and admirably diversified by bold undulations of surface. Upon one of the most elevated sites, called the amphitheatre from the fine view which it commands, formerly stood an ancient garden-seat, on which the Princess Charlotte contemplated the surrounding scenery, on her first visit to her adopted residence. "The Ever-green Mount," as she then called it, soon became a favoured spot — she visited it often, and was daily more and more enamoured of its charms. Her Royal Highness therefore, resolved to erect on this spot a small building that should supply an agreeable retreat at all seasons, during her retirement with the prince her husband, from the busy scenes of public life.

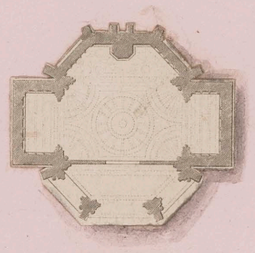
The resolution was made with the ardour of youth, gaily anticipating the delights of social intercourse, of friendly confidence and affectionate seclusion, to be enjoyed there; and perhaps already pictturing the "mother's holidays," when the anxious promise should be realized, and she should there watch the daily development of her infant's mind and instruct its genius to fulfil the important objects of its destiny.

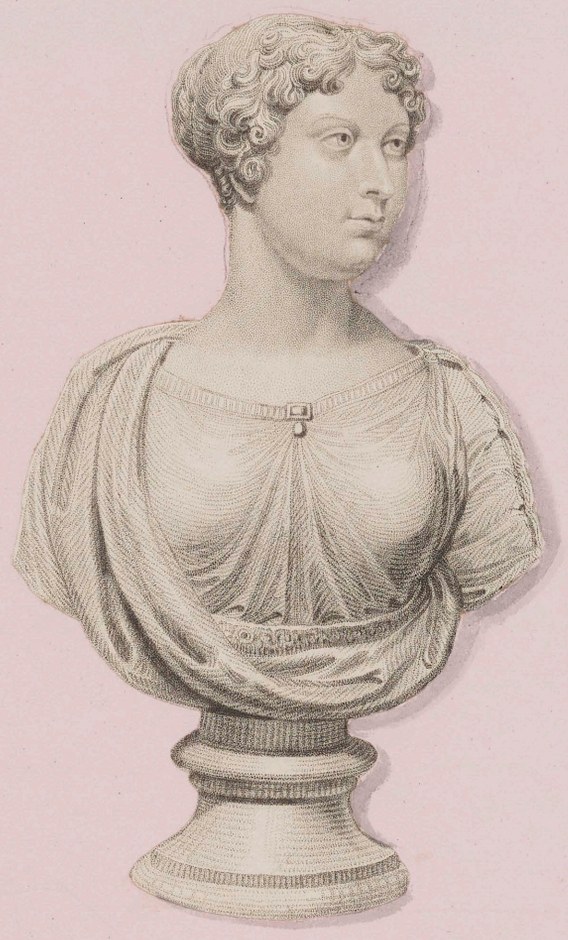
The building was immediately begun, and in the Gothic style — this being admirably suited to the surrounding accompaniments; and as the Princess observed, "because it was the architecture of her country."

But first when the work was on the eve of completion, the awful moment arrived, in which, with breathless anxiety, the whole nation listened in expectant delight — when, in an instant, the dearly cherished hope was destroyed by that astounding intelligence, that heart sickening disappointment, which filled the empire with one sorrow, the genuineness and intensity of which had no parallel, but in the universal admiration of those excellencies now (if possible) the more valued by their loss.

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes;
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirits young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was borne for the skies.
Death chill'd the fair fountain ere sorrow had stain'd it,
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of Heaven has unchained it
To waters that Eden where first was its source.
Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes.
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirits young bloom,
Or earth had profan'd what was borne for the skies.

Mourn not for her, the young bride of the vale;
Our gayest and loveliest lost to us now;
Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
And the garland of love was yet fresh on her brow:
Oh thrice was her moment! dear Spirit for flying
From this gloomy world, while its gloom was unknown;
And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly in dying,
Were echoed in heaven by lips like her own.
Weep not for her:—in her spring time she flew,
To that land where the wings of the soul are unfurl'd:
And now like a star beyond evening's cold dew
Looks radiantly down on the tears of the world.—





Oh Thou, just lent thy gladden'd isles to bless.
Thou snatch'd from earth, in all thy loveliness,
With all a nation's blessings on thy head;
Oh, England's flower! wert gather'd to the dead!
But thou didst teach us:— Thou to every heart
Of this lofty lesson didst thyself impart!
When fled the hope 'mid all thine ills that smil'd
When thy young bosom, o'er thy lifeless child,
Yearn'd with vain sorrow; still thy patient eye,
To its last light, beam'd holy constancy!
Torn from a lot, in cloudless sunshine cast,
Amidst those agonies,— thy first and last,
Thy fondest life grieving with convulsive throes,
Breath'd not a plaint, but settled in repose;
While bow'd thy royal head to Him, whose pow'r
Spoke in the fiat of that midnight hour,
Who from the brightest vision of a throne,
Love, glory, empire, claim'd thee for his own.
'It is the will of God.' Yet, yet, we hear,
The words which clos'd thy beautiful career.
Yet should we mourn thee in thy blest abode,
But for that thought,— 'It is the will of God!'
Who shall arraign th' Eternal's dark decree,
If not one murmur then escap'd from thee?
Oh! still, though vanishing without a trace,
Thou hast not left one scion of thy race,
Still shall thy memory bloom our hills among,
Hallow'd by freedom, and enshrin'd in song!
Still may thy pure, majestic spirit dwell,
Bright on the isles which lov'd thy name so well;
E'en as an angel with presiding care,
To wake and guard thine own high virtues there.

Human Life

BY BERNARD BARTON

"In the Morning it flourisheth and groweth up in the"
"Evening is cut down and withereth"

Psalm xc. verse vi

'I walked in the fields at mornings prime
The grass was ripe for mowing
The sky-lark sang his matin chime
And all was brightly glowing'

'And thus" I cried, "the ardent boy,"
His pulse with rapture beating
Dreams life's inheritance is joy
The future proudly greeting'

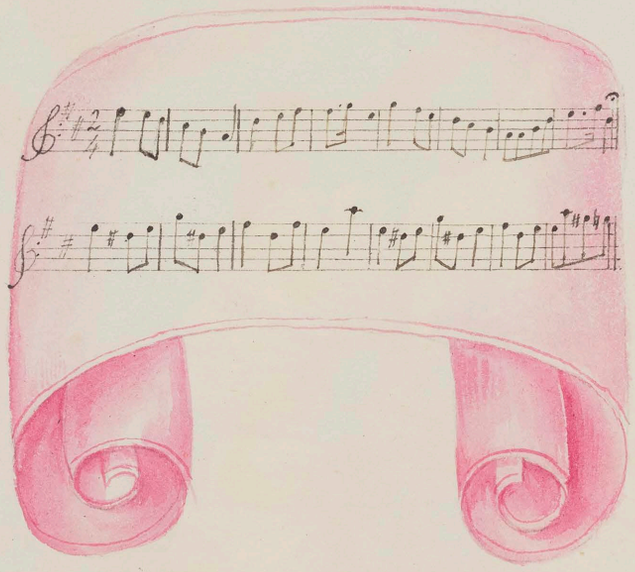
'I wandered forth at noon — alas
O'er earths maternal bosom
The sythe had left the withering grass
And stretched the fading blossom'

'And thus, I thought with many a sigh
The hopes we fondly cherish
Like flowers which blossom but to die
Seem only born to perish'

'Once more at eve abroad I strayed
Through lonely hay-fields musing
While every breeze that round me played
Rich fragrance was diffusing'

'The perfumed air the hush of eve
To purer hopes appealing
O'er thoughts perchance too prone to grieve
Scattered the balm of healing'

'For thus the actions of the just
When memory hast enshrined them
E'en from the dark and silent dust
Their Odour leave behind them'



"The moonlight fell like fairy ôre the walls
"Of Babylon, whilst the sanguine Sirius,
"And rode unto meridian shine: the grey moss,
"A silver cloak, hung lightly o'er the ruins;
"And nothing came upon the soul but awe,
"Dark Images. And this was once a Palace!
"Where the rich viols answered to the lute,
"And banished flung the flowers from their hair
"Fill'd the halls warm with perfumes: here the dance
"Kept time with light steps, and yet lighter feets;
"And here the beautiful stung kept her court. * * *
"Here, royal in her beauty and her power;
"The prison and the scaffold, could they be
"But things whose very name was not for her?
"And this, now fallen sanctuary, how oft
"Have hymns and incense made it holy;
"How oft, perhaps, at the low midnight hour,
"Has some fair minstrel sung here stolen to pour
"Of its pure altar, thoughts which have no sound,
"But deep and silent prayer, when the heart finds
"That it may not suffice unto itself,
"But seeks communion with that other state,
"Whose mystery, to it, is as a shroud
"For which it may conceal its stripe of thought,
"And find repose. . . . . .
. . . . . "Now it is utterly changed.
"No incense rises, save some chance wild flower
"Breathed grateful to the air; no hymn is heard,
"No sound, but the bat's melancholy wings;
"And all is desolate and solitude.
"And thus it is with lords of destiny;
"They passions on with gold — mark none may tell
"What the chain's next unravelling will be.
"Alas, the mockeries in which fate delights!
"Alas, for time! — still more, alas, for change!"

L. E. L.

The Voice of Spring.

'I come, I come! ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my steps o'er the waken'ing earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.'

'I have breathed on the south, and the chesnut flower
By thousands have burst from the forest-bower,
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains;
— But it is not for me in my hours of bloom,
To speak of the things in the tomb!'

'Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly!
With the lyre and the wreath, and the joyous lay
Come forth to the sun-shine, I may not stay!'

'Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen!
Away! from the chamber and sullen hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth!
Their light stems tremble in the wild-wood stream
And youth is abroad in my green dominions!'

'But ye! — ye are changed since ye met me last!
There is something bright from your features past!
There is that come over your brow and eye,
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die!
— Ye smile! but your smile hath a dimness yet —
Oh! what have ye look'd on since last we met?'

Ye

'Ye are changed, ye are changed! — aren't I see not here
All whom I saw in the vanish'd year!
There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,
Which tost in the breeze with a play of light,
There were eyes in whose glist'ning laughter lay
No fainit remembrance of dull decay!'

'There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
As if for a banquet all earth were spread!
There were voices that rang thro' the sapphire sky,
And had not a sound of mortality!
Are they gone? is their mirth from the mountains past?
— Ye have look'd on death since ye met me last!'

'I know whence the shadow comes o'er ye now,
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow!
Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace,
She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race,
With their laughing eyes, and their festal crown,
They are gone from amongst you in silence down!'

'They are gone from amongst you, the young and fair,
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair!
But I know of a land where there falls no blight,
I shall find them there, with their eyes of light!
Where Death mingles the blooms of the morn may dwell,
I tarry no longer — farewell, farewell!'

'The summer is coming, on soft winds borne,
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn!
For me, I depart to a brighter shore,
Ye are mark'd by care, ye are mine no more,
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not death's, — fare ye well, farewell!'

Mrs Hemans

Dear Beneficence! Gratitude shall walk
beside thee, that if thy foot slipped she
may support thee; and if the path be
too rugged for thy feet which misfortune
may have deprived of their defence ——
Gratitude with a willing mind & busy
eye, (remembering the foes) shall stop
down, and taking the sandals from her
own feet, fasten them on thine.

The thirty-first of December

"As if an angel spoke,
I hear the solemn sound."

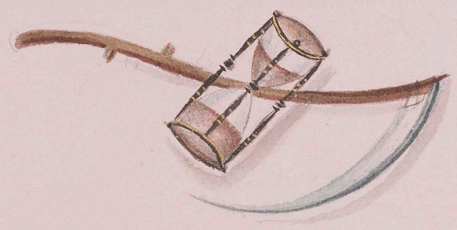
Young.

Hark! the deep-toned chime of Midnight bell,
As it breaks on the midnight air;
Seems it not tolling a funeral knell?
'Tis the knell of the parting year!
Before that bell shall have ceased its chime,
The year shall have sunk in the ocean of Time.

Oh! many an eye that was beaming bright
At this year's from its slumber arose!
Has clouded by anguish, or sealed in night,
Ere it reached its dreary close;
And hearts that in gladness were blooming then,
Have withered—O never to bloom again!

Yet the wind will grow calm, and the billow will sleep,
And Sorrow bring joy by its side;
And hours of delight the young spirits will steep,
And the lover be blest in his bride;
And blue eyes of beauty unclouded by a tear,
Dice yet burn at thy memory, thou happy old year.

To me, fated year, thou hast not been unkind,
Though my glimpses of sun-shine were few;
I welcomed thee calmly, part from thee resigned,
Now breathe one reproach with adieu:
No, thanks to thy speed, that my pilgrimage here
By so much is shortened—Heav'n save thee dear year!



The Suicides Grave.

Look on this mound; the newly-turned-up earth
Has two or three green patches of wild flowers,
Pale in their slighted beauty, one white group
Of daisies that, like the sweet gifts of hope,
Spring every where: methinks, it were a spot
Whereon the traveller would love to pause,
And the tir'd peasant rest him from his toil,—
So cool the ashen tree spreads its green cloud,
So beautiful the lanes that from it wind,
So rich the sweep of meadows it commands.
But no! all shun the place; some in vague fear,
And some in piety, some in pious awe:
It is the Suicide's unholy grave:
The one who sleeps here had no humble prayer
Breath'd ere the day it hallow'd by its faith;—
Even in death, shunn'd by his fellow men!

In the small village which that first green lane
Leads to, in serpentines of sun and shade,
By hedges, fill'd with may and violets,
And scarlet strawberries and honey-suckle,
An old man dwelt; he had an only son,
The child of his old age. Himself had led
A life of toil upon the ocean wave,
And came at length to spend his latter days,
In peace and quiet, 'neath the straw thatch'd roof
Which saw his birth.

A few brief words may tell
How pass'd the early childhood of that boy,
In innocence, in health, and happiness:
But time brings many changes, and he went
To seek his fortune in the crowded city.
It was a sabbath evening when he left
His native village, and the ringing bells
Were pealing cheerfully, and the red light
Made mirrors of the cottage lattices.
When they had reach'd the green lane, which shut out

out

The hamlet from their view, they did soon pass'd,
And bade the youth look back. "Just such a day
It was when I return'd again to my own home;
May your heart be as light when you come back
As mine was then."

They panted, and the boy
Went on, with hurried steps, as if to leave
His thoughts and fears behind. But once he paused
Before a break in the thick hedge's screen;
There lay the meadows, with their fragrant hay,
Breathing of June; the small white cottages,
The garden filled with fruit trees, the clear stream,
The willows crowding on its further bank;
The church, whose window like a rainbow shone;
And there he saw his father, saw him turn
Towards the burying ground, and tears, which fill'd
His heart, gush'd forth like rain. Why must we lose
The sweet warm feelings of our earlier time?
The world is as the sea, on whose salt waves,
Like streams, we lose the freshness of our youth.

Long years have pass'd,
Yet look from that green lane, and mark how slight
The change that time has made; the same clear stream
Darkens beneath the willow, the red sun
Lights the same colours in the window pane;
And there the cottage, where the old man dwelt,
Looking the same, though he dwells there no more.
Alas! how much the change that marks the course
Of time, is only in man's heart and works!
There is such change in cities; towers arise,
And halls and palaces, and the next day
Some other vanity fills up the scene.
But in the quiet valleys, where the hind
Lives in the cottage, follows at the plough,
Which were his father's, time will scarcely leave
A vestige of his flight: Yet, even here
One saddest change has been; that aged man,
Propping his feeble steps by the white rail
Before the workhouse, he is old and blind,
And the rail is at once support and guide.

His eyes have lost their sight with many tears:
The child he lov'd, led step by step to guilt;
Had been an outcast from his native land,
For seven long years. One morning he had crept
By his accustom'd path, rejoic'd to feel
The warmth of summer light upon his brow,
And near his side spied a pale haggard man,
Who turn'd to gaze upon him: 'twas his child!
My father! groan'd the wanderer, and hid
His ghastly face within his hands; the voice
Pierc'd to the old man's heart—he knew his son—
He humbled, and the wretched one sprang forth
And caught him in his arms;—but he was dead!
Next day, a corpse was seen upon the river:
They took the body, but they did not dare
To lay the guilty where the innocent
Sleep their last slumber: it was laid
In common earth, where careless feet might tread;—
It is this mound.

Song

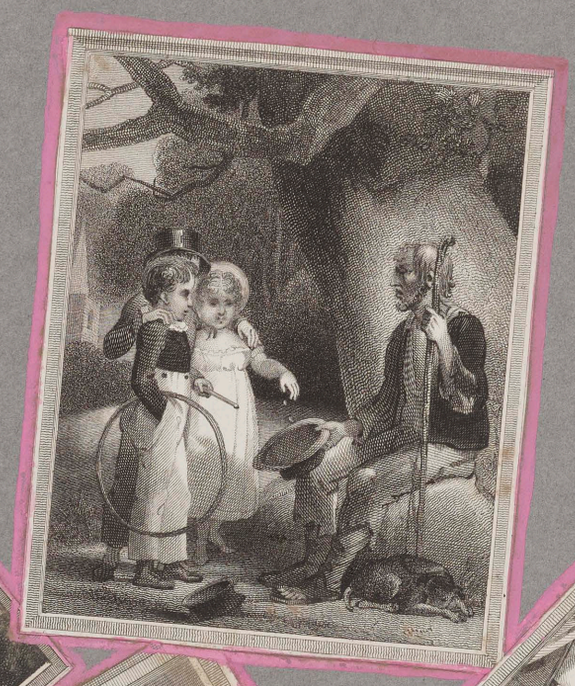
Swan-like form and snowy arms,
Though around thee fondly wreathing;
Softest eye that instant charms;
Ruby lips their dove-strains breathing:
These may youths in thraldom bind,
Yet their power must yield to Mind.

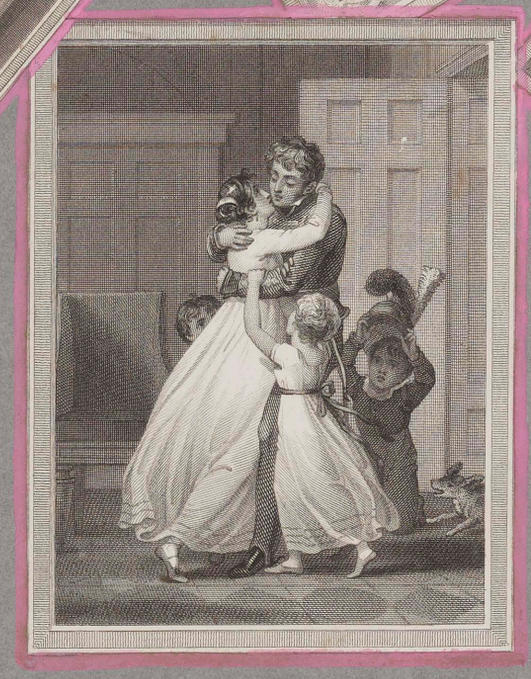
Love-bedazzled youth may stray
Lowly slave in beauty's bower;
Beauty fades, like April's ray;
A breath may blight the gorgeous flower:
Then will youth disgusted see
His heart's deep idolatry!

Lady, mine! oh, thine's the sway!
Where the tide of passion's flowing,
There hath loveliness her day
Dashed, and there brightly glowing.
There we wondering see combin'd,
Beauty's gold, with gems of mind.

ELLA.

Not fairer to the breath of morn
Wakes the pure rose or lowly thorn,
Nor lovelier to the gales of heaven
Its violet's balmy fragrance given,
Than opened Ella's youthful prime,
Exotic in too cold a clime;
Her spirit was so finely wrought,
With such intensity of thought,
That this dull world seem'd to her eye
A thing of cold insanity.
A light breeze rippled o'er the sea,
The boat was dancing joyously,
And on the air as pendant flew
In wreathing folds of azure blue;
Upon the shore, with tear-fill'd eye,
Pale Ella saw the vessel nigh,
And while she closer press'd my arm,
(— It held by some o'erpowering charm)
Her parched lips no utterance gave,
Her tongue was silent as the grave,
Until we parted — "Be thy lot
Whate'er it may, forget me not!"—
Was all she sigh'd. Off on the main
Her last words flash'd across my brain.
And I have cross'd the boundless ocean,
Where storms arise in wild commotion,
And where the mountain billows driven
Wage war against the stars of heaven;
Yet still escaped the lightning's flash,
And brav'd in vain the sea-storm's crash,
To see the fairest form of earth
Inanimate in second birth,
The loveliest thing of mortal day,
Ev'n beautiful in long decay;
Yes— I have seen each raven tress
Hang o'er her lifeless loveliness,
And mark'd the pale and faded cheek,
The lips that all but language speak,
That even now, to soothe my lot,
Seem to repeat, "Forget me not!"
No, never, whilst the busy brain
Can memory or thought retain,
May I forget thee; but my prayer
For thee shall seraphs upward bear,
And the last sigh to close my lot
Shall be, "That I forget thee not!"

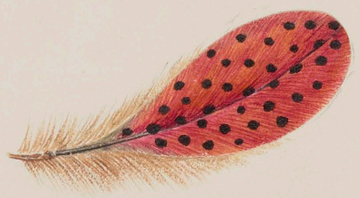




Ellens Story

Hear it, ye who feel!!

"Her parents dying left her to the care
"Of one that was a widow, whose sad heart
"Lived in her Son; as wanderers o'er the main.
"Time passed, winds blew, seas rolled, and with the spring
"That sometimes to make it smile the more.
"Full many a storm, and many a parching time,
"Had tanned the color of the seaman's brow,
"But still his bright blue eye illumed a face
"Of manly beauty which Ellen saw - and
"Her cheek to crimson glowed. She caught the sign.
"Improved the fair occasion - spoke of love;
"'Twas the first time the sound had caught her ear,
"Or touched her senses with its sweet alarm.
"Blushed confounded, blushing to be seen,
"She drooped, as droops the green and tender leaf,
"Over the lily of the vale to hide
"The modest blossom growing to its heart.
"Alas! that envious poverty should e'er
"Forbid the hands when young affections meet -
"Another voyage, but quick and prosperous,
"Another voyage but luckier than the last,
"Must Henry make, and he and Ellen wed.
"He spoke of happy ventures, rich returns,
"He talked of fortune, as if sands were gold,
"And seas the shining witness where they lay.
"But sands are fatal oft, and seas depose
"The stoutest captain from his throne of oak
"Which backs a roof to poise the watry storm.
"They weep, they part - the Mother and her son,
"The lover and his mistress; he to face
"The headlong waves, they to commune with woe,
"And think of him together, yet alone.
"'Time passed, winds blew, seas rolled,' but not again
"Came Henry with the spring to smile on home.
"Destruction dug his grave between the seas
"That sloped against the sky, and vagrant winds
"Came howling to his noisy funeral.
"Through the vast deep, far from his native land
"Far from his Mothers cot, has Ellens care,
"He plunged in uproars arms, as the red bolt
"Strikes through the surface, as the centres core



"And furies force in thunder - soon, too soon,
"The news arrived in England of that storm.
"His aged Mother sunk beneath the blow,
"The heavy blow that fell on Ellen's brain!
"A rapture from the ruin of her hopes.
"Yet all shall soon be well with Ellen too:
"One from new friends the lovely maniac stole
"Mourning and she sought the sea - beat shore.
"The sun was sinking as her lover sunk;
"She fancied it her lover; followed with
"Her eyes, her tears, her prayers, the coursed orb
"Till o'er its head the waters rushed with night -
"And quenched the struggling beam. Then shrieks were heard,
"Who heard them hastened to the sufferer's aid; -
"They found her on the beach, but ere they came
"The sun had set - and Ellen was no more."

Love's Motto

Is it that natural impulse of the heart,
Its consciousness of immortality,
Which makes it happiness to be remember'd.
Memory —— the Hero buys it with his blood,
The patriot, with proud sacrifice of self;
The Poet, with sweet music from his lute;
—— Of which his feelings are the subtle chords;
Nay, even the vain Rich build palaces
To make their name immortal, but of these
Is there one whose delight in memory
Can be like the young Lovers?—, 'tis as life,
As hope, to know his image is secure,
Recall'd by all sweet thoughts in one fond heart.
The picture scroll that lies before me now,
Has wakened thoughts of this; upon the grass,
Fresh as his new sprung feelings, kneels a youth
While through the green boughs of the shadowing beech
The sun shine falls like rain drops, and behind
On a bright cloud, whose purple hue has caught
Its lustre from his wings, the boy god floats —
He whose sway is of smiles, and sighs, and tears,
And yet whose rule is iron. he has lent
A golden arrow from his quiver's store,
And the youth's eager hand has on the bark
Carved these so gentle words, "Forget me not" —
Murmuring the while one of those tender songs
Which have their echo in each Lover's heart.

Wave — that wanderest singing by,
Bearing leaves and flowers with thee;
To the lady of my heart
Waft a benison from me.

Wind —— that roavest round the grove
Kissing every flower nigh;
I'll send thee on a sweeter search
Bear my own sweet love my sigh.

Bark —— that show'st my graven words
Thine be yet a happier lot;
May'st thou meet my maiden's eye,
Bidding her, "Forget me not."

"The star that shines so pure and bright
"Like a far off place of bliss,
"And tells the broken hearted
"There are brighter worlds than this.
"The moon that courses through the sky,
"Like man's uncertain doom,
"Now shining bright with borrow'd light,
"Now wrapp'd in deepest gloom;
"Or when eclipsed, a dreary blank,
"A fearful emblem given,
"Of a heart shut out by a sinful world,
"From the blessed light of heaven:
"The flower that freely casts its wealth,
"Of perfume on the gale;
"The breeze that mourns the summer's close,
"With melancholy wail;
"The stream that cleaves the mountain's side,
"Or gurgles from that grot,
"All speak in their Creator's name—
"And say,— Forget me not!"— * *

I love thee not, thou hateful lyar!
So smiling in the sun-like hour;
Yet waits out till the evening glow'r,
And then withdraws a smile and flow'r.

'Tis so with man.— When Fortune smiles,
He strives to please with winning wiles;
Yet waits till the light of joy's withdrawn,
And through cares nights we weep alone.

The Defence.

Oh lady! tho I seem to smile,
And bask in summers sunny wiles,
Yet tears upon my blossoms show,
That I, though absent, shared your woe.

So 'tis with man.— When sorrow lours,
He seeks for joys he once knew hours;
But having wept griefs fountains dry,
His heart like mine, must close, or die.

Blest is ease Lebanon.
Dull sluggard Peace
Of vacant Shadows
So Long

The Prayer of a wise Heathen

Great Jove, this one petition grant
Thou knowest best what mortals want
Ask'd or unask'd, what's good, supply
Whate's evil, tho our prayers deny.

On Hope

Hope heav'n born cherub, still appear
However misfortunes seem to lour:
Unsmile the threat'ning tempest clears,
And is the rain-bow of the shower.

On an indifferent copy of verses addressed by a lady to Mr Gibbon the Historian comparing him to Tacitus.

Come madam come, to praise me thus
In your poetic lay
Yet you shall call me Tacitus
If you'll be Tacita.

Epitaph on Laurence Sterne

Shall pride a busy sculptur'd marble raise,
Some worthless, immoral, illiterate lay
Or one poor grave stone learn,
Where genius wit, and humour sleep with Sterne!!

To a Lady in a Thunder Storm.

Well may'st thou dread in this sad hour,
The lightnings vivid flash to see!
When to each strong attractive power,
You add, fair maid, a heart of steel!

By Dr Young

As in smooth oil the razor best is whet
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen!

Latin motto

Fortune favours the enterprising
Nor hinders ere set forth those hearts inured
Against the ocean from dangers afraid
Nor hinders ere set forth those hearts inured

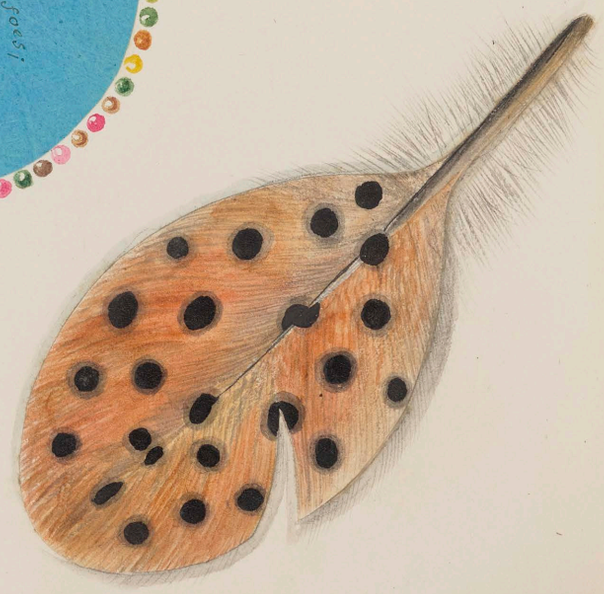
On the death of an Infant.

The cup of life just to her lips she pressed,
Found the taste bitter and rejected the rest.
Then gently turning from the light of day
She softly sighed her little soul away.

Pride

Pride, where wit fails steps in to our defence
And fills up all the mighty void of sense
If once right reason drives that cloud away
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day
Trust not yourself but your defects to know
Make use of every friend & every foe
A little learning is a dangerous thing
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain
And drinking largely sobers us again
Fir'd at first sight with what the muse imparts
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take nor see the lengths behind
But more advanced behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise
So pleased at first the towering Alps we dare
Deceived with what seems but their lower part
Till the prospect wider spreads & all the heav'n
Bursts on the view in all its wonders to the sight
Thus far'd the mind by beauty first possessed
Still with delights but with the next more blessed
Th'increasing prospect tempts its bolder flight
To the dim confines of eternal night
Th'eternal night of thought! and all its fears
With fruitless pains essays & reasons & frets
By reason's force beat back to reason's source
Sinks down in its own depth & rests in God.

The world's a book, Mr Urbanus, writ
Of thee great Author, thee the wondrous wit
Each page, each line it holds declares thy praise
Each letter points out some divine decree
But how shall I unlock the sacred sense
Which in this book my Maker has designed
The motto tells me I must read my heart.



FROM THE

Irish Melodies

Come, rest in my bosom, my own stricken Deer,
Tho' the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last!

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Thro' joy and thro' torments, thro' glory and pain?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art!

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—
Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too!

ERIN GO BRAGH

MELODY

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang as they seem to you now;
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
No life, is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns!
But send round the bowl and be happy awhile
May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

The thread of our life would be dark heaven knows!
If it were not with friendship and love intertwin'd;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind!
But they who have lov'd the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed;
And the heart that has slumbered in friendships securest,
Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceived.
But round the bowl while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine—
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

The Bride of Abydos

"Who hath not proved how feeble words essay
"To paint one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?
"Who doth not feel — until his failing sight
"Faints into dimness with its own delight —
"His changing cheek — his sinking heart confess
"The might — the majesty of Loveliness?
"Such was Zuleika — such around her shone
"The nameless charms unmarked by her alone —
"The light of love — the purity of grace
"The mind — the music breathing from her face
"The heart whose softness harmonized the whole —
"And, oh! that eye was in itself a soul!"

* * * * * * * * * *

"Ay! let me like the ocean-Rabbi roam
"Or only know on land the Tartar's home
"My tent on shore — my galley on the sea —
"Are more than cities and Serais to me:
"Borne by my steed, or wafted by my sail,
"Across the desert, or before the gale,
"Bound were thou with, my bark! or glide my prow,
"But be the star that guides the wanderer — Thou!
"Thou my Zuleika, share and bless my bark —
"The Dove of peace and promise to mine ark!
"For since that hope denied in worlds of strife
"Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
"The evening beam that smiles the clouds away
"And tints tomorrow with prophetic ray."

* * * * * * * * *

"Not blind to fate — I see where'er I rove
"Unnumber'd perils — but one only love!
"Yet well my toils shall that fond breast repay,
"Though fortune frown, or fickler friends betray.
"How dear the dreams, in darkest hours of ill
"Should all be changed, to find thee faithful still!
"Be but thy soul, like Selim's firmly shown —
"So thine, be Selim's tender as thine own!
"To soothe each sorrow — share in each delight —
"Blend every thought — do all but disunite!"

* * * * * * * * *

"Thou didst not view thy Selim fall!
"That fearful moment when he left the cave
"Thy heart grew chill.
"He was thy hope — thy joy — thy love — thine all —
"And that last thought on him thou could'st not save
"Sufficed to kill —
"Burst forth in one wild cry — and all was still."

* * * * * * * * *

On a Cornelian Heart

Which was broken

Ill-fated Heart! and can it be
That thou shouldst thus be rent in twain
Have years of care for thee and thine
Alike been all employed in vain

Yet precious seems each shattered part
And every fragment dearer grown
Since he who wears thee feels thou art
A fitter emblem of his own

Byron

OH BREATHE NOT HIS NAME

Oh breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid:
Sad, silent and dark, be the tears that we shed
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls

The Sailor.

He was their last and their only child;
But one remaining of many;
And is not the blossom the last on the bough
The most beloved of any?
They brought him up 'mid the mountain and flood,
Till the spirit of sickness was banish'd,
And the roses of health bought'st on the cheek,
Whose hectic bloom had vanish'd.
And chiefly it was the boy's delight
To make Ships of slips of the willow;
And then he would call the lake a sea,
And the whispering, waves a billow:
And he loved, o'er the long and winter's night,
To read each gallant story,
How the brave had nail'd the blood-stained flag,
And died for their country's glory;
And how some had sail'd to strange climes,
With but sea and sky before them;
Till the God, whose marvels they'd seen, saw fit
To their native land to restore them.
His mother wept; but his heart was fix'd
On a sailor's life of danger; —
He envied the wind, for it could be
O'er the wild sea-waves a ranger!
She blest him beside his father's grave,
And the setting sun Shone o'er him,
His lighted brow seemed an augury
Of the life that lay before him.
Oh, hope is enchanting — she found it so,
And her mother's grief concealing;
While he was still by her side, she felt
The glow of her sailor's feeling.
But when he went, and She saw him seem,
And gone o'er the home he was leaving,
What bitter tears wash'd away the web
The fairy hope had been weaving.
That night she sat down to her lonely meal
And wept; there were none, to chide her;
That night it was a servant's hand
Laid the book of prayer beside her.
The boy was glad — but one fond thought
Of the mother's, who smooth'd his pillow,

Fill'd his eye with tears, when, for the first time
His slumber was waked by the bittern.
But he slept 'mid dreams of the bloodred flag,
The ball and the grape-shots rattle,
The cutlass sweeping the boarded deck,
And the storm of an ocean battle.
But his ship was bound for a sultry clime,
Where an Indian sun was beaming;
And from every wind that swept the sand,
Was the breath of fever streaming.
And men who had stood, unscathed, when the balls
Like dust on the gale were flying,
And those whom the tempest of night had spared,
Were now like spring leaves dying.
He, too, was fading; that sailor youth,
The rose of his cheek had departed,
And his thought had turn'd to his own dear home—
And the mother he left broken-hearted.
It was one evening.— the signal gun
O'er the echoing wind was ringing,
And the widening waves broke round the ship
As if they a dirge were singing.
He heard the sound, his step grew faint,
And his pale brow waxed yet paler;
Next day the sea o'er the hammock broke,
Where slept the youthful sailor.
'Tis the churchyard there where his father rests,
Here his mother's grave is making;
And this is where the wild wind sweeps,
And the ocean waves are breaking.

Sonnet,

Lonely my way when last along this road
Heart-sick and sad I journied on, as I went,
Brooding o'er many a dream of discontent,
Oer many a cherish'd sorrow, nor bestow'd
Nature's gay scenes one charm to cheer my way:
For on the sunny scene, with reckless eyes,
Sullen I gazed, and pass'd unheeding by!
Sweet are the sorrows of that distant day
So painless morning! Oer the sulgrave plain,
I journey blithe of heart; nor heed the wind
Sad moaning, nor the dark descending rain:
For Hope with loveliest visions fills my mind,
Of every blameless joy by Virtue given,
Of Peace and Love — oh, realize them, Heaven!

Love is like the shadows seen,
When the sun first lights the skies;
Stretching their dimensions green,
But diminishing as each moment flies.

Friendship is the shadow thrown,
When the day its noon had past;
Increasing as life's sun goes down,
Even till it had looked its last.

Love and Friendship.

Oh! tis a blessed thing to know,
Tho' but beloved by fools;
That there is one in weal or woe,
Who will remember you.

There is a soul which would not shrink,
Which all you bore would bear;
Of the same cup your drank would drink,
Nor ask what draught was there.

To a Gentleman surprised in tears caused by thinking himself an object of indifference to the whole world.

When smile away that foolish tear,
The world may wreak its will,
All who all else be dark and drear,
One light is left thee still!

Reflection mocks me soon, Should we
All like bright gems, or in one bound
The tenants all the treasures of the west,
Sanguinem should want;"
We still should, mutual love can light
Rich with a tittle, whither shame
Also to equeatrefs, or, though all consistent
Even raised her servants. Europe in
That can wreake an Empire,"

Harbinger's Castara,

Love and Friendship.

THE SPIDER SWINGING IN THE WIND

By John Bowring Esq.re

I saw a spider swinging in the air,
And said "ambitious reptile! thou resemblest
Our worldly proud ones! and althó' thou tremblest
At every little gust canst not forbear
To mount aspiringly – for what? to fall –
Humbled as other soarers fall." But lo
I looked and saw a film minute and small
Which the adventurer had suspended to
That his retreat was sure; and then I said
"Thou art not like the soarers of the world;
For thou if from thy seat of glory hurld
Hast made thyself secure by this light thread,
Which from thy height will land thee safe again.
*O thou art wiser far than prouder men!"–

THE CLOUDS

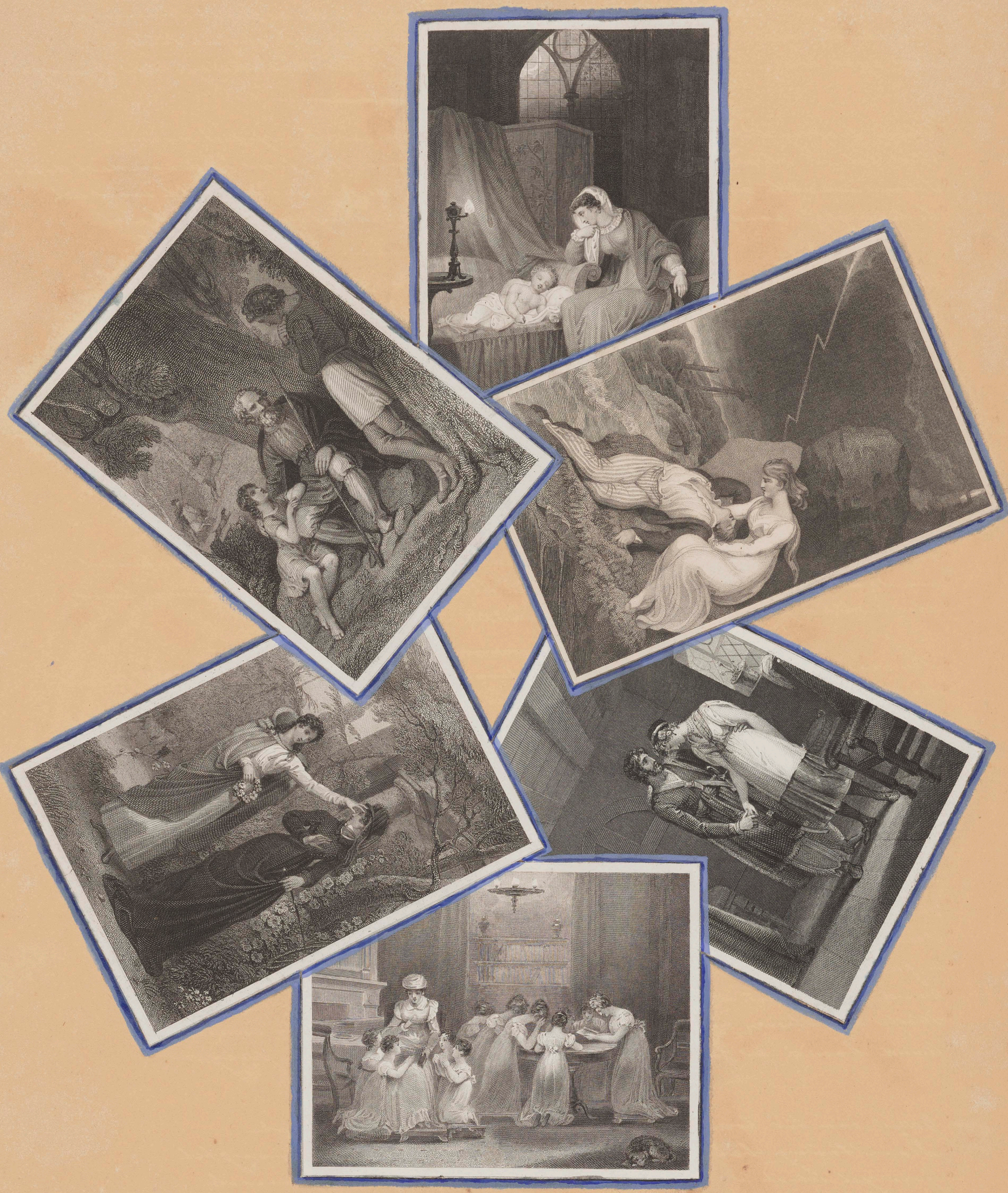
A Sonnet written by moonlight

Whither wend ye so fast ye ships of Heaven,
As on a jasper sea ye smoothly glide?
O would it were to human spirits given
Sublime upon your amber prows to ride,
And catch the silver showers that silent fall
Fringing your sails of gossamer; and mark
Calmly with eye serene this varied vale;
Its glowing spots, its mountain shadows dark;
To hover round Mont Blanc, and thence ascend
Bearing fresh incense to the King of day,
Be fed with beauty from his morning ray,
Or on his evening couch of gold attend.
Vain is the wish—it is not ours to soar
On moonlight clouds, and thence this beauteous world explore!

A tale of scandal is believed,
And none suspect that they're deceived;
While if a noble act you do,
Folks wonder if the tale be true!

Other wrongs may cut
As deeply, too — Slander assassinates.
'Tis poison mixed with sound — 'tis murder,
Aimed at virtues being, — 'tis a thievish lie
That steals from worth and gives to envy, — 'tis
A foul abuse of breath, and lungs, and thought,
And ears, and heart, and every organ used
To strike or to imbibe the cursed stain;
It heaps on innocence the shame of guilt,
It gives to guilt the laugh at innocence;
It stops the music of the moral sphere;
It wakes a worse rebellion against Heaven
Than Babel; for it must be worse in His
Pure eyes, — who darts through all degrees of crime,
(Like lightning through the thin folds of the air), —
To pull down virtue, than to build up pride.

Slander



"What know we of the glorious sights which bliss are wafted dream?
"We could we guess therein what more must to be a poets theme. * *
"The cheek upon the pillow fresh wears joy's delightful tinge,
"The eyes are closed, yet joy's bright tear steals thro the eyelids fringe."

"Thou happy sleeper, might I tell where now thy spirit roams,
"How bright it shares - how fair would seem the joys of proudest domes.
"Some wealth and grandeur never yet, a pleasure could impart
"So peerless, and so pure, as those, which now possess thy heart."

"Or thou art in the land of thought, and far hast left behind
"The fading happiness of earth for raptures more refined.
"Thine seems a foretaste of the bower appointed for the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

"The air was fresh and mild, and it seemed to play around
"the temples and amongst the few and thinly scattered
"white hairs of the time - bowed Patriarch with reviving in-
"fluence; his tottering steps were supported by a staff in his
"right hand, and by a fair blooming boy, on whose shoulder
"his left hand rested. Many a wistful look did he cast around
"in sad and unaccountable silence. It was evident that some long
"cherished painful feeling laboured in his breast."

"See" cried she (removing a wreath from her bosom) "these are the flowers
"he used to love, I plucked them from my own bower, that
"which Alfred decorated - But I cannot give it to you, no, no; I
"must keep it for Alfred - they told me was married, but I would
"not believe it - I wandered through wind and through rain, through
"brake and through brier, till I reached his home - there they told me
"too that he was married - Still I would not believe it - I followed him
"here for is he not mine? what right then have you here?"

"Hush! 'tis a holy hour — the quiet room
"Seems like a temple, while the soft lamp sheds
"A faint and starry radiance through the gloom,
"And the sweet stillness down on bright young heads
"With all their clustering locks untouched by care,
"And bow'd - as flowers are bow'd by night in prayer."

"Gaze on, tis lovely - childhood's lip and cheek
"Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought.
"Gaze, yet what seest thou in those fair, and meek,
"And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought?
"- Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,
"What death must fashion for Eternity." —

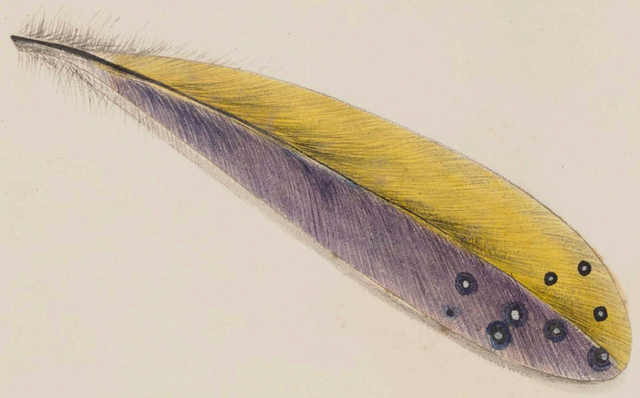
To a Lady who was gathering a
Convolvulous for an Evening party.-

Touch not that flower 'tis sacred to repose,
But gather blossoms of the blushing rose;
It well may suit thee in thy witching pow'r,
When thou and beauty gild the passing hour.

Oh break not from the tall and tender stem,
With rich etherial tint, that lovely gem;
But rather cull the modest jessamine,
Around thy marble forehead to entwine.

And when the morning o'er you garden glows,
Awake thee from thy stillness of repose;
Then steal a glance at yonder fragile stem,
That bears the fairest bloom in Flora's diadem.

Will thou draw near the nature
of the Gods, Draw near them
in being merciful
Sweet mercy is
nobility's true
badge.
Join esteem to thy admiration
unto friendship with
thy Love; so shalt
thou find in
the end con-
tent and
satisfac-
tion
Cold and profitable is the
remembrance of past
pleasures, but the
remembrance of
good actions
delights
the soul
He who
despaireth
of the end shall
never Attain unto it;
and he who seeks not the
but shall fall therein
Feast
know that
they principles
are first and from
thence the greatest of human
pleasure is to be communicable.
Friendship
is a plant of slow
growth in every climate
Happy the man who can
near it!

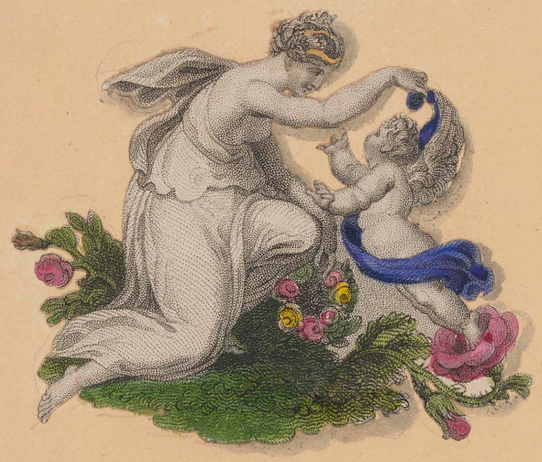


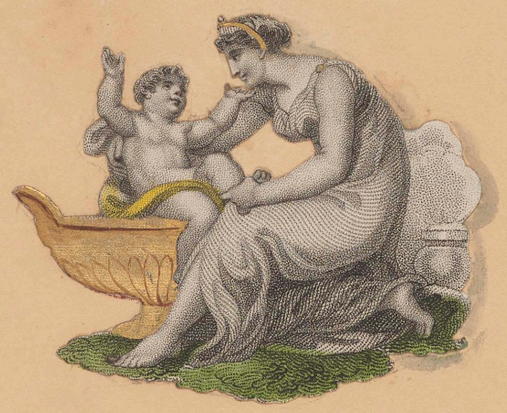
"The clouds are fearful that darkness thy ways,
"Oh, thou mysterious Heaven! – It cannot be
"That I have drawn the wrath of thy anger
"To burst upon me through the lifting up
"Of a fevered heart, late in happiness!
"Yet in my day's fresh noon, for me life's flowers
"Just wreathed a cup of trembling; and the love,
"The boundless love, my spirit was formed to bear,
"Hath ever, in its place of silence, been
"A trouble and a shadow, stinging thought
"With tones too deep for joy!" –

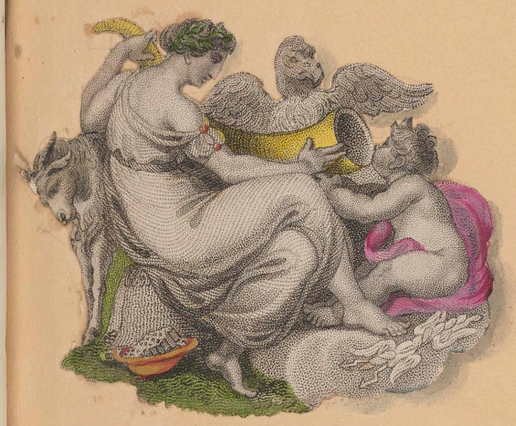
"To me the voice — alas! — To me, the voice
"Of summer, whispering thro' young flowers & leaves,
"Now speaks too deep a language! and of all
"Its dreamy and mysterious melodies,
"The breathing soul is sadness! – I have felt
"That summons thro' my spirit, after which
"The tones of earth are changed, and all her sounds
"Seem fraught with secret warnings." —

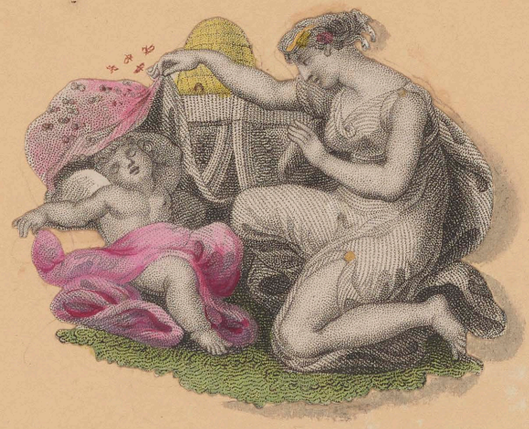
— Oh, how I shrink
From the foreboding menaces of my heart!
Which tell me, that amidst the joyous light
Of their bright smiles, they must go down to earth.

* * "I never look'd
"On such sweet faces in this breezy haunt with,
"Or sunny steep, when all the gentle air
"Seem'd glowing with their quiet blessedness,
"But o'er my soul there came a shuddering sense
"Of earth, and its dark changes; even like that
"Which vaguely mingles with our glorious dreams,
"A restless and disturbing consciousness
"That all bright things must fade!" — * * *









Human — Life.

Hear by her smile, how soon the stranger knows;
How soon by his the glad discovery shows!
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy:
He walks, he speaks, in many a broken word,
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.
And ever, ever to her lap he flies.
When lazy sleep comes on with sweet surprise,
Lock'd in her arms, his arms around her flung,
That nurse most dear for ever on his tongue,
As with soft accents round her ~~her~~ neck he clings
And cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings.
How blest to feel the beating of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart,
Watch over his slumbers, like the brooding dove,
And if she can — exhaust a mother's love!

"Just there a child in sportive glee,
"Came gliding o'er the graves,
"Like a lone bird, that on the sea
"Floats, dallying with the waves;
"Upon the lovely flow'rs it trode
"She pour'd the beauty of her smile,
"Then laid her bright cheek on the sod,
"And thought she was safe her soul to God!"

"Her bridal garments white as snow,
"There came a solitary maid;
"She meekly brought a young glow
"Into that solemn shade.
"A church-yard seems a joyful place
"For the bride of so sweet a face—
"A soul in that deep blue eye,
"Too good to live—too bright to die?"

"But death behind a marble tomb,
"Looks out upon his prey;
"And smiles to hear, that heavenly flame
"Is yet of earthly clay; * * * * *
"The young, the youngest—the loveliest—
"All smile, and all pass by;
"Oh! nothing lovely can endure
"Beneath the unwinter sky!"

A Lay of Death

"He laid him by the forest tree,
"And he sang, so wearily."

Ben Johnson.

'Here I come, Love to shew
Flowers on thy bed;
Roses all dripping dew,
Thus will we wed.

Oh; day of woe.'

'I had a dream last night,
Thou wert my bride:
Yet was thy lip all white,
By thy love's side.

Oh; day of woe.'

'Then thou wert in thy shroud
Floating, afar;
As in the evening cloud
Wakes a young star.

Oh! day of woe.'

'Morning away, away;
Come gentle dream again;
Till in my grave they lay,
This burning brain.

Oh! day of woe.'

'I saw thy dying brow,
Saw thy wan cheek;
Thou art with angels now.
Heart, why not break.

Oh; day of woe.'

'Whose is the voice I hear?
"Come my true love";
Youths, now prepare my bier.
We meet above.

Oh! day of joy.'

To the Moss Rose.

The Angel of the Flowers one day
Beneath a Rose-tree sleeping lay;
That Spirit to whose charge is given
To bathe the young Buds in dews from Heaven.
Awaking from his light repose,
The Angel whispered to the Rose:-
"Oh! fondest object of my care,
"Still fairest found, where all is fair,
"For the sweet shade thou'st given to me,
"Ask what thou will- 'tis given to thee."-
Then said the Rose, with deepen'd glow,
"On me another grace bestow"-
The Spirit paused in silent Thought-
What grace was there that flower had not?
'Twas but a moment- O'er the Rose
A veil of moss the Angel throws:
And robed in Nature's simplest weed
Could there a flower that Rose exceed?

A Reflection at Sea.

See how beneath the moonbeams smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile,
And murmuring then subsides to rest.

Thus man the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on times eventful sea,
And having swiftly run his race,
Thus melts into Eternity.

Written during a Storm at Sea.

A ravens cave an ocean book
From 13 waves its latest, stoutest tree.
He had it near a limbed brook,
And lived another oak to see.—

Thus melancholy buries Hope,
Which, fair still keeps alive!
And birds us with misfortune cope,
And all calamity survive!—

The joys of Home.

Home is a word of magic power,
To all of human birth;
It tells of many a happy hour
Around the peaceful hearth.

Home is a word of magic power,
To all of human birth!
It tells there is one sheltring bower
Known all the towns of earth!

A Night Thought.

How oft a cloud with envious veil,
Obscures yon bashful light,
Which seems so modestly to steal
Along the waste of night!

Thus thus the worlds obtrusive wrongs
Obscure with malice keen,
Some timid heart, which only longs
To live and die unseen!

Extracts from Lalla Rookh.

"Need see — where, high above those rocks
"That o'er the deep their shadows fling,
"Yon turret stands; where ebon locks,
"as glossy as a heron's wing
"Upon the turban of a King,
"Hang from the lattice, long and wild,—
"'Tis she, that Emir's blooming child,
"all truth and tenderness and grace,
"though born of such ungentle race;—
"An image of youth's radiant Fountain
"springing in a desolate mountain!" * *

* * * * * * * * * *

"He built her bower of precious trees,
"and hung it duck'd with costliest skins,
"Until sunnily through it rays as fair:—
"Think, reverend dreamer! think so still,
"You've wake to learn what love can dare—
"Love, all-defying Love, who sees
"no charms in trophies won with ease;—
"Whose wreath, dearest fruits of bliss
"are pluck'd on Danger's precipice!
"Bolder than they, who dare not dive
"For pearls, but when the sea's at rest,
"Love, in the tempest most alive,
"Hath ever held that pearl the best
"He finds beneath the stormiest water!"

* * * * * * * * * *

"* * Yes— Araby's maiden daughters,
"though high that tower, that rock-way rude,
"There's one who, bent to kiss thy cheek,
"would climb th' untrodden solitude
"of Ararat's tremendous peak,
"and think its steeps, tho dark and dread,
"Heaven's path-ways, if to thee they led!
"E'en now thou seest the flashing spray,
"that lights his oar's impatient way,—
"and stretched down thy arms of snow
"as if to lift him from below!" * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * *

"* * She loves – but knows not whom she loves,
"Nor what his race, nor whence he came; –
"Like one who meets, in Indian groves,
"Some beauteous bird, without a name,
"Brought by the last ambrosial breeze,
"From isles in the undiscovered seas,
"To show his plumage for a day
"To wondering eyes, then wing away!" * * *

* * * * * * * * * *

"How sweetly", said the trembling maid,
"Of her own gentle voice afraid,
"So long head they in silence stood,
"Looking upon that tranquil flood –
"How sweetly does the moonbeam smile
"To night upon yon leafy isle!
"Oft in my fancy's wanderings,
"I've wished that little isle had wings,
"And we, within its fairy bowers,
"Were wafted off to seas unknown,
"Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
"And we should live, and die alone!
"Far from the cruel and the cold, –
"Where the bright eyes of Angels only
"Should come around us, to behold
"A paradise so pure and holy!
"Would this be world enough for thee? –
"Playful she turned, that he might see
"The passing smile her cheeks put on;
"But when she mark'd how mournfully
"His eyes met hers, that smile was gone."

* * * * * * * * * *

"* * * Yes, yes, she cried, my lonely fears,
"My dreams have boded all too right –
"We part – for ever part – to night!
"I knew, I knew it could not last –
"'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past!
"Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
"I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
"I never loved a tree or flower,
"But 'twas the first to fade away.

* * * * * * * * * *

"I never marked a clear gazelle,
"To glass me with its soft black eye,
"But when it came to know me well
"Was sure to bid me fly!
"Now tho' the joy must like lightning,
"Of all I ever dreamed or knew?
"To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,—
"Oh mercy! would I love thee too?
"Yet go— on peril's brink we meet;—
"Those frightful rocks— that treacherous sea—
"No, never came aught— though sweet—
"Though heaven, it may be death to thee."

* * * * * * * * * *

"We met 'tis true— but why, why risk heaven
"Single two souls that earth has riven—
"Oh had we never, never met—
"Or could it yet be all unforgot
"How sunk it, how blest we might have been,
"And fate our powers to thank between!
"Had'st thou been born a Persian maid,
"Through the same fields in childhood play'd,
"The neighbouring valleys hast we dwelt,
"At the same kindling altar knelt,—
"Then, then, while all those memories tie
"In which the climate of country lies,
"How sound our hearts been hourly drawn,
"Till Heaven cause and thine were one."

* * * * * * * * * *

"Thy bigot sire— nay terrible task—
"He, who gave birth to those dear eyes,
"With one, in secret on the spot
"Fram which one piece of worship rose.
"But here?— Were he I sought that night,
"When some way watch boat on the sea,
"I caught their towards glimmering light,
"And up the rude rocks desperately
"Rush'd to your pier— then traversed the cove,
"I climb'd the gray outlaw's nest,
"And found a trembling dove within!"

* * * * * * * * * *

"With sudden start he turn'd, and view'd
"Amid forgetfulness the shadows wove,
"Where lighted, like charmed meteors, burn'd
"Bloody, as o'er some summonis grave,
"And fiery darts, at intervals,
"Flew up and sparkling from the cavern,
"As if each star that nightly falls,
"Were shooting back to Heaven again."

* * * * * * * * * *

"My injured lights!—I mourn'd away—
"Both, both are ruined, if I stay.
"Farewell—sweet life! thou clingst in vain—
"Nor-bergeance!—I come thine again!"
"Fiercely he broke away; once stopp'd to look
"Back on the pleasures, from the darkness stopp'd to look
"Down mid the precipices, beneath,
"As if he fled from love to death."

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"Yes — Ella, thou'rt all! yes —
"If there be wrong, be mine its blame,
"Let the black waves that round me roll,
"Defile my thin vestment, — see my soul,
"Forgetting faith, — home, — future, — and —
"Before its earthly idol fall,
"Nor worship e'en Thyself above him. —
"For oh! so wildly do I love him,
"Thy Paradise itself were dim
"And joyless, if not shar'd with him!"
— "Her hands were clasp'd — her eyes uptum'd,
"Dropping their tears like moonlight dew;
"And, though her lip found power to form
"Dark words of passion, bold, profane,
"Yet was there light around her brow,
"A holiness in those dark eyes,
"Which show'd — tho' wandering earthward now —
"Her spirit's home was in the skies.
"Yes — for a spirit pure as hers,
"So always pure, e'en while it errs;
"As sunshine, broken in the rill,
"Tho' turn'd astray, is sunshine still!"

* * * * * * * * * * *

"How calm, how beautiful comes on
"The stilly hour, when storms are gone;
"When waning winds have died away,
"And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
"Roll off, and leave the heaven and sea
"Reposing in their bright tranquillity, —
"Fresh as if Day again were born,
"Upon the bosom smiling morn!
"When the light blossoms rudely torn
"And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,
"Hung floating in the pure air still,
"Filling it all with precious balm,
"In gratitude for their sweet calm; —
"And every drop the thunder showers
"Lent to the plants and flowers
"Sparkles, as tears that lightning — gone
"Whose liquid flame is born of them!
"When, fresh'd by rain, the balmy breeze,
"Now blows a thousand gentle airs,
"And each a different perfume bears, —
"As if the bosoms of the trees
"Had sighs for every one
"To watch and wait on those above,
"And breathe for her their love!"

* * * * * * * * * * *

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"She loves — but knows not who alone she loves,
"Nor what her face, once so blende be came;—
"Like one who awakes in Arabian groves,
"Some beauteous bird without a name,
"Brought by the last aerial breeze,
"Perus sticks in the unaccustomed seas,
"To shew his plumage for a day
"To wondering eyes, and wing away." * * *
"Even such the love that should have stayed
"So young, so innocent a breast;
"Not the pure, open, unsuspecting love,
"That pledg'd on earth, once sealed above,
"Grows in the world's approving eyes,
"In friendships gentle, equal ties,
"Collecting all the hearts sweet dew
"Into one knot of happiness!
"No, Rinda, no — thy fatal flame
"Is nurs'd in silence, sorrow, shame.—
"A passion without hope or pleasure;
"In thy souls darkness buried deep,
"It lies, like some ill-gotten treasure,—
"Some idol without shrine or name,
"Per which its jade-eyed votaries keep
"Unholy watch, while others sleep." —

* * * * * * * * * *

"Save him, my God!" she daily cries
"Save him this night — and oh shine o'er
"Him ever welcom'd with delights
"The sinners heart, the magdalene
"Of sinners hearts — guard him this night,
"And here before thy throne, I swear
"From my hearts inmost core to tear
"Love, hope, remembrance, though they be
"Link'd with each quivering life-string there,
"And give it bleeding all to Thee."
* * * * * * * * * * * Nor shall his name
"E'er bless my lips, but when I pray
"For his clear spirit, that away
"Casting from it its angelic ray
"Th'eclipse of earth, he too may shine
"Redeem'd, all glorious and all Thine!
"Think — think what victory to win
"One radiant soul like his from sin,—
"One wandering star of virtue back
"To its own native, heaven-ward track!
"Let him but live, and both are Thine,
"Together Thine — for, blest or cast,
"Living or dead, his doom is mine,
"And if he perish — both are lost!"

* * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * * *

"Raphael — let me but die with thee!
"Find I write Life thy loved name
"Till the last life-breath leave this frame.
"Ah! let our hearts, our lips be laid
"But near each other while they fade;
"Let us but mix our parting breathe,
"And I can die ten thousand deaths!" * *
* * * One cold Triumph, one lingering beam
"Now broke across his dizzy dream
"Of pain and weariness — 'twas she
"Her hands pale phantom shining free
"Above the cradle of discovery,
"Where all life's other lights were set.
"And never to his mind before
"Too strange such enchantment wore.
"It seem'd as if such rack thought that strain'd,
"Each fear that chill'd their love's own pain,
"And such a cloud of earth remain'd
"Between him and her glory such, —
"As if to shame, before so bright,
"No peace from other world was given,
"And his dark soul saw her by the light
"Thus soaring o'er it's step from Heaven!"

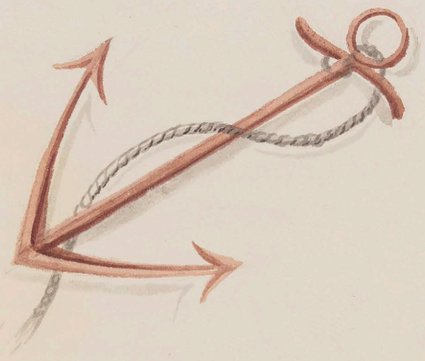
* * * * * * * * * *

"Ah! this not, Lucadia, is the power
"Of Fancy's most prestigio touch
"To paint thy pangs in what more hour —
"Thy silent agony — 'twas such
"As those who first would punish her well,
"Knew none see felt and lived to tell.
"'Twas not alone the dreary state
"Of a lone spirit, crowded by fate,
"When, though the more remorse to share,
"The fiend still will not depart; —
"When, though the inmate flies as Heaven,
"Yet ghost still haunts the unoffending heart.
"No — pleasure, hope, affection gone;
"The wretch may live, must yet live on,
"Like things, within the cold rock pent
"Alive, when all congenial's rent.
"Grub blest a blank before its birth,
"A cold stagnation, blind mere life
"To the keen, burning, harrowing pain,
"Now felt through all thy frame and brain —
"That spasm of terror, mute, intense,
"That breathless, agonized suspense,
"Prone whose hot throb, above decently aching,
"The heart hath no relief, but breaking)"!!! —

* * * * * * * * * * *

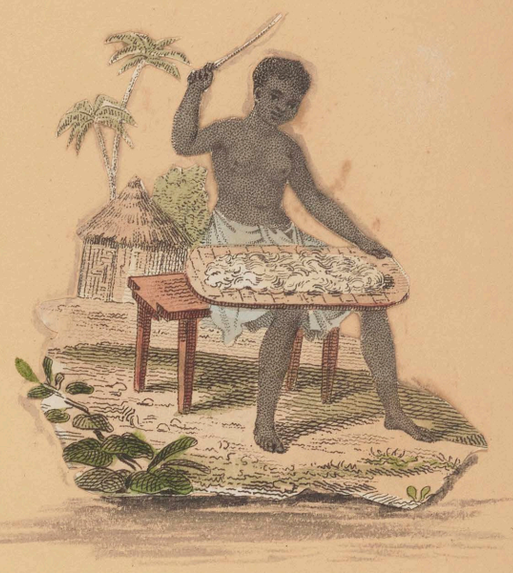
Hope

When hope's bright form has ta'en its heavenward flight,
Ah! where shall the immortal spirit find
Its wonted rest, or where the busy mind
Looks for its one support? a ray less night
Alone would then pervade the anxious sight,
Casting a lingering look of fear behind,
But seeing nothing, onward might we wind
Lost to each sense of pure religious light.
This world would then a wilderness appear,
Where man benighted vainly looks for rest,
And still looks on, tho' it shall not be near,
And God denies this first, this great behest.
It cannot be — Hope is the Christians stay,
The brightest beam that lights us on our way.



Virtue

Nuct. Shew me Virtue - bind me in these fetters
The truely wise; that I may read their fate,
And learn if fortune favors the good more often,
O Lafforint where they're happy; Virtue gilds
Their home with joy, exalts their taste of good,
And sweetens every gift that nature pours
Into their cup with grumage of her store.
But happiness is not the badge, the test
Of merit, nor th'ingredient of his draught.
Who most deserves, that wolf Misfortune; prowls
With hungry lips; his chance the first he meets,
And never innocence fed on nobler fare.
Witness the thousands who have gone to death
For freedom and religion: witness those
Whose bounty drew a circle, like the moon
Its halo round them soon to disappear
And fowl weather and ingratitude.
Witness the pang of constant love betrayed,
The pain of mothers rendered back with scorn,
The hope of fathers answered by disgrace,
And the long list of woes that find true hearts,
Where justice would not find them — suffering!
Witness the world; say where is virtue bred?
Tis not in courts or camps, the seats of fame,
Nor in the crowd where folly still is feast,
Nor is it pinned to fashions changing sleeve,
Where every colour takes its turn to shine;
No! 'tis in humble and in troubled scenes,
The hopeful nursling thrives; adversity
Knows best to rear it: like the oak it grows
Against the storm; and as the dawn awoke
In darkness; and creation from the fogs
Of chaos burst in glory; — sooner climbs
Through clouds and tempest to the hills of light,
Than by the side of ease in safety stroll
Per the wide campaign where the sun is free.



I used to love thee, simple flower,
To love thee dearly when a boy;
For then thou didst seem in childhood's bower,
The smiling type of childhood's joy.

But now thou only mockest my grief;
By waking thoughts of pleasure fled;
Give me, give me the withered leaf,
That falls on autumn's barren bed.

For that, recalls tales of what has been,
But warns me what I soon shall be;
It looks not back to pleasure's scene,
But points onto futurity.

I love thee not, thou simple flower,
For thou art gay, and I am lone,
Thy bounty died with childhood's hour,
The sharpness frown my path is gone.

Heartsease in Reply

'Oh love me still, though childhood's spent,
Ere as thou didst when yet a boy;
'Tis cheerfulness I represent,
More calm and permanent than joy.'

'In me you'll find a balm for grief,
Will heal the wound of former pain;
Unlike to Autumn's fadeless leaf,
My hues survive chill Winter's blast.'

'And while I tell of what has been,
I point to that which yet may be;
And trace within the present scene,
The wing of an eternity.'

'Oh love me still, would be with thee,
I'll cheer thee to my latest hour;
And though my beauty's youth ere gone,
The Heartsease to thy faith restore.'

Simplicity.

Simplicity is the great friend to nature; and if I would be proud of any thing in this silly world it should be of this honest alliance.

There is a hour for all that die;
A moment ere the breathless grave,
But nations swell the funeral cry,
And Triumph weeps above the brave.

For them is sorrow's purest sigh,
Ere Ocean's heaving bosom sand;
In vain their bones unburied lie,
All earth becomes their monument.

A tomb is theirs on every page—
An epitaph on every tongue;—
The present hours, the future age,
For them bewail—to them belong.

Seek, gallant Nelson! thine enshrined,
Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be;
And every bosom glowing finds
A model in thy memory.

Yet there are bosoms that bleed with thee,
For woe that glory cannot quell;
And shuddering hear of victory,
Whose roar is dear, so thunders fell.

Alas for them—Though not for thee—
They cannot choose but weep the more;
Deep for the dead the grief must be,
Who never gave cause to mourn before.

To a beloved Sister.

To watch beside the bed of death,
To gild with smiles the cruch of sorrow;
To watch the heaving trembling breath,
That may not want thy care to-morrow.

Dear Bertha, when with grief oppress'd,
Your friendship soothed my heart responding;
On thy kind breast when sunk to rest,
You've soothed me like the dews of morning.

Had I the power your fate to fix,
Your hours should fly on Joy's bright pinions;
Your fondest wish – domestic bliss –
And never know sad grief's dominions.

And when your reluctant life shall close,
Be every aid and comfort given;
And peaceful sink in sweet repose,
Your soul should wake its flight to Heaven.

THE SUICIDE

She wander'd on the lonely shore,
And listen'd to the ocean's roar,
That hour when night and morning meet,
She trod the beach with hurried feet.
Cold blew the wind – she felt it not;
All sense of feeling seem'd forgot.
A breathing form both young and fair,
Her eye was fire, but heart despair;
How oft has Ida watch'd at night,
To hail her lover's beacon light!
But whilst there's water in that main,
She ne'er will see that light again.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

He fell not in the battle's strife.
Tho' Osmond bore a charmed life;
He slumber'd not beneath the wave,
He slept not in the dismal grave;
Nor had he dimm'd a hero's flame—
No, Osmond was a glorious name;
And fair Athenae's foes in war
Had bow'd beneath his scimitar.
Then what had fired poor Ida's eye?
What made her think that all the world
On her the glance of hatred hurled
That in the hour of social mirth
She seem'd an alien on the earth?
An Orphan she – no mother's arm
Had sheltered her fair form from harm;
No mother's lips her cheek had press'd,
She leaned not on a father's breast;
But there was one whose kindly heart
Would all a parent's love impart;
Who oft her ruby lip would press
With all a lover's tenderness.
And them he meant the vows he paid,
For then he loved the orphan maid.

* * * * * * * * * * *

That morning sun in all it's pride
Had shone on Osmond's wealthier bride

And in the splendour of his lot
His injured Ida was forgot.
Despair her icy fingers prest
On the poor orphans wretched breast;
But though it felt their deadly chill,
Her bursting heart would not be still.
She gazed on Osmonds lovely bride,
She gazed upon the mantled pride;
And murmuring "We shall meet no more
Bent her lone footsteps to the shore.
A dark cloud now the moon obscast,
Loud howld the oceans wintry blast;
A plunge was heard — a dying groan —
A bubble in the moonbeam shone;
A light form rose, then sunk again,
And Ida slept beneath the main.
The sun rose fair, and Ocean's breast
Was calm as when he sunk to rest
A Maiden's corse ashore was cast,
Pallid — yet beauteous to the last.
To Osmonds halls it was conveyd —
He gazed with anguish on the maid;
Remorse and horror filled his brain —
He fled, and never was seen again:
But on that spot a shadowy form
Oft hovers, and in calm or Storm
No bark will ever seek to moor
But cautious shun the fatal shore.

"Oh you, that have the charge of love,
"Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
"As in the fields of bliss above
"He sits, with flowrets fetter'd round;—
"Loose not a tie that round him clings,
"Nor ever let him use his wings;
"For were an hour, a moment's flight
"Even but to rob the plumes of half their light,
"Like that celestial bird,—whose nest
"Is found beneath far Eastern skies,—
"Whose wings, though radiant when at rest
"Lose all their glory when he flies!"

As much of Beauty, as preserves Affection,
As much of Cheerfulness, as shuns Dejection.
Of modest Diffidence, as claims protection.
A docile Mind, subservient to Correction,
Yet stored with Sense, with Reason and Affection.
And every Passion, held in due Subjection.
Just Faults enough to keep her from Perfection.
Find these my Friend, and then make your Election.
RECEIPT for a WIFE.

" Still Hymen sweeps the skies with saffron hue,

" I hear the lark no joy in Edens say sing!

" See o'er the dewy fields the linnet play,

" At sharp midnight the solemn air;

" See o'er the wild bird wanders on the steep,

" And hails the dawn slow wheeling from the deep;

" See o'er the lonely shade,

" Devial notes in amazing luxury measure flying it;

" The summer winds thick shook the spangled dew,

" The whispering wave the murmur of the dew; —

" Slow slowly past the melancholy day,

" And still the stranger wish'd to delay,

" The world was sad! — the garden was a wild! —

" And Man the hermit sighed — till Woman smiled." [11]

"Hope, with uplifted foot and face from earth
"Bends for the place of her celestial birth,
"On steady wing, flies thro' the firmament above,
"Plucks evergreen joys from banks of love,
"And crowns the soul, while yet supposed here,
"With wreaths like those angelic spirits wear."

Cowper.

"Is strange a thing's found Hope, if encompassed
"It be surprized by sudden fruition, that,
"The found ambiguous fruitlessly, it loses
"Both what it does possess, and winning at
"Same proof of what is absolutely close,
"From fugitive it stays from Hope to Fear."

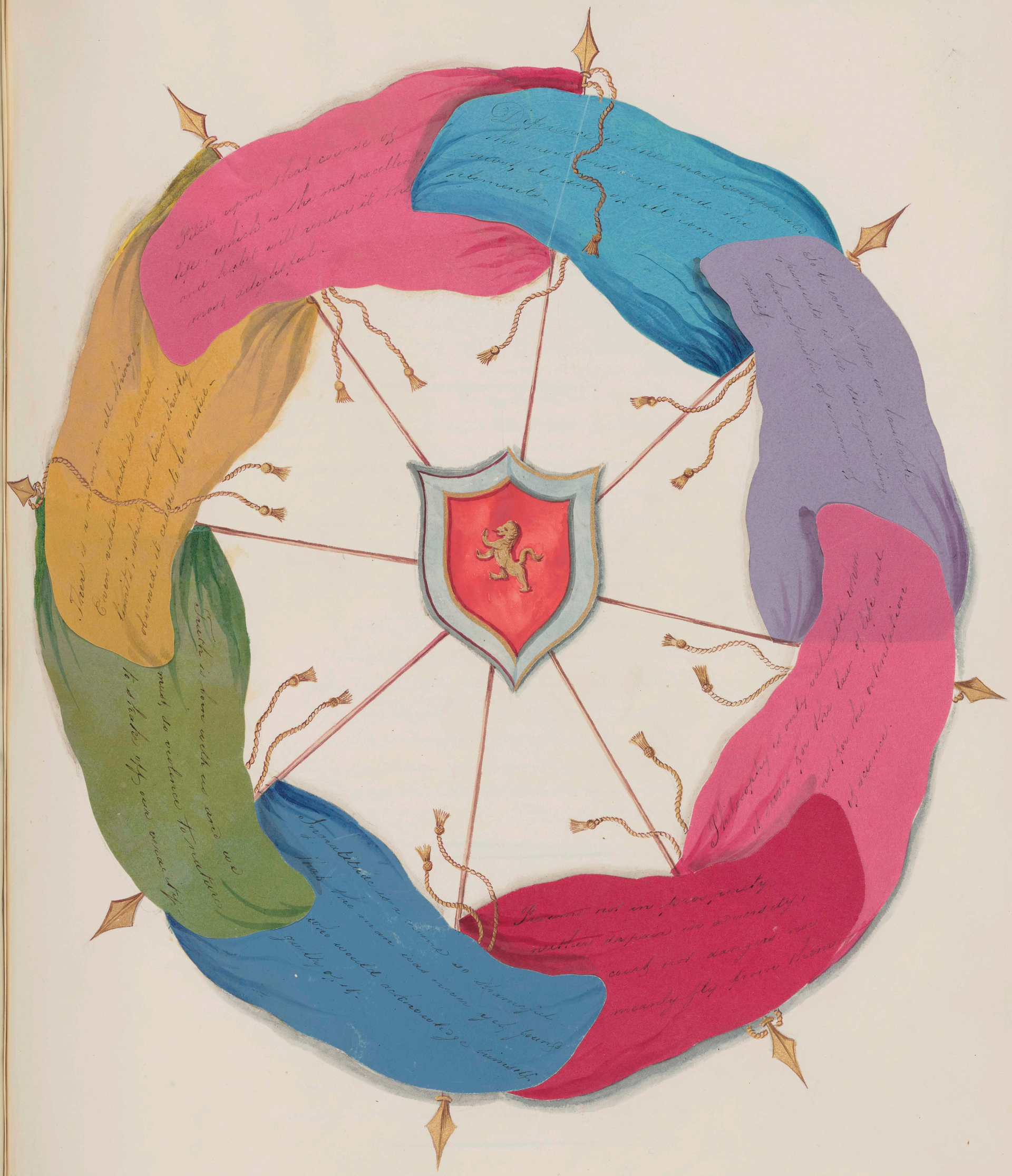
Beaumont & Fletcher.

"I will despair, and be at enmity
"With cozening Hope; he is a flatterer,
"A parasite, a keeper back of Death,
"Who gently would dismiss the bones of life
"Which false Hope lingers in extremity."

Shakespeare.

"Tho' plunged in ills, and overwhelmed in care,
"Yet never let the noble mind despair.
"When pressed by dangers, and beset by foes,
"The gods their timely succours interpose;
"And when our virtue sinks, o'erwhelmed with grief,
"By unforeseen expedients bring relief."

Phillips.


Pitch upon that cause of life, which is the most excellent and habit will render it the most delightful.
Diligence is the mother of good luck and the most undeviating and the most elevated of all virtues.
Shame not in poverty nor labour in adversity could not oppress me nearly fly from them
Prudence is a virtue so dreaded as it was never yet found who would acknowledge himself guilty of it.

I stood beneath an old oak tree
That many a wintry storm had braved;
The sun was sinking o'er the sea
The wind the oak's wide branches waved:
I fixed in deep contemplation deep,
My eye upon a withered leaf
And watch'd it long, but could not weep
For Autumn smiled through tears of grief.

I thought on days for ever fled
When it was blooming freshly green;
I thought how swiftly time had sped,
And altered all that lovely scene
For many a bird sung sweet in air,
When last I visited the spot
And many a summer flower was there,
I look'd for them - but they were not.

This withered leaf was all remained
Of Spring's luxuriancy bursting forth;
The flexile branch had long sustained
Its burden lightly, and still seemed loath
Its latest treasure to resign;
Innumerable leaves were laid
Upon the damp cold ground to pine
That once had formed a grateful shade.

I looked on them, but they were changed
And pining into nothingness;
E'en so is man, when quite estranged
And far from those who once could bless;
But sweeter 'tis to those in grief
To fall and fill an early tomb,
Than 'tis to cling, like this lone leaf!
To life, and wait as sad a doom.

Storms gather round us and they pour
Their fury on our naked head;
We drag through many a lonely hour,
Scarce loved in life nor mourned when dead.
Altho' life's morn was fresh and fair
As opening leaf or budding flower,
It's ev'n may be with dark despair
Long years! without one sunny hour.

A storm swept o'er that ancient tree
Such as this leaf could not survive;
I mourned for it was dear to me
As aught the Spring did e'er contrive.
I seemed to be a thing exiled
Exposed to every passing breeze;
Its beauties gone! What beam that smiled
Could bless it with returns of these

It drooped from off its parent tree
And what I most regretted was,
It could not there distinguished be,
Midst myriads which bestrew the grass
And 'tis the fate of man, I said,
Though honors grace his living years
He sinks into his clay cold bed,
And fades from e'en affection's tears!

"So whom thou saw, with perfect beauty adorn'd:
"My author and disposer, what thou bidst
"Unargued I obey: so God ordains;
"God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
"Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
"With thee conversing I forget all time;
"All seasons, and their change, all please alike.
"Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
"With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
"When first on this delightful land he spreads
"His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
"Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
"After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
"Of grateful evening mild; then silent night
"With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon
"And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:
"But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
"With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
"On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
"Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
"Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
"With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon
"Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet."

* *

"Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
"On to their blissful bower: it was a place
"Chos'n by the sovran Planter, when he fram'd
"All things to man's delightful use: the roof
"Of thickest covert was inwoven shade

"Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
"Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
"Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub
"Fenc'd up the verdant wall: each beauteous flower
"Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
"Rear'd high their flowrish'd heads between and wrought
"Mosaic; underfoot the violet,
"Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
"Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
"Of costliest emblem. * * * * * * * * * * * * *
"So sung they, and the empyrean rung,
"Till in his great expedition now appear'd,
"Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
"Of majesty divine, sapience and love
"Immense, and all his Father in him shone.
"About his chariot numberless were pour'd
"Cherub, and seraph, potentates, and thrones,
"And virtues, winged spirits, and chariots wing'd
"From the armoury of God; where stand of old
"Myriads, between two brazen mountains lodg'd
"Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand
"Celestial equipage; and now came forth
"Spontaneous, for within them spirit liv'd
"Attendant on their lord: heaven open'd wide
"Her ever during gates, harmonious sound
"On golden hinges moving, to let forth
"The King of Glory, in his powerful word
"And Spirit, coming to create new worlds.
"On heavenly ground they stood; and from the shore
"They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss
"Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild
"Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
"And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
"Heaven's height, and with the centre mix the pole."
* * "Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace
"Said then the omnific word; your discord end!
"Nor staid; but, on the wings of cherubim
"Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
"Far into chaos, and the world unborn;
"For chaos heard his voice: him all his train

"Follow'd in bright procession, to behold
"Creation, and the wonders of his might.
"Then staid the fervid wheels, and in his hand
"He took the golden compasses, prepar'd
"In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
"This universe, and all created things:
"One foot he centred, and the other turn'd
"Round through the vast profundity obscure,
"And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
"This be thy just circumference, O world!
"Thus God the heaven created, thus the earth
"Matter unform'd and void: darkness profound
"Cover'd the abyss: but on the watery calm
"His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,
"And vital virtue infus'd, and vital warmth
"Throughout the fluid mass: thence founded, thence conglob'd
"Like things to like; the rest to several place
"Disparted, and between spun out the air:
"And earth, self-balanc'd on her centre hung.
"'Let there be light,' said God; and forthwith light
"Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
"Sprung from the deep; and from her native east
"To journey through the airy gloom began
"Sphered in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun
"Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle
"Sojourn'd the while. God saw the light was good;
"And light from darkness by the hemisphere
"Divided: light the day and darkness night
"He nam'd. Thus was the first day morn and even."

* *

"So spake our Sire, and by his countenance seem'd
"Entering on studious thoughts abstruse: which Eve
"Perceiving, where she sat retir'd in sight,
"With lowliness majestic from her seat
"And grace that won who saw to wish her stay:
"Rose, and went forth among her fruit and flowers
"To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
"Her nursery: they at her coming sprung
"And touch'd by her fair tendance gladlier grew.
"Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
"Delighted, or not capable her ear

"If what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd
"Adam relating, she sole audience!—

* *

"Eve first to her husband thus began.
"Adam well may we labour still to dress
"This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower,
"Our pleasant task enjoin'd; but till more hands
"Aid us, the work under our labour grows.
"Luxurious by restraint; what we by day,
"Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
"One night or two with wanton growth derides,
"Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,
"Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present:
"Let us divide our labours; thou where choice
"Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
"The woodbine round this arbour, or direct
"The clasping ivy where to climb; while I
"In yonder spring of roses intermix'd
"With myrtle, find what to redress, till noon
"Our task we change."

* *

"Daughter of God and man, accomplish'd Eve,
"What love sincere and reverence in my heart
"I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
"Unhappily deceiv'd! thy suppliant
"I beg and clasp thy knees; bereave me not
"Wherever I live, thy gentle look, thy aid,
"Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress,
"My only strength and stay: forlorn of thee
"Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
"While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
"Between us two let there be peace ——— I am sent
"To show thee what shall come in future days
"To thee and to thy offspring; good with bad
"Expect to hear: supernal grace contending
"With sinfulness of men, thereby to learn
"True patience, and to temper joy with fear,
"And pious sorrow; equally inured
"By moderation either state to bear,
"Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
"Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure

* *

" Thy mortal passage when it comes."

* "Overcome
By suffering, and earn rest from labour won."
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * "But now lead on;
"In me is no delay; with thee to go,
"Is to stay here; without thee here to stay
"Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
"Art all things under heaven, all places thou."

* *
" Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them soon;
" The world was all before them, where to choose
" Their place of rest, and providence their guide:
" They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow
" Through Eden took their solitary way."

"And thereat smiled from Adam's doubt propos'd
"Benevolent and facile thus replied: ——
"To ask or search, I blame thee not; for heaven
"Is as the book of God before thee set
"Wherein to read his wonderous works, and learn
"His seasons, hours or days, or months, or years;
"This to attain whether heaven move or earth,
"Imports not if thou reckon right; the rest
"From man or angel the great Architect
"Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
"His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought
"Rather admired; or, if they list to try
"Conjecture, he his fabrick of the heavens
"Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move
"His laughter at their quaint opinions." * * * *

Milton's Account on his blindness.

"Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flock, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with an universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

Deep inck, black Pearl, thy vision sunk in night,
Thy spirit wanders in eternal light!
And to thy tongue angelic power is given,
While yet on earth, to please the cause of Heaven.

The endless knot of love.

Presez garde.

Vive le Roy.

Three Noblemen

The Late Queen of Prussia*.

"The memory of Louisa may safely disregard the calumnies invented to asperse it. If the character of a woman, and a queen, is to be gathered from her husband, her children, and her subjects, few of her rank will fill a more honourable place. She said herself shortly before her death, "Posterity will not set down my name among those of celebrated women; but whoever knows the calamities of these times, will say of me, she suffered with constancy. May he be able to add, she gave birth to children who deserved better days, who struggled to bring them round, and at length succeeded." She was not distinguished for talent, but she was loved and revered for her virtues; she had all the qualifications of an amiable woman, of a Queen, she had only the feelings. Every Prussian regarded her, and still speaks of her with a love approaching to adoration. It was not merely her beauty, or female graces, richly as she was endowed with them, that captivated her husband's people, it was her pure, mild, simple, and affectionate character". * * * * * * *

* The Sacontala of the following Tale,

The Bramin's Gift.

It was a day of joy and revelry, of joy unfeign'd, of revelry unforced, through India's hundred realms; for Sacontala, the beautiful, the noble, and the good, th' imperial sharer of Wikrama's throne, upon her natal morn kept holiday. Sylph-like her form, yet stately as the pine that grows upon the mountain-top and woos Heaven's kisses to its brow; her long dark locks fell rich and ripe as the vine's clusters down her snowy neck; her forehead high and pale beneath the shade of those ambrosial curls rose like a throne; broad spread her soft smooth brows, and her long lashes shaded two sweet orbs, which, black as night, yet brighter than night's queen, shower'd noon-tide radiance round — and then her face — Oh; 'twas like a thing for fervent bards to dream of — bright and yet dark — not Europe's red and white, but the still lovelier glow of her own clime; all sun and shadow, like the burning close of summer's eve; yet 'twas a shadow like that which Love's wings o'er his own Psyche throws when he brood's o'er his slumbers. So she sat upon her golden throne, and all around was joy and gladness. Some brought costly gifts and spread them at her feet; rare gems, rich fruits, odours, and gold; and some look'd up to heav'n, and call'd down Brama's blessing on her head. Her heart with gratitude and happiness o'erflow'd, and feelings high and eloquent spoke on her changing brow; sometimes a smile like lightning ran across her features; then a burning blush would mantle o'er her cheek, sudden and beautiful as the sun-set glow upon the Alps, when all their summits burn like one magnificent evening sacrifice before th' eternal throne; and oft, a tear gather'd in her dark eye but dimm'd it not; its brightness, like the glow-worm's lamp, seem'd fed by that ethereal dew.

The Braimin's Gift,

At length a Bramin approached the joyous throng assembled round the Palace gates, and in his hand he bore a basket formed of plaited rushes, filled with flowers, and bordered round with simple mofs. The servants of the Palace gazed in wonder upon the Bramin's gift. "And will he dare," they ask'd eachother. "will he dare approach the splendour of the throne with his rush Basket border'd with crisped mofs!" The Bramin pafs'd undaunted on to Sacontala's throne, and placed his basket at her feet. "Behold kind mother of thy people, this rush basket, this tender mofs, and these few simple flow'rs, these are the produce of that distant valley, far from this gorgeous Palace, where thy feet walk'd in life's sweet spring morning; these, as thou, grew up be-neath the show'rs and sunshine there, and these, thy sister flow'rs of that sweet vale, I offer up, no unmeet gift, to thee, the fairest of them all." Then did the Queen bow down her gracious head, and cast her eyes on the rush Basket edged with mofs, and smile upon her sister flow'rs of that sweet vale. In Gladnefs did the Bramin bend his steps back to his dis-tant valley, and it seemed more beautiful and happy in his eyes, for he had gazed on Sacontala's smile.

The Diamond,

It was a day of sorrow and of sighs, of heartfelt sorrow, of soul-searching sighs, through Indias hundred realms, for Sacontala, with weeping, and with silent pray'rs to Brama, kept now her natal day. War's iron foot had trampled on her realm and laid it waste, and even the sweet flowrs of her native vale felt its unhallowd pressure. For from her Vikrama sought the fight; begirt with foes he waged unequal and unprosp'rous war;

The Bramin's Gift

His bravest and his truest fell around him, while treachery fill'd his camp, and ingrate friends forgot the hand that rais'd them, and prov'd false and recreant to their lord, therefore did tears stream plenteously down Sacountalas cheek, and sighs and sorrow mark'd her natal day. The Bramin came again, he bow'd his head before his sovereign's throne, fair Queen," he cried, sorrow and suffering have not chang'd the hearts of those who in my valley dwell; they still cherish unaltered loyalty and love to thee, no fragrant flowers I bring thee here; trampled and trodden under foot, they strew our valley now; but they will bloom again more beautiful than ever when the spring, by Brama sent, shall chase away the clouds that darken round us yet, behold I bring thee the rarest wonder that our vale produces, a diamond bright as ever India beheld,—— The Queen gazed on in silent wonder, while the Bramin thus proceeded: " while yet youth unsullied by a tear, and cloudless joys sat smiling on thy brow, I gave thee flowers, now has grief, like a sullen canker-worm, eaten the roses on thy cheek, I knew that thou wouldst greet thy natal day with tears, and tears are to the virtuous spirit like the dew that falls from Heaven upon the blossoms, expanding their sweet leaves, and drawing all their fragrance out, thus Brama sanctifies his favourites, and therefore have I brought thee the noblest work of nature." Thus he spake, and reverently at Sacountalas feet laid down a casket of rich ebony, The lid unclos'd, the precious gem flash'd forth a ray so bright, the faces of the Queen and all her weeping maidens, who had stoop'd to

gaze upon it, suddenly became brightly transfigured, and their white breasts shone like waves that heave and sparkle in the sun, while the sad tear down Sacountala's cheek that stole, grew brighter even than her smile. In sorrow did the Braminn bend his steps back to his distant valley; and it seem'd happy and lovely in his eyes no more, for he had gazed on — Sacountala's tears.

The Tomb.

Once more through the hundred realms of Ind, it was a day of joy and revelry; Trumpets and cymbals fill'd the once sad vales with their sweet minstrelsy, and from the hills rose up to Brama sacrificial fires, For he had bless'd Wikrama's righteous cause with triumph, and the foeman's basilisk eye glared ruin on the peaceful plains no more, The Braminn heard the shouts of victory and songs of peace, and gladness fill'd his heart, he bowed his aged face down to the ground and worshipp'd, then arose, and on his head pour'd holy ointment. "Ere I die," he said, "I will behold the triumph of the just, and gaze once more on Sacountala's smile." Then with the fairest spring-flow'rs of the vale he fill'd his small rush basket once again, and cover'd them with young shoots of the palm-tree, and of the olive, and with fragrant sprigs of tender myrtle, then in haste he turned his face to the great city, and amidst the exulting myriads pass'd on silently. Joy on his aged features beam'd serenely as he approached the Palace gates, and saw the servants of the King, — "open your gates," he cried," that I may offer up once more my

gift to the good Queen, for I have lived seven weary years—
a stranger to the world," The servants gazed upon him as he
spake, and wept, and answer'd not. "Why do ye weep?"
the old man said, "and wherefore are your faces thus changed?",
"and art thou then a stranger here," they said," and know'st not
what has come to pass?" and then they shew'd him Sacontala's
tomb. "Behold," they cried —" her heart is broken," and they
leaned their heads upon their breasts and wept. Then were the
features of the aged man glorified; and his eye gleamed like a
youth's. He lifted up his head to Heav'n, and said, "do I not see
immortal Brama's throne, and the eternal light that circles
it,? do I not gaze on Sacontala's smile again, as on a cloud,
tinged with the hues of morning. She reposes and looks down.
Pure victim of her suffering country! now she shines the
priestess of celestial peace. See, Sainted spirit, these terrestrial
flow'rs I dedicate to thee!"—

He bowed his face over the grave
and flowers.— A gentle rustling arose, and Brama had
releas'd his spirit.

Thrice welcome, little English Flowers!
Of early scenes beloved by me,
While happy in my Father's bowers,
Thou shalt thee blithe memorial be:
The fairy-sports of infancy,
Youth's golden age, and manhood's prime,
Home, country, kindred, friends,—with thee
Are mine in this far clime.

Thrice welcome, each dear English Flower!
To me the pledge of Hope unseen:
When sorrow would my soul o'erpower
For joys that were, or might have been,
I'll call to mind, how—fresh and green,
I saw thee waking from the dust,
Then turn to heaven with brow serene,
And place in God my trust.

Charles.

Calcutta

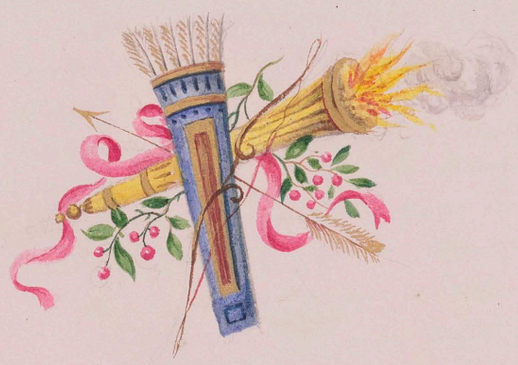
June 1826

Thus said Britania to the nations round
Whom humbly waiting her behests she found

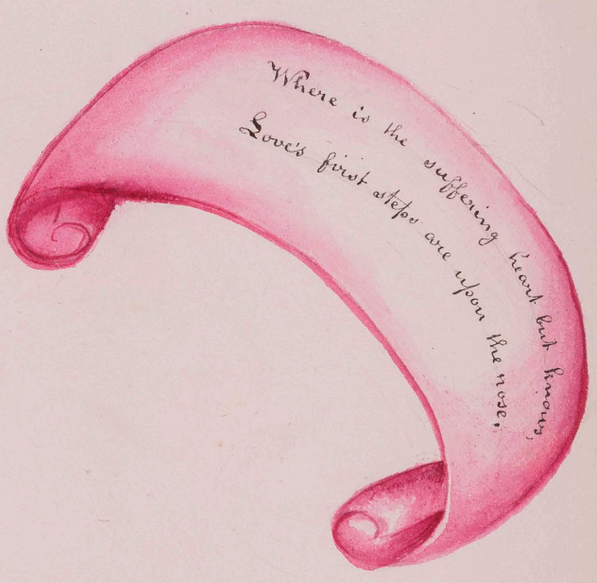
'Ye Pow'rs! I'm rich, and will command
The host of slaves that round me stand

'Come, India, quick disclose thy store,
'And hither bring Peruvian ore;
'Let yonder negro pierce the main,
'The choisest, largest pearl to gain;
'Let all my slaves their arts combine,
'To make the blushing ruby mine;
'From eastern thrones the di'monds bear
'To sparkle in my flowing hair?

Ah Love! the rose that decks thy shrine,
Tho seemingly all bloom and light,
Hides thorn and canker, worm and blight.



Where is the suffering heart but knows,
Love's first steps are upon the rose,



Woman's Love

"Such is woman's love, bending with the slightest breath of air, not breaking beneath
"the keenest blast of winter. It flourishes in the warm beam of truth; dies not
"in the cold blight of falsehood. Where is he whose heart beats not responsive
"to the tenderness of female affection? The earth holds not a being so heartless,
"but that at times the fond affection of woman would rouse him to feelings, which
"throw an undimmed lustre over all the darker feelings of his soul. He may be
"cold in his nature; apathy may dwell in his mind, his bosom may be senseless
"to, and reckless of all her shining qualities; but there are moments when
"love will warm the coldest, the most insensible; when its brightness will
"rouse him from his apathy, when its kindness will soothe its very agonies.
"Love in woman is one unclouded ray of dazzling light, the intense glow of
"the summer's sun; no clouds obscure its loveliness, no storms can chill its ardour
"no shades can dull its brilliancy. It shone at first, it shines now, and it
"will shine on for ever, in one unbroken, splendid beam of celestial beauty.
"Where I required to name the moment, when I would consent that my hopes
"of joy should fail, I would say the hour when woman's heart shall cease to beat
"for love; love pure, faithful, unmixed with the baser feelings of human nature.
"I am a man, but I can speak of man's love only as a summer's cloud. It is
"seen, it strikes upon the eye in all the brilliancy of abstract beauty;
"but it is a mere vision, it has no substance; it is a shade which flits
"upon the surface, mixes with the other visions of life, and is seen no more!
"If it be marked with greater strength in man, how does it shew itself?
"It proves its force like the storm cloud, by the destruction of what it
"was meant to cherish. It drives love's weak vessel, a woman's heart, amongst
"those rocks and breakers, which to touch upon, is sure destruction. It is only
"in woman's heart that the flower of love finds a native soil. In the heart
"of man it may flourish for a while as an exotic; but when the care of the
"cultivator is withdrawn, when it is no longer watched with careful anxiety, it
"droops, withers, and dies."

Woman

Woman! dear Woman in whose name,
Wife, Sister, Mother, meet -
Thine is the heart by earliest claim,
And Thine its latest beat.
In Thee the Angel virtues Shine;
An Angel form to Thee is given;
From be an Angels office Thine
To lead the soul to Heaven.

From Thee we draw our infant Strength
Thou at our Childhood's friend;
And when the man unfolds at length
On Thee his hopes depend.
For round the heart thy power has spun
A thousand dear mysterious ties;
Then take the heart thy charms have won,
And nurse it for the skies.

LOVE'S FLOWERS.

When men false men, begin to woo.
In accents soft their passion breathing
Fair seeming flowers so thick they strew
Around the heart, you cannot view
Its nestare for the wreathing.
Ah! silly maids beware the cheat;
'Tis but the flowrs which seem so sweet.

Extracts from the Giaour.

" As rising on its purple wing
" The insect-queen of eastern spring,
" O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
" Invites the young pursuer near,
" And leads him on from flower to flower
" A weary chase and wasted hour,
" Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
" With panting heart and tearful eye;
" So Beauty lures the full-grown child
" With hue as bright, and wing as wild;
" A chase of idle hopes and fears,
" Begun in folly, closed in tears.
" If won, to equal ills betrayed,
" Woe waits the maid, and the maid,
" A life of pain, the loss of peace,
" From infant's play, or man's caprice:
" The lovely toy so fiercely sought
" Has lost its charm by being caught,
" For every touch that woo'd its stay
" Has brush'd the brightest hues away,
" Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
" 'Tis left to fly or fall alone.
" With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,
" Ah! where shall either victim rest?
" Can this with faded pinion soar
" From rose to Tulip as before?
" Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
" Find joy within her broken bower?
" No: gayer insects flutt'ring by
" Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,
" And lovelier things have mercy shown
" To every failing but their own,
" And every woe a tear can claim
" Except an erring sister's shame."

* * * * * * * * * * *

" He who hath bent him o'er the dead
" Ere the first day of death is fled;
" The first dark day of nothingness,
" The last of danger and distress
" (Before Decay's effacing fingers
" Have swept the lines where beauty lingers)
" And marked the mild angelic air —
" The rapture of repose that's there —
" The fixed yet tender traits that streak
" The languor of the placid cheek,
" And — but for that sad shrouded eye
" That fears not — wins not — weeps not — now —
" And but for that chill changeless brow,
" Where cold Obstruction's apathy
" Appals the gazing mourner's heart
" As if to him it could impart
" The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon —
" Yes — but for these and these alone
" Some moments — ay — one hideous hour,
" He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
" So fair — so calm — so softly sealed
" The first-last look — by death revealed!
" Such is the aspect of this shore
" 'Tis Greece — but living Greece no more!
" So coldly sweet, so deadly fair
" We start — for soul is wanting there
" Hers is the loveliness in death,
" That parts not quite with parting breath;
" But beauty with that fearful bloom
" That hue which haunts it to the tomb —
" Expression's last receding ray,
" A gilded halo hovering round decay,
" The farewell beam of Feeling past away!
" Spark of that flame — perchance of heavenly birth —
" Which gleams — but warms no more its cherished earth!"

* *

" If solitude succeed to grief
" Release from pain is slight relief
" The vacant bosom's wilderness
" Might thank the pang that made it less.
" We loathe what none are left to share —
" Even bliss — 'twere woe alone to bear
" The heart once left desolate
" Must fly at last for ease — to hate."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"It is as if the desert-bird
"Whose beak unlocks her bosom streams;
"To still her famished nestlings scream,
"Nor mourns a life to them transferred;

"Should rend her rash devoted breast
"And find them flown her empty nest
"The keenest pangs the wretched find
"Are rapture to the dreary void —
"The leafless desert of the mind —
"The waste of feelings unemployed —
"Who would be doomed to gaze upon
"A sky without a cloud or sun?
"Less hideous far the tempest's war
"Than never to brave the billows more —
"Thrown when the war of winds is o'er
"A lonely wreck on fortune's shore,
"'Mid sullen calm and silent bay,
"Unseen to drop by dull decay; —
"Better to sink beneath the shock
"Than moulder piecemeal on the rock!"

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"She sleeps beneath the wandering wave
"Ah! had she but an earthly grave
"This breaking heart and throbbing head
"Should seek and share her narrow bed
"She was a form of life and light —
"That seen — became a part of sight,
"And rose — wherever I turned mine eye —
"The Morning-star of Memory.
"Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven —
"A spark of that immortal fire
"With angels shared — by Alla given,
"To lift from earth our low desire
"Devotion, wafts the mind above
"But Heaven itself descends in love —
"A feeling from the Godhead caught,
"To wean from self each sordid thought —
"A Ray of him who form'd the whole
"A Glory circling round the soul!"

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"'Tis true, that like the bird of prey
"With havock have I marked my way —
"But this was taught me by the dove —
"To die — and know no second love

" This lesson yet hath man to learn
" Taught by the things he dares to spurn —
" The bird that sings within the brake
" The swan that swims upon the lake
" One mate and one alone will take "

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

" In earlier days and calmer hours
" When heart with heart delights to bend
" Where bloom my native valleys bowrs
" I had — Ah have I now? a friend!
" To him this pledge I charge thee send —
" Memorial of a youthful vow;
" I would remind him of my end —
" Though souls absorbed like mine allow
" But thought to distant friendships claim
" Yet dear to him my blighted name "

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

" Tell him unheeding as I was —
" Through many a busy bitter scene
" Of all our golden youth had been
" In pain my faultering tongue had tried
" To bless his memory ere I died.
" But heaven in wrath would him away
" If guilt should for the guiltless pray
" I do not ask him not to blame —
" Too gentle he to wound my name;
" And what have I to do with fame?
" I do not ask him not to mourn
" Such cold request might sound like scorn
" And what than friendship's manly tear
" May better grace a brother's bier?
" But bear this ring — his own of old —
" And tell him what thou dost behold
" The withered frame — the ruined mind
" The wreck by passion left behind —
" A shrivelled scroll — a scattered leaf
" Scared by the autumn blast of grief "

THE IVY

Methinks I hate the Ivy, for it clings
Not in affection. Like the parisite
Its close embrace brings but a surer blights;
Death lurks amid the intertwisted strings,
And round about its treacherous arms it flings
As Delilah the unsuspecting nights
Of Sampson. Ay; and say it mocks the sights
With specious greenness, when the winter brings
Its withering breath o'er all the world beside.
Then least of all the Ivy pleaseth me
Despite its seeming. 'Tis still envy's way
Smiling the desolation round to see;
When others droop, to wax in double pride,
And only in their fruitage find decay.

The Lover's invocation to the Moon.

Bright orb! Thy mildly lustrous light
To lovers eyes now doth appear,
So brightly beaming through the night,
Dispensing joy, dispelling fear.

When distance spreads between the pair,
To look on thee at some fixed hour
Is dear employ; it's soft'ner care,
And adds to fond affection's pow'r.

Each finds a sacred delight to know,
That to thy form the absent eyes
Are turn'd, with all Love's gentle glow,
And silent rapture through the skies

Poet's sage heed once the pow'r,
Struck thy countenance dost to spread
His swollen thoughts in lonely hour,
By distant beings to be read!

Had I thine art, my hand should woo
Love's language o'er thine orbed face,
Endless and fond and faithful too
For thee to warp through wilders space.

Thus, would I say to her, whose eye
Doubt shines on thee with anxious gaze,
Whose fears would have the tender sigh,
Whose heart would throb with fond amaze.

Dear one! - to love is now to grieve,
To waft its breathings through the skies;
Peace thy cares thou nearer Heaven,
To soothe thy soul, and check thy sighs.

Child of gay sentiment and careless dream
Thy life is but a halcyon stream
In sportive pleasures spent.
To every zephyr you unfold
Your brilliant wings of burnish'd gold,
No fear a penny of them.

But if wild tempests round thee rise,
And clouds obscure your beamy skies,
Thy fanciful ships is o'er:
Thy highest beauties fade away;
And sunniest & sweetly-smiling day
'Tis thine to hail no more.

How like to this is woman's short race:
When Pleasure paints her radiance,
And spreads each living charm,
She gaily flutters in her train,
Nor thinks of sorrow, wail, or pain,
Nor feels one sad alarm.

But when the fiend of wand appears,
To fill his trembling soul with fears,
The syren, Pleasure, flies;
While her weak watry drops alternately be,
Like sinking low in dozen's shade,
She, broken-hearted, dies!—

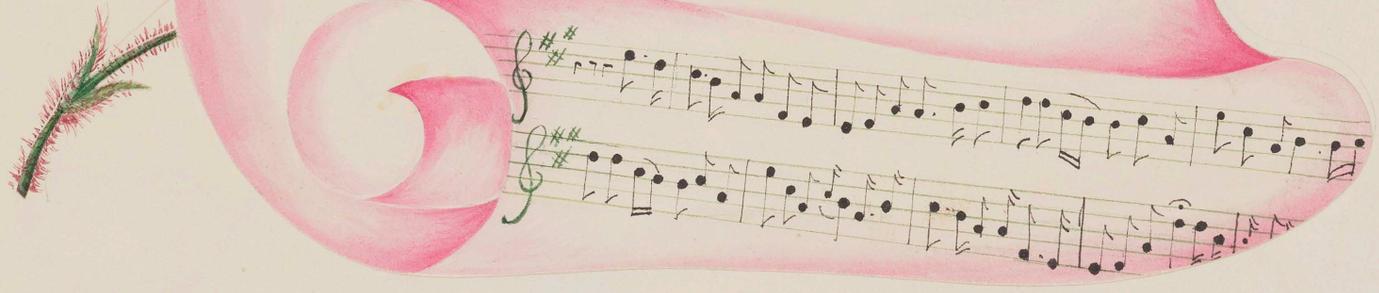
The meeting of the Waters. *

There is not in this wide world, a valley so sweet
As that Vale in whose bosom the bright Waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that Valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of Streamlet or hill,
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belovid of my bosom were near
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear;
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet Vale of Avoca, how calm could I rest,
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best;
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease
And our hearts like thy Waters, be mingled in peace.

* The Rivers of Avon and Avoca.

Extracts from the Sabbath Muse

"And can there be who doubts there is a God,
"And life eternal!—when the river flows,
"Deny the fountain head, who will the wave,
"That curling murmurs parting from its source,
"That source attests. Shew me some well wrought work
"Of matter or of mind, though you produce
"No author, I conclude that such there was,
"Or this had never been, and give him praise.
"And why should sense demur? When the poor slave:
"Doom'd by some tyrants hand, decree to starve,
"Wakes in his dungeon, on his rocky bed,
"From sleep, then wildly casts his eyes around,
"As if in search of death, let him espy
"In osier frame sweet herbage of the field
"To greet his famished lip, and from the spring,
"In earthen jar, the lucid draughts to cheer
"His parching tongue; will he not straight exclaim
"That some kind hand hath op'd his prison door
"And brought this bounty? will he not invoke
"A blessing on the donor, as he tastes,
"And feels the temperate tide of health return,
"To cool his heated vessels of his heart,
"And pacify the fever in his brain?
"Tell him 'twas chance:—but no;—you could not thus
"Abuse his ear, nor wound his swelling soul
"In presence of the Angel Gratitude."

* * * * * * * * * * *

"And is creation not a work of Skill
"In its grand outline, in its parts minute
"That we should mark its movements, trace its laws,
"Observe its fine consenting harmonies,
"Yet feel no prompts of reason to infer
"The being of a great intelligence?

" Tis vain to trick out chance in idle pomp
" Of glory, to advance it to a throne,
" To choose it ministers among the winds,
" To put the solemn thunders in its grasp
" And bid it shake creation till the stars
" Rock in their altitudes: if you not add
" Wisdom, love of order, and the mind
" Together with the might to make that love
" Order shine through all created things,
" This idol of your thoughts is but a dank
" And savage impulse working ends reverse;
" A terror doing seeds of charity.
" Add wisdom, love of order, bounty, truth,
" And take me with you to the temple, where
" You lay your offerings, and I will join
" My hands with thine; for chance, ennobled so,
" Is God misnamed, but God still infinite."

* * * * * * * *

" I knew a man, whose conduct no reproach
" Could stain; but he denied the Almighty cause;
" His lot was cast just in the middle grove
" Where comfort builds her nest; 3. there were flogg'd
" The feelings that belong to home; that live
" Beneath paternal roofs, and love them well,
" And shed more blessings round the sacred hearth
" Than household Gods in old mythology
" Were feigned to lavish. But the blight that pours
" Its empire here, is brief. First one by one
" His children died: the Mother next was called;
" Nor youth, nor truth availed her. 'Twas a sight
" Might move a Stoic's heart, to see disease
" Light up her features with so mild a gleam
" As if the change to the Angelic state
" Already were begun, and death had waived

" His office to devotion on Emmy's self
" The conduct of so fair a guest to heaven.
" She droop'd: but who shall paint the bitterness
" Of his anguish? 'Twas not the natural pain
" The common tear that trickled down his cheek.
" 'Twas impious grief on of a nameless cast:
" A fear that was a blasphemy; despair
" And horror sat beside it in his soul. "

* * * * —Death final death.
" The universal foe with his blank sleep
" Stood by to seize the Wife he loved and plunge her
" In pathomless nothing never more to be.
" No not so much as the breathing air
" Or the responsive echo or the sound
" That storms or ruin makes when nature trembles.

* * * * * * * *

" When the last morning with a clay cold hand.
" The curtain drew of Emma's bed she called
" Her husband to her. Awful is the pain
" Of seeing those we love depart from life,
" And awful counsels well befit the hour—
" She seized the favouring crisis spoke of hope
" Of faith: She drew a little from her breast
" Gave it but spoke not. She was speechless too.
" One tear from either dropt upon the book.—
" And that was all: unless some Angels tear
" Might mingle. Emma's thoughts were in heaven then.
" But hark! that sigh. Though gentle 'tis the last.
" Oh never, never, more shall Emma sigh—
" Life's colour punished in her cheek but not
" Its smile that smile—it looks almost immortal.

* * * * * * * *

" She is not stone, although she stands as still;
" But flesh and blood, with thinking power indued.
" And feelings nicely wrought. His glazed eye,
" White as the unwritten tablet of his soul,
" With horror white is fixed and frozen o'er

" But the cold damp on his brow
" Grows warm when he beholds the smile of death;
" And feels the hope his Emma lived and died in.
" This was the consummation.— In his hand
" The bible still he held; close to his heart
" The pressed it, next; then on his knees he fell
" With eloquence warm as the purest spring.
" Descends the rock, hope gushed in living streams
" From out the fissure of his cloven heart;
" Tears mingled with his words, joy with his grief
" Contrition with his rapture; till the act
" Of his deliverance perfected in prayer
" The grave gave up its dead; before him passed
" In glad review, born to another life,
" His wife, his children, his own image rose
" Amongst them, and the world cast far behind
" Into the shades of time; together on
" They roamed through fields where bliss for immunions
" No more to meet with death or weep for parting."

" Nature is dumb on this important point;
" Her hope precarious in low whispers breathes;
" Faith shouts aloud, distinct; even adders hear,
" But turn and dart into the dark again.
" Faith builds a bridge across the bridge of death,
" To break the shock blind nature cannot shun,
" And lands, thought smoothly on the farther shore.
" Death's terror is the mountain Faith removes;
" That mountain barrier between man and peace:
" 'Tis Faith disarms destruction; and absolves
" From every clamorous charge the guiltless tomb."

If this fair Rose offend thy sight,
It near thy forehead wear;
I will blush to see a purer white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

Tasso's last interview with the Princess Leonora.

A courtly scene it was, the lustres threw
Their glare of beauty o'er the gathered crowd,
Touch'd as if with the moonlight's softer hue;
And on the ear there came the dying close
Of a lute's love song; then a master drew
From the charmed chords such thrilling tones as those:
Bright tears were in the bright eyes round; but none
Wept, till one falling tear might crave a tone.

Nobles and courtly dames stood round the Bard,
Pouring those gentle flatteries in his ear
Which ever are the Minstrel's best reward.
Alas! and is the serpent's trail even here?
Haste all earth's destinies, — but his most hard
Who may not trust the praise he loves to hear —
Who may not hold his fame sure till, too late,
The seal of death and truth is set by fate.

There stood he, half in pleasure, half in scorn,
Yielding such homage as its genuine worth:
But from some young lip's curl a murmur borne,
And tears in pale and starry eyes had birth,
Speaking in eloquent silence; and there were worn
Far in his heart, amid things most dear of earth,
He felt his song was fell — to poet's lays
Sympathy is more precious far than praise.

He moved away; he had been standing where
His eye upon a picture shape could dwell;
A head posed, beautiful as temples are;
A neck curved with the white swan's haughtiness well
Above the waters; the soft cheek was fair,
But colourless, — as the heart had nought to tell
That might mistrust so pure a sanctuary
With lights and blushes of a troubled sky.

With one long look he turned away his gaze
From thy high beauty, peerless Leonore!
Too much the brow its secret thought betrays
When it hath seemed glozed most securely o'er;

Despair

Suspicion more than hurried steel would raise
Than all his wildest looks had done before;
Tasso sees gazing with a painter's eye—
But love was in that stare and in that sigh.

He entered in a small alcove, where hung
A wreathed rose-tree, a snow-white jasmine;
The life blood to the poet's fore-head sprung;
For kneeling there, like spirits at her shrine,
The Princess Leonore had let down flung
Her silver veil and Tasso's grape-like wine
As if she had listened in so wrapt a manner
That still she kept her listening attitude.

Fond thoughts were there to the portrait won—
Her cheek was crimson, and the softened eye
Shed softness over the manly brow,
And the lips parted with a half-breathed sigh:
She bent to pluck a flower that grew below,
Hiding her face then, all too consciously:
But Tasso's heart drank in a hope, a thought,
Which like that hour not even a dream had brought.
He spoke, they were but a few hurried words—
Of the sweet flowers around, the heat, the night
Yet were they such as the best loved records
For many an after moment's long delight;
They touched upon his spirit's inmost chords;
Tho' broken was the sense, the accents light,
Yet sweeter was to him that stammering tone
Than all that eloquence were proud to own.
* * * They parted—and they never met again;
For envious eyes were watching that dear hour,
Each had to expiate in tears and pain—
He in the maniac's chain and gloomy tower,
Till the fire fed alike on heart and brain:
And she with lonely grief in regal bower,
Mocking the misery by silence nursed,
Subdued, unpitied, and perchance the worst.

This was their history—alas! too like
All records that of Love or Genius are——
Shafts sharpened into brightness but to strike
Their deadliest.

JOE.

" God proves all creatures hides the book of fate;
" All but the page prescribed, their present state.
" From brutes what men, from men what spirits know,
" Or who could suffer being here below!
" The lamb thy riots dooms to bleed to day,
" Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
" Pleased to the last, he crops the flowry food,
" And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
" Oh blindness to the future kindly given!
" That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven;
" Hope humbly then, on trembling pinions soar,
" Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore!
" What future state he gives, how and where to know,
" But gives that hope, to be thy blessing now.
" Lo the poor Indian, whose untutored mind,
" Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind:
" His soul proud science never taught to stray,
" Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
" Yet simple nature to his hopes has given
" Behind the cloud topt hill an humbler Heaven,
" Some safer world in depths of woods embraced,
" Some happier Island in the watry waste;
" Where slaves once more their native land behold,
" No friends torment, no christians thirst for gold.
" To be, contents his natural desire,
" He asks no angels wings, no seraphs fire:
" But thinks admitted to that equal sky,
" His faithful dog shall bear him company." * *

Pretty painted fly,
Flirt your giddy round,
In every flow'ret gay,
Oh! today!
Is honey to be found?
No, no, no, not honey there you see,
You seek alone, you seek variety,
Pretty painted fly.

Little busy Bee,
On the wing of care,
Every flower you see,
Oh! one!
You gather treasure there.
Yes, yes all yield their sweets to thee,
Sunshowering (their variety),
Little busy Bee.

There are two thousand divisions of delight
Floating around, as if their birth and flight
Were with the golden showers of day that gave
Through the thick leaves, - would I could live them all!
Beautiful summer, whereforе are not ye
Hopes, wishes, that are possible to be?
I would I were a Fairy, — I would dwell
In the pavilion of your blue harebell,
Companion of the butterfly and bee,
Whose honey treasures should be shared with me.
Or, for an older dream, - would you love wood
Pack me the bread of its solitude —
The gentle spirits of the place, to share
New springs of flowers at my lighted board,
And, with the dreamy waves of my bright hair,
To shake out dew and freshness every where:
And when my green and summer life was fled
To die with one sweet parting song at last.

Alas! alas! we feel too much we live
But by earth's toil and sorrow: I would give
My own apart existence, to be blent
With the sun-shine, or the blue element.
Would I could plunge into the lightest air
And be, transfused, of it!

"When arrived at the entrance of Calypso's grotto,
"Telemachus was surprised to discover, amidst the
"appearance of a rustic simplicity, all that could
"delight the eye. True it is, here was seen neither
"gold nor silver, nor marble, neither columns, nor
"pictures, nor statues: but the grotto was scattered in
"the rock, forming wreaths encircling with festoons of
"shade work, and was large with a young luxuriant
"vine, whose plant branches extended equally on
"every side. Balmy zephyrs here preserved delicious
"coolness, in spite of the burning heat: from hence
"upon a prospect of the sea, sometimes clear and
"smooth as glass, sometimes roughly raging, beating
"against the rocks with furious tide, and tossing its
"mountainous billows." * * * * * * * * * *

APHORISMS

To err is human –
To forgive divine –

Great men are speedily taxed with
small faults as the most precious things are
first rejected for the slightest blemishes

Love has been aptly compared
to a spiders web which excells more
art than solidity

The world is a volume written by
the hand of God containing but three
leaves – the Heavens the Earth and the
Sea.

It may be said of all the virtues as
of memory a great many of them
of never made a great man yet
man was ever great without

Do you wish to possess influence?
gain expectations.

He who rejoiceth in the happiness
of another increaseth his own.

Attribute no other to bad motives
one that the good actions of

Those who blow the coals of strife may
chance to have the sparks fly in their

Dogs bark at the Moon, but the
shines not the less bright on that account

Friendship is a tender plant in every
clime happy the man who can rear it

Nothing is more sincere than conscience
nor more advantageous than its counsels

The man must be miserable who wishes
for Death but unfeinedly he is so who
fears it

Consult Nature, it will teach you to be
content without riches – listen to
advice, it will teach you to be poor
and unhappy in the midst
of plenty

Amusement gains the esteem of
men, but pride & affectation their contempt

Aristotle was asked what were the advantages
learning he replied it is an ornament
prosperity and a refuge

Lines upon H. K. White, by L. Byron.

Unhappy White! while life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler came, and all thy promise fair
Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science self destroy'd her favourite son!
Yes! she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
She saw'd the seeds, but death has reap'd the fruit.
'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And helped the pinion'd the wounded that laid thee low:
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more shall cleave the rolling clouds in vain,
Views his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wings the shaft that quiver'd in his heart:
Keen were his pangs, but keener fair to feel
He nurs'd the pinion which impell'd the steel,
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest
Drank the last life drop of his bleeding breast.

Song

Peace be around thee wherever thou rovest,
May life be to thee one summer's day,
And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lovest,
Come smiling around thy sunny way:
If sorrow e'er this calm should breathe,
May even its tears pass off so lightly,
Like spring showers they'll only make
The smiles that follow, shine more brightly.

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,
And daily dooms some joy to death,
O'er thee, let years so gently fall
They should not crush one flow'r beneath:
At half in shade and half in Sun
This world, along its path advances,
May that side be the Sun's upon
Be all that ever meet thy glances.

F.

Epitaph on a Friend.

Oh, Friend! for ever loved, for ever dear!
What fruitless tears have wet thy honour'd bier!
What sighs re-echo'd to thy parting breath,
While thou wast struggling in the pangs of death!
Could tears retard the fix'd one in his course,
Could sighs avert his adamantine force,
Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,
Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey,
Thou still had'st lived, to bless my aching sight,
Thy comrade's honour, and thy friend's delight.
Tho' yet, thy gentle spirit hovers nigh
The spot, where now thy mouldering ashes lie,
Here will thou wait, recorded here my heart,
A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.
No sculptur'd marbles tell the coming age,
But living statues there, and seem to weep;
* Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom.
What, though they are labouring his failing line,
A Father's sorrows cannot equal mine!
Though none, like thee, his dying hour will cheer,
Yet other offspring soothe his adamantine bier:
But who will tell me shall hold thy former place?
Thine image, what new friendship can efface?
Ah, none! a father's tears will cease to flow,
Time will assuage an infant brother's woe;
To all, save one, is consolation known;
While solitary Friendship sighs alone.

* Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb

If every man's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
Who claim our envy now!

The fatal secret, when revealed,
Of every aching breast,
Would prove, that only while concealed
Their lot appeared the best.

THE TOMB OF ROMEO AND JULIET

My prodigal, my love, and deerne
The life but as an April gleam —
A thing of sun-shine and of showers,
Of dying leaves, and falling flowers.
Who would not bear the darkest sphere
That such a rainbow comes to cheer?
Joy, born amidst wail above the tomb
Where sleeps the wreck of life and bloom;
Just deem it quite enough to say, —
Thus Beauty — and thus Love decay.
But I, would look upon this spot
With feelings they cold heart has not;
Those gentle thoughts that consecrate
Ev'n while they weep, the lover's fate.
I thought upon the she-elk's horn,
When dead the stricken swift leaps over,
And thinks, and smells the tide he hears,
Pierced from the dark eyed Cavalier;
And yet, I too cannot apologize,
Allied with gentler sympathies,
Of all my own fond heart can tell
Of love's despair, and love's farewell —
Its many miseries, its fears
Like hers, and like hers — its tears
That make hope fruitful — then its end
So often trampled on the dust;
Neglected, blighted, and betrayed,
A sorrow and a mockery made,
Then change and estrange fortune, all
That binds and keeps sweet love in thrall.
Oh surely, surely, it were best
To be just for one moment blest,
Just gaze upon one worshiped eye,
And know yourself beloved, — and, die!!!

The following beautiful lines written by the Honourable M George Tucker, of Virginia, on his being asked why he had ceased to court the poetic Muse, needs no apology for an introduction to my Albume.

Days of my youth,
Ye have glided away.
Hairs of my youth,
Ye are frosted and grey.
Eyes of my youth,
Your keen sight is no more.
Cheeks of my youth,
Ye are furrow'd all o'er.
Strength of my youth,
All your vigor is gone.
Thoughts of my youth,
Your gay visions are flown.

Days of my age,
Ye will shortly be past.
Pains of my age,
Yet awhile ye can last.
Joys of my age,
In true wisdom delight.
Eyes of my age,
Be religion your light.
Thoughts of my age,
Dread ye not the cold sod.
Hopes of my age,
Be ye fix'd on your God.

Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn;
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn.

The noisy geese, that gabbled o'er the pool
The playful children, just let loose from school

The watch-dogs voice, that bay'd the whisp'ring wind
And the loud laugh, that spoke the vacant mind;

When Paris lives not to Oenone true

Back Xanthus' streams shall to their fountains flow

Come simple flowret of the paly leaf
With yellow eye, and stalk of downy green,
Though mild thy lustre, though thy days are brief
O come and decorate my cottage scene

For thee I'll rear a bank, where softest moss
And tenderest grass shall carelessly combine
No haughty flower shall shine in gaudy gloss
But Azure violets mix their buds with thine

For far away each keener wind shall fly,
Each threatening tempest of the early year.
Thy fostering gale shall be the parents sigh
The dew that gems thy bud the parents tear.

To the Primrose

Low tenant of the peaceful glades
Emblem of Virtue in the shade
Rearing thy head to brave the storm.
That would thine innocence deform!
Of all the flowrs that greet the spring—
Of all the flowrs the seasons bring
To me while doomd to linger here
The lowly Primrose shall be dear

EXTRACTS FROM THE CORSAIR

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea
"Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free
"Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam
"Survey our empire and behold our home!

* *

"Slight are the outward signs of evil thought,
"Within — within — 'twas there the spirit wrought!
"Love shows all changes — Hate, Ambition, Guile
"Betray no further than the bitter smile;
"The lip's least curl, the slightest paleness thrown
"Along the govern'd aspect speak alone
"Of deeper passions; and to judge their union,
"He, who would see, must be himself unseen."

* *

"Yet was not Conrad thus by nature sent
"To lead the guilty — guilt's worst instrument —
"His soul was changed — before his deeds had driven
"Him forth to war with man and forfeit Heaven
"Warp'd by the world in disappointment's school
"In words too wise — in conduct there a fool —
"Too firm to yield — and far too proud to stoop,
"Doom'd by his very virtues for a dupe,
"He curs'd those virtues as the cause of ill,
"And not the traitors who betrayed him still;
"Nor deem'd that gifts bestowed on better men
"Had left him joy, save means to give again
"Diseas'd — shunn'd — beheld — ere youth had lost her force,
"He hated man too much to feel remorse —
"And thought the voice of wrath a sacred call,
"To pay the injuries of some on all."

* *

"None are all evil — clinging round his heart
"One softer feeling would not yet depart;
"Yet 'gainst that passion vainly still he strove
"And even in him it asks the name of Love!
"Yes, it was love — unchangeable unchanged —
"Felt but for one from whom he never ranged;
"Yes — it was Love — if thoughts of tenderness

"Tried in temptation strengthen'd in distress,
"Removed by absence, firm in every clime,
"And yet — the more the tears all, — nurtured by time
"Which nor defeated hope, nor baffled wile
"Could render sullen were she near to smile,
"Nor rage could fire nor sickness fret to vent
"One murmur of his discontent —
"Which still would meet with joy, with calmness part
"Lest that his look of grief should reach her heart:
"Which nought removed — not menaced to remove —
"If there be love in mortals — this was love!
"He was a villain — aye — reproaches shower
"On him — but not the passion, nor its power,
"Which only proved, all other virtues gone
"Not guilt itself could quench this loveliest one

* *

"Through the high lattice far yet sweet they rung
"And there the model bird of beauty sung."

"Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells
Lonely and lost to light for evermore,
Save when to thine my heart responsive swells
Then trembles into silence as before

"There in its centre — a sepulchral lamp
Burns the slow flame eternal — but unseen;
Which not the darkness of despair can damp,
Though vain its ray as it had never been

"Remember me — Oh! pass not thou my grave
Without one thought whose relics there recline:
The only pang my bosom dare not brave,
Must be to find forgetfulness in thine

"My fondest — faintest — latest — accents hear:
Grief for the dead not virtue can reprove
Then give one all I ever asked — a tear,
The first — last sole reward of so much love

She paused the portal — cross'd the corridore
And reach'd the chamber as the strain gave o'er:
"My own Medora — sure thy song is sad —"

"In Conrad's absence would thou blame it glad,
"Without thine ear to listen to my lay,
"Still must my song my thoughts, my soul betray:
"Still must each accent to my bosom suit
"My heart unburthen'd – although my lips were mute!
"Day-any night on this lone couch reclin'd,
"My dreaming fear with stirring hurtle wing'd the wind,
"Fled o'er the heath that faintly fann'd thy sail
"The murmuring prelude of the ruder gale;
"Though soft – it seem'd the low prophetic dirge
"That mourn'd thee floating on the savage surge.

* *

"Would that those days were over! will thou never,
"My Conrad! learn the joys of peace to share?
"Sure thou hast more than wealth – and many a home
"As bright as this invites us not to roam:
"Show proved it is not peril that I fear,
"I only tremble when thou art not here;
"Then not for mine – but that far dearer life,
"Which flies from love and languishes for strife –
"How strange that heart, to me so tender still,
"Should war with nature and its better will!"
"Yes, strange indeed – that heart hath long been changed,
"Worm-like thou wast trampled – adder-like avenged,
"Without one hope on earth beyond thy love,
"And scarce a glimpse of mercy from above.
"Yet the same feeling which thou dost condemn,
"My very love to thee is hate to them,
"So closely mingling here, that disentwined
"I cease to love thee when I love mankind:
"Yet dread not this – thee proof of all the past
"Assures the future that my love will last.

* *

"– Conrad! – dearest – come and share
"The feast these hands delighted to prepare –
"Light toil! to cull and dress thy frugal fare!
"For I have plucked the fruit that promised best
"And others not sure, suspected, but pleased, I guessed
"As such as seem'd the fairest: thine the task
"My steps have wound to try the coolest rill;
"Yes! thy sherbet to-night will sweetly flow,
"See how it sparkles in the wave of snow!
"The grapes gay juice thy baron never chews –
"Thou – more than Moslem – when the cup appears –
"Think not I mean to chide for I rejoice
"What others deem a penance is thy choice.

* *

"And is he gone?"—one sudden solitude
"How oft that fearful question will intrude
"'Twas but an instant past—and there he stood!
"And now"—without the portal's porch she rush'd—
"And then at length her tears in freedom gush'd,
"Big—bright—and fast, unknown to her they fell;
"But still her lips refus'd to send—"Farewell!"
"For in that word—that fatal word—however
"We promise hope—believe—there breathes despair."

* *

"And was she there? and is he now alone?
"What gem hath dropp'd and sparkles o'er his chain.
"The tear most sacred—shed for others' pain
"That starts at once—bright—pure—from Ruby's mine
"Already polish'd by the hand divine;
"Oh too convincing—dangerously dear—
"In woman's eye the unanswerable tear!
"That weapon of her weakness she can wield
"To save—subdue—at once her spear and shield—
"Avoid it—Virtue ebbs and Wisdom errs,
"Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers!
"What lost a world, and bade a hero fly?
"The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye."

* *

"He turn'd not—spoke not—sunk not—fixed his look,
"And felt the amorous frame that lately shook:
"He gazed—how long we gaze despite of pain,
"And know—but dare not own we gaze in vain!
"In life lovely she was so still and fair
"That death with gentle aspect there
"And the cold flowers her colder hand contain'd
"In that last grasp as tenderly were strain'd
"As if she scarcely felt, but feign'd a sleep
"And made it almost mockery yet to weep."

* *

"By those that deepest feel, are ill expressed
"The indistinctness of the suffering breast;
"Where thousand thoughts begin to end in one,
"Which seeks from all the refuge found in none;
"No words suffice the secret soul to show,
"And truth denies all eloquence to woe.
"For Conrad's stricken soul exhaustion proved
"And sleep above him built it into rest;
"So feeble now his mother's softness woke
"To those wild eyes, which like an infant's wept:

"It was the very weakness of his brain,
"Which thus confess'd without relieving pain.
"None saw his breaking tears — perchance, if seen
"That useless flood of grief had never been:
"Nor long they flow'd — he dried them to despair,
"Too helpless — hopeless — broken man of heart:
"The sun goes forth — but Conrad's day is dim —
"And the night cometh — ne'er to pass from him —
"There is no darkness like the cloud of mind,
"No Grief's vain eye — the blindest of the blind
"Which may not — dare not see — but turns aside
"To blackest shade — nor will endure a guide!
"His heart was form'd for softness warp'd to wrong —
"Betray'd too early, and beguil'd too long;
"Each feeling pure — as falls the dropping dew
"Within the grot; like that had hardened too —
"Less clear, perchance, its earthly trials pass'd,
"But sunk, and chill'd, and petrified at last
"Yet tempests wear, and lightning cleaves the rock;
"If such his heart, so shatter'd it the shock
"There grew one flower beneath its rugged brow,
"Though dark the shade — it flourish'd, — saved till now.
"The thunder came — that bolt hath blasted both,
"The Granite's firmness, and the lily growth:
"The gentle plant hath left no leaf to tell
"Its tale, but shrunk and wither'd where it fell,
"And of its cold protector, blacken round
"Lie shiver'd fragments on the barren ground."

Epitaphs

Go spotless honour and unsullied truth
Go smiling innocence and blooming youth
Go female sweetness, joined with manly sense
Go winning wit that never gave offence
Go soft humanity, that blessed the poor
Go, saint-eyed patience from afflictions door
Go, modesty that never wore a frown
Go, virtue and receive thy heavenly crown
Not from a stranger came this heartfelt verse
The friend inscribes thy tomb, whose tears bedewed thy hearse

Farewell my best beloved whose heavenly mind,
Genius and virtue, strength with softness joined,
Devotion undebased by pride or art,
With meek simplicity and joy of heart;
Though sprightly gentle; though polite, sincere,
And only of thyself a judge severe;
Unblamed, unequalled in each sphere of Life,
The tenderest Daughter, Sister, Parent, Wife.
In thee, the afflicted their kind Soother lost,
Thy Friends, their pattern, ornament, and boast;
And I— but ah!!! can words my loss declare,
Or paint the extremes of transport and despair?
Oh Thou beyond what verse or speech can tell,
My guide, my friend, my best beloved, farewell!

The Convict Ship.

Morn on the waters! and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale;
The winds come around her, in murmurs and song
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along;
See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds:
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray
Over the waters — away, and away!
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
Who, as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high —
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!
Night on the waves! — and the moon is on high,
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,
Treading its depths in the power of her might
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light!
Look to the waters! — asleep on their breast
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?

Bright and alone on the shadowy main
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain!
Who — as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky
A phantom of beauty — could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin
And souls that are smitten the bursting within?
Who — as he watches her silently gliding —
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever
Hearts which are parted and broken for ever?
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave
The death bed of hope, or the young spirits grave?
'Tis thus with our life; while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song!
Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvas unfurled;
All gladness and glory, to wondering eyes,
Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs:—
Fading and false is the aspect it wears
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts, which the world cannot know
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er!

HAPPINESS

One morning in the month of May
I wander'd o'er the hill;
Tho' nature all around was gay,
My heart was heavy still

Can God, I thought, the just, the great,
These meaner creatures bless,
And yet deny to man's estate
The boon of happiness?

Tell me, ye woods, ye smiling plains,
Ye blessed birds around,
Which of nature's wide domains
Can bliss for man be found!

The bird's wild carroll'd over head,
The breeze around me blew;
And nature's awful chorus said —
No bless for man she knew.

I question'd Love, whose early ray
So rosy bright appears,
And heard the timid genius say
His light was dimm'd by tears.

I question'd Friendship: Friendship sigh'd
And thus her answer gave —
The few whom fortune never frown'd
Where wither'd in the grave!

I ask'd if Vice could bless bestow?
Vice boasted loud and well,
But fading from her wither'd brow,
The borrowed roses fell.

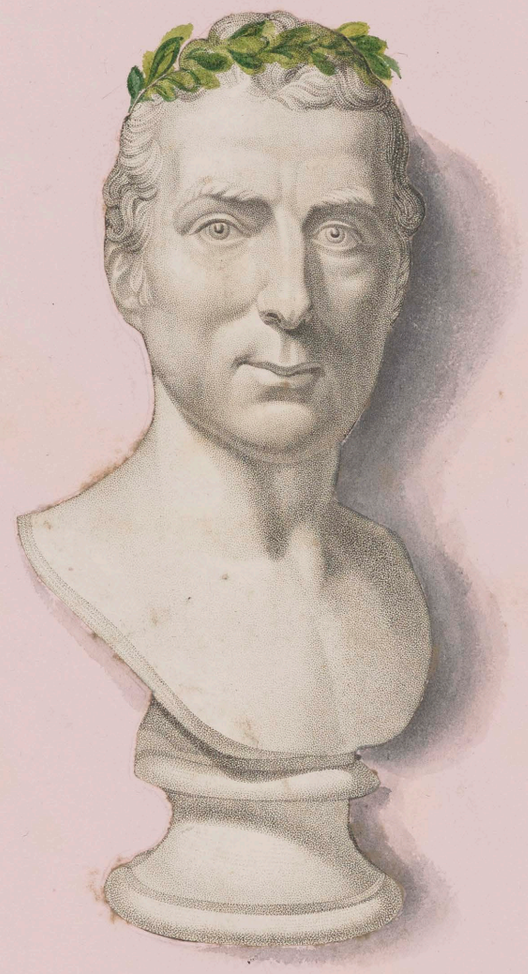
I sought of Feeling, if her skill
Could soothe the wounded breast;
And found her mourning, faint, and still,
For others' woes distress'd!

I question'd Virtue: Virtue sigh'd
No boon could she dispense —
Nor virtue was her name, she cried,
But humble penitence.

I question'd Death — the grisly shade
Relax'd his brow severe —
And "I am happiness," he said,
"If virtue guides thee here."

Traverse the world, go fly from pole to pole,
To far as winds can blow or waters roll,
All, all is vanity, beneath the sun,
To certain death through diff'rent paths we run.
See the pale miser poring o'er his gold;
See there a galley slave to misery sold!
Ambition's votaries groan beneath its weight,
The splendid victim of the toils of state.
Lo! in the mantling bowl sweet pleasures flow;
Love's softest pleasures terminate in woe;
E'en learning, ends her vast career in doubt,
And puzzling in makes nothing clearly out;
Where then is sov'reign bliss? Where doth it grow?
Know mortal happiness ne'er dwelt below.
Look towards Heavn – be Heavn thy only care
Spurn the vile earth – go seek thy treasure there
A virtuous course, and heavn alone youll find,
Can fill a boundless and immortal mind.

A Receipt for Happiness



Hail star of my Isle said the spirit all sparkling,
With beams such as break from her own dewy skies,
Through ages of sorrow deserted and darkling,
For watched for some glory like thine to arise.
For though heroes I've numbered amblest was their lot,
And unwalled'd they slept in the ivy of fame,
But oh there is not
One distinguishing blot,
On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name!

A Caution.

To a Friend on the point of Marrige

As a Termigant wife
Will embitter your life
Take this counsel before the knot's tied
Should you shun care and strife
Choose your bride like your knife
Let the temper of both be well try'd

Advice

Presume not in prosperity
neither dispair in adversity
court not dangers nor
meanly fly from
them

Fancy

Sweet is the dream
Divinely sweet
When absent souls
In fancy meet

Truth

Truth is born with us
and we must do violence
to nature to shake off
our veracity

D.

Capt.n Foote of the Navy who married
Miss Patten

With a Patten for Wife
Through the rough road of life
May you safely and happily jog
May the ring never break
or the tie be found weak
or the Foot join the Patten a clog

Hebrew Melody

I saw thee weep — the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue;
And then methought it did appear
A violet dropping dew:
I saw thee smile — the sapphire's blaze
Beside thee ceased to shine;
It could not match the living rays
That filled that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
A deep and mellow dye,
Which scarce the shade of coming eve
Can banish from the sky,
Those smiles unto the gravest mind
Their own pure joy impart;
Their sunshine casts a glow behind
That lightens o'er the heart.

IF THAT HIGH WORLD

If that high world, which lies beyond
Our own, surviving Love endears;
If there the cherished heart be fond,
The eye the same except in tears —
How welcome those unwidden spheres!
How sweet this very hour to die!
To soar from earth and find all fears
Lost in thy light — Eternity!

It must be so: 'tis not for self
That we so tremble on the brink;
And striving to o'erleap the gulph
Yet cling to Being's severing link.
O then that future let us think
To hold each heart the heart that shares
With them the immortal waters drink,
And soul in soul grow deathless theirs!

Till Hymen brought his love delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Edens rosy bow'r;
In vain the viewless seraph lingring there,
At starry midnight charm'd the silent air;
In vain the wild bird carol'd on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep.
In vain to soothe the solitary shade,
Aerial notes in mingling measure play'd.
The summer winds that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee,—
Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stay,
The world was sad!— the garden was a wild,
And Man, the hermit, sigh'd - till woman smil'd,

Without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh what were man?— a world without a sun!!

Domestic Happiness

" It matter'd not, day by day,
" Love visited his lonely bed secretly,
" Oh, where is there the heart but knows
" Love's feet steps are upon the rose;
" And here were all which still should be
" Nurses to love's sweet infancy), —
" Hope, mystery, abidance: — then such thoughts
" As something holy with it mingled.
" Their sighs were breathed, their vows were given
" Before the face of the high Heaven,
" Link'd as ours with courtly vanities,
" But birds and blossoms, leaves and trees, —
" Love was not made for palace pride.' [13]

* * * * * * *

" Through many a shadowy spot they past,
" Looking its loveliest and its best,
" Until they paused beneath the shade
" Of cypress and of roses made, —
" The one so dark, the one so fair,
" Such blend as love and sorrow are.
" And Raymond kept the maiden gaze
" And twining in a leafy wreath together
" The roses. "No," she sighed, "not these
" Sweet children of the sun and breeze,
" Born for the beauty of a day,
" Dying as all fair things decay
" When loveliest, — these may not be
" Raymond — any parting gift to thee?'

* * * * * * * *

"Oh she hath yet the heart to learn
"How often wounded hearts renew their pain
"To feast upon its own woes
"Of deep yet passionate tenderness!
"How wounds of grief the heart must prove
"That yields to a hopeless love!"

* * * * * *

"The fires, the very fires, oh! prove
"Can feel again as they have done;
"The love, the woe, the faith, the all
"The pleasures of life recall,
"However beautiful or bright,—
"What can be like their first sacred light?"

* * * * * *

"Had woman, in whose gentle breast
"From all save its sacred self apart,
"Love should dwell with that purity
"Which but in woman's love can be.
"A sacred fire, whose flame was given
"To shed on earth the light of Heaven!"

* * * * * *

"Had she known it is: ay, let Love throw
"Aside his arrows and his bow,
"But let him rock with one soft face,
"The veil that hinder his eyes and heart.
"Nor for Love whom his eyes shall be
"Opened upon reality!—

* * * * * *

A Familiar Story

Twas a Winters evening, I had turn'd
Into a shop to buy some glittering thing
For poor Cecelia: many a golden toy
Crusted with diamonds and gems lay there,
And he who sold them, with obsequious look
Watch'd every motion, and commended much
His wares, their workmanship, and rare device,
The water of each stone, its size, and hue,
I stood there undetermined, when a man
Came slowly in. He shook the rain away
And wiped the blinding sleet from of his eyes,
(I thought I saw a tear) and in a voice
Of proud yet hesitating sadness, told
The master of the house, he wished to sell
Some trifles for a friend. The fellow scowled,
And in impatient utterance, bade him wait.
The colour mounted to the stranger's cheek;
But quick subsiding left a paleness there
More visible than before; and then he sighed,
Like one who must endure the sharp neglects
And scoffing of this money getting world.
I could not suffer this: I am not want
(You know it) to heap weights upon the fallen.
So gave up my precidence. I mark'd well
The stranger's look: it was the face of one
Who had spent a life in study,- deeply mark'd
As if the lightning of the passions had
Been there & mark'd. On his lips there sate
A melancholy smile. Shyly he glanc'd
Around, then softly whisper'd his demand.
I was to much the tradsman's tactics replied

"You cannot then?"— he spoke— then with a sigh
And such a look as man gives when he parts
With all he loves for ever, did he thrust
His shaking hand into his breast, and pluck'd
A bauble thence— a picture, as I thought:
He held the thing in silence for a time,
Clench'd hard— at last, relaxing from his grasp,
He seem'd to venture on a glance, and wip'd
The dimness from the glass, and laid it down
Pointing towards it. "Dead Victoria"
He shudder'd as he spoke, "the last is gone
The last memorial now has pass'd away.
Must it be thus?— and yet what matters?
Art thou not writ upon my heart for ever?
If thou canst hear me from thy starry home
Thy home amongst the Angels pity me,
And pardon that I here do give the up
(Thy likeness) sell thee beauty, to defray
The bitter worlds necessities. Not for me,
Not for my wretched self, abandon'd lost
Oh! could stare upon misfortune still
With a bold front, and bid my grief be dumb;
For I have been accustom'd long to face
The biting winds of winter— mans neglect—
Injustice, hate; bitter and freezing want,—
Without a hope, save one— beyond the grave!—
He push'd the picture from him, and beseech'd
The man to keep it for a time— perhaps
He might redeem it. But let me end my tale:
I made a friend, and sav'd him! and when I
Sate in darkest anguish by my dying bride,
And rav'd & curs'd the world and did abjure
Heaven and its mighty mercies, he did stend

(This stranger) like a minist'ring spirit round
My couch, and sav'd me from a guilty death.
He sooth'd my anguish, and did lead my thoughts
Upwards, and taught me hope. At last he died:
And now there's not one left but thee, my friend,
My old acquaintance, unto whom my heart
Turns with a full confiding. Never till now
Didst thou or any other hear me tell
How first I knew De Lacy: aye, he was
The desolate stranger of that winter's eve.

Alas! thou hast no wings, oh Time,
To wast some thoughtless lovers thyme,
Who waiting in his Cloe's arms,
Paid her the compliment through you.
For, had he, if he truly lovd,
But once, the pangs of absence provd,
He'd crept thy wings, and in their stead,
Have painted thee with heels of lead!

a moi.

"Night is the time to weep,
"To wet with unseen tears,
"Those graves of memory, where sleep,
"The joys of other years;
"Hopes that were angels in their birth,
"But perish'd young, like things of earth."

Night.

To be Exchanged, not sold.

Black eyes, most dazzle at a ball,
The blue, most please at evening fall;
The black, a conquest soonest gain,
The blue, a conquest long retain;
The blue, bespeak a lively heart,
The black, quick emotions soon depart;
Whose quick emotions flame betray,
The blue, a steadier flame thro' many a day;
That lives and burns thro' many a day;
Then let both reign without controul,
The black, all mind, the blue all soul.

The tongue of the absent.

Cupid and the Bee.

As Cupid 'midst the roses played,
Sweet sporting thro' the shamrock shade,
A Bee which slept unseen among
The silken leaves, his finger stung.
The tears his boyish cheeks adorn'd,
He stormed, he blasted the buzzing wound,
Then running, flying thro' the grove,
Thus plaintive to the Queen of love:
"I'm kill'd mamma! Ah me, I die!
A little serpent wing'd to fly,
That's called a Bee, on yonder plain
Has stung me; oh, I die with pain!"
When Venus smiling, thus rejoin'd.
"My dear, if you such anguish find
From the resentment of a Bee,
Think what they feel, who're stung by thee!"

Odes of Anacreon.

" The waves had ceased the wondrous burden,
" And o'er the head the shipwrecked seaman on the shore
" He turned himself impatient at their roar,
" And cried "Perfidious Sea!
" Why didst thou lure me smiling tranquilly,
" To such a fate, so desolate and dark."
" The ocean took revoke, and foaming said,
" Hurl not your vain reproaches at my head,
" My waters calmly ebb and flow,
" Fire the loud warning tempest breaks likewise;
" Go! to the storm Winds be thy friends addressed,
" Go! to the Thunderer, go!
" And he spoke wisely, it must be confess'd,
" Doubtless thou forbid the winds to blow,
" Seaman? O, no!"

Emiloff. Imperium fabricavit.

Dramatic sketch — Second Sight.

Dramatis Personæ. Ronald ——— Ellen.

Ellen. ——— Oh! I will chide thee, truant! Look how fair,
Like to love's promises, the heavens appear!
The blue night has put on her wreath of stars —
A bright queen in her proud regality!
The young moon is arisen, and the waves
Have welcomed her in music, while the winds
Bear her their song, mixed with the breath of flowers
Our island yields, like to sweet incense given
In homage to her beauty! All is still
Save the melodious language of the leaves;
And yonder star, our own signal star,
Has reached the dark hill's point unmarked by thee.
Nay, turn not thus away —— speak, mine own love!
Ronald ——— My own, my gentle treasure! I could gaze
On those blue eyes, and quite forget that shades
Are gathering on their brightness. Alas! dear love,
An evil circle is fast closing round.
I have not hidden from thee my fatal gift
To look upon the future, and to feel
Like present things those which are yet to come —
And on me now is consciousness of ill.
Ellen. ——— Nay, I must smile this gloomy mood away:
Come, I will sing thee words which thou didst frame
Like flowers in a fair wreath. —— I heard to-day
A wild sad air, just fit for them, 'tis one
Of those sweet spells whose power is more upon
The heart than even the ear.
Ronald ——— No, no; not now!
I cannot bear to see thee smile, yet know
Thy step is on a precipice; that I
Shall lead thee to the brink — and lead to perish.
Ellen. ——— This of thyself, false prophet! Ronald no;

Dramatic sketch. Second Sight.

Dramatis Persona Ronald ——— Ellen.

Oh, I will not believe thee. come, be gay:
You're a dull lover for a lady's bower.
You do not love me.
Ronald. ——— Not love thee! by that cheek
Now beautiful with blushes—— by those eyes,
Like a blue harebell, when a sunshine plays
Upon its dewy leaves—— by that white brow
Crown'd with gold curls, and by that eloquent smile——
I love thee tenderly as exiles love
Remberances of their own country; dear
As home, as Infancy, as happiness;
Precious as hope.
Ellen. ——— Ah, these are honeyed words; but... I believe them:
Ronald ——— Alas! my trusting love, I have other words——
Dark, fearful words—— for thee. we must forget
That we have ever loved; our vows must be
Shadows long past.
Ellen. ——— Oh, Ronald, cruel, cruel——
Love may not learn forgetfulness. I can
Be silent as the grave; can school my tears
To fall in secret; let my cheek grow pale;
And my heart waste away in solitude; ——
But I cannot forget thee.
Ronald. ——— Time has been
When pardon to the mourner were less sweet
Than are those words to me; but now thy love
To me is as despair; I'll tell thee all.
All my dark auguries. E'en from a child
There was a strange power on me; I have sought
The mountain brow, when veiled in thunder clouds;
I roamed the forest when night wrapped me round,
The meteor flames my guide; I lay beside

Dramatic sketch Second Sight,

Dramatis Persona Ronald—— Ellen,

The foaming waterfall, and I. have held
Unblest communion with the dead, and seen
And talked with spirits, and looked on sights
Which sent the frozen life-blood from my cheek!
I did not seek companionship with man;
I lived in a profound solitude; but you
Softined my gloomy mood, and then my pride
Bowed to a woman's power: life was no more
A stern and gloomy pathway: but it grew
A paradise of hope; and I. forgot
My dreary visions.

Ellen. —— Oh. forget them still!
My heart beats quick with fear——What is that sound?
How sad, how wildly, how the night-wind swept
Over my harp!

Ronald. —— Ah. those prophetic notes!
Death is upon their tones; 'tis the same dirge
That rang last night within my ear:—— I. stood
Beneath an oak whose blasted stem was rent
By the fierce lightning; it yet smoked; the fire
Was red upon it, while the falling rain
Hissed on the scorched leaves. I. heard the voice
Of spirits on the wind, and saw strange forms:
The clouds were black as death; my only light
Was the pale herald of the thunder—peal!
Then rose the vision on my soul! first came
Those melancholy sounds; then I. beheld
Myself and thee —— I. saw the dagger gleam
Red in my hand —— 'twas dripping with thy gore——
I saw thy death-wound, saw thee cold and pale
And knew myself thy murderer!

Ellen —— Oh, Ronald, leave

Dramatic sketch Second Sight.

Dramatis Personæ Ronald ——— Ellen

This most unholy interchange with things
Forbidden and concealed. Ask thy own heart
It will proclaim their falsehood. Ask that heart
Which I most truly do believe is mine
If it could injure me?

Ronald. ——— Dear Ellen, no;
It cannot be that I. who love thee, thus
Could harm thee, love! the turf, on which thy step
Has left its fairy trace, is unto me
A sainted spot; the very air thou breathest
So precious; more I prize the slightest leaf
Wreath'd with thy sunny hair, than the rich gems
That burn in Indian mines. It cannot be
That I could harm thee!

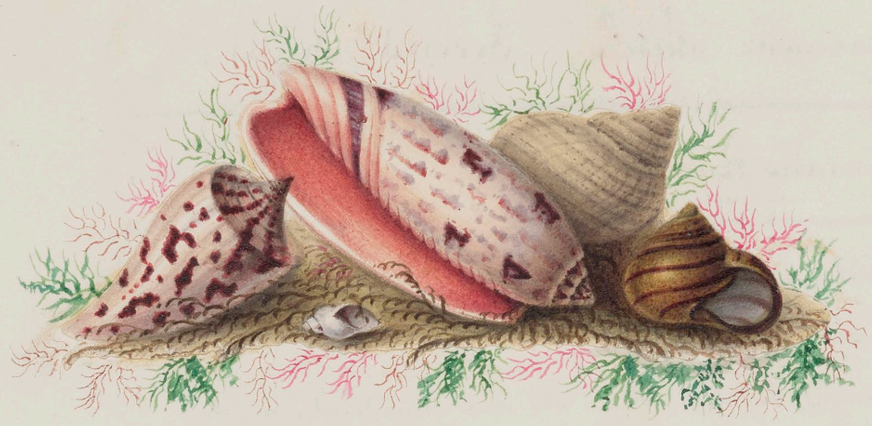
Ellen. ——— Oh, I do not fear.
Come pray thee, smile at thine own prophecy.

Ronald ——— For once dear Ellen
I'll bid thee not believe me! * * * * * *
It is a lovely shade, but shun the place ———
Mark what a red taint is upon the heath!
The very harebells have caught that one hue
Look how they gleam beneath the pale moonlight.
Oh, blood is on their bloom ——— a crimson dye ———
Which has been and which will be there for years.
Those larches, with their graceful sweeps, once made
A gentle maidens bower, and 'tis her blood
That gives the flowers their unnatural stain.
'Tis a sad history! ——— The maid was slain
By one who was her lover; for his heart
Was dark with jelousy; and then he fled
To the fierce battle, as if outward strife
Could kill the strife within; yet home he came

Dramatic sketch Second Sight,

Dramatis Personæ Ronald ——— Ellen,

At last ——— death spares the wretched ——— then he heard
How innocent, how true, his Ellen was.
He sought the spot where she was murdered, made
Atonement with his blood; and it is told,
When the moon lights the midnight, comes a sound
Of melancholy music, and a shape
Like that poor maiden, with the golden hair
Stain'd from the bosom's wound; and by it's side,
Another phantom of a dark—browed chief,
Who seems, with bended head and out stretch'd arms
To ask forgiveness; these flit o'er the turf,
And make the place so fearful.



The comforts of the Seasons,

In Summers cool shade, how delightful to sit,
In Winter, how social when dear friends we meet,
In Autumn ripe fruits may our palates regale,
In Spring we delight in the blossom'd sweet vale,
Each season has pleasure and blessings in store,
Be content, and happy, and ask for no more;
To know the best season to laugh and to sing,
Is Summer, is Autumn, is Winter, is Spring,

Once happy pair ——— in proud Bokhara's groves,
Who had not heard of their first youthful loves?
Born by that ancient flood, which from it's spring
In the Dark Mountains swiftly wandering,
Enrich'd by every pilgrim brook that shines
With relics from Bucharia's ruby mines,
And, lending to the Caspian half its strength,
In the cold Lake of Eagles sinks at length; ———
There, on the banks of that bright river born,
The flowers, that hung above it's wave at morn,
Bless'd not the waters, as they murmur'd by,
With holier scent and lustre, than the sigh
And virgin glance of first affection cast
Upon their youth's smooth current as it pass'd!
Yes Zelica! there was a time, when bliss
Shone o'er thy heart from every look of his;
When but to see him, hear him, breathe the air
In which he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest prayer!
But war disturb'd this vision ——— far away
From her fond eyes, summon'd to join th'array
Of Persia's warriors on the hills of Thrace,
The youth exchang'd his sylvan dwelling place
For the rude tent and war-field's deathful clash,
His Zelica's sweet glances for the flash
Of Grecian wild-fire, and Love's gentle chains
For bleeding bondage on Byzantium's plains.
Month after month, in widowhood of soul

Drooping, the maiden saw two summers roll
Their suns away—— but, ah! how cold and dim
Ev'n summer suns, when not beheld with him!
From time to time ill-omen'd rumours came,
Like spirit-tongues, muttering the sick-man's name,
(Just ere he dies,——) at length these sounds of dread
Fell withering on her soul, "Azim is dead!"
Of grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it lov'd to live or fear'd to die;——
Lone as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken
Since the sad day its master chord was broken!
Fond maid, the sorrow of her soul was such,
Ev'n reason sunk blighted beneath its touch;
And though ere long, her sanguine spirit rose
Above the first dead pressure of its woes,
Though health and bloom return'd, the delicate chain
Of thought, once tangled, never clear'd again.
Warm, lively, soft as in youth's happiest day,
The mind was still all there, but turn'd astray;——
A wandering bark, upon whose path-way shone
All stars of heav'n, except the guiding one!
Again she smiled, nay, much and brightly smil'd,
But 'twas a lustre, strange, unreal, wild;
And when she sung to her lute's touching strain,
'Twas like the notes, half extasy, half pain,
The bulbul utters, ere her soul depart,
When, vanquish'd by some minstrel's powerful art,
She dies upon the lute whose sweetness broke her heart!

False is the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of Even;
And love, and hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb,
There's nothing bright but Heaven!—

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven;
And fancy's flash, and Reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way,—
There's nothing calm but Heaven!——

The well known Silver Veil ——— "'tis he, 'tis he
Mokanna, and alone!" they shout around;
Young Azim from his steed springs to the ground—
Mine, holy Caliph! mine," he cries, "the task
To crush you daring wretch ——— 'tis all I ask."
Eager he darts to meet the demon foe,
Who still across wide heaps of ruin slow
And falteringly comes, till they are near;
Then with a bound, rushes on Azim's spear,
And, casting off the veil in falling, shows ——
Oh! ——— 'tis his Zelica's life-blood that flows!
"I meant not, Azim," soothingly she said,
As on his trembling arm she lean'd her head,
And, looking in his face, saw anguish there
Beyond all wounds the quivering flesh can bear—
I meant not thou should'st have the pain of this; —
Though death, with thee thus tasted, is a bliss
Thou would'st not rob me of, did'st thou but know
How oft I've pray'd to God I might die so!
But the Fiend's venom was too scant and slow,
To linger on were maddening —— and I thought
If once that Veil — nay, look not on it — caught
The eyes of your fierce soldery, I should be
Struck by a thousand death-darts instantly,
But this is sweeter —— oh! believe me, yes —
I would not change this sad, but dear caress,
This death within thy arms I would not give
For the most smiling life the happiest live! —
All, that stood dark and drear before the eye
Of my stray'd soul, is passing swiftly by;
A light comes o'er me from those looks of love,
Like the first dawn of mercy from above;
And if thy lips but tell me Sin forgiven,
Angels will echo the blest words in heaven!
But live, my Azim; — oh! to call thee mine
This once again! my Azim ——— dream divine!

Live, if thou ever lov'dst me, if to meet
Thy Delica hereafter would be sweet,
Oh live to pray for her —— to bend the knee
Morning and night before that Deity,
To whom pure lips and hearts without a stain,
As thine are Azim never breath'd in vain, ——
And pray that he may pardon her, —— may take
Compassion on her soul for thy dear sake
And, naught remembering but her love to thee,
Make her all thine, all His, eternally!
Go to those happy fields where first we twin'd
Our youthful hearts together —— every wind
That meets thee there, fresh from the well-known flowers
Will bring the sweetness of those innocent hours
Back to thy soul, and thou may'st feel again
For thy poor Delica as thou did'st then,
So shall thy orisons, like dew that flies
To heav'n upon the morning's sunshine, rise }——
With all love's earliest ardour to the skies! }
And should they —— but alas! my senses fail——
Oh for one minute! should thy prayers prevail——
If pardoned souls may from that world of bliss
Reveal their joy to those they love in this, ——
I'll come to thee —— in some sweet dream —— and tell——
Oh Heaven —— I die —— dear love! farewell, farewell."
Time fleeted —— years on years had pass'd away,
And few of those who, on that mournful day,
Had stood, with pity in their eyes, to see
The maiden's death, and the youth's agony,
Were living still —— when by a rustic grave
Beside the swift Amoo's transparent wave,
An aged man, who had grown aged there
By that lone grave, morning and night in prayer;
For the last time knelt down —— and, though the shade
Of death hung darkening over him, there play'd
A gleam of rapture on his eye and cheek,
That brightened even Death —— like the last streak
Of intense glory on the 'horizon's brim,
When night o'er all the rest hangs chill and dim, ——
His soul had seen a Vision, while he slept;
She for whose spirit he had pray'd and wept
So many years, had come to him, all drest
In angel smiles, and told him she was blest!
For this the old man breathed his thanks, and died ——}
And there, upon the banks of that lov'd tide,
He and his Delica sleep side by side.

The

Peri Pardoned

"From Lalla Rookh",

Written by

Thomas Moore Esq.r

The Music by

Dr. John Clarke

Of Cambridge

The Peri Pardoned

VOCE

Largo

Piano

Forte

Legato

RECIT:

'Twas when the golden orb had set While on their knees they linger'd

pp

yet, there fell a light, more lovely far than e'er came from sun or

star upon the tear that, warm and meek, Dew'd that repentant sinners cheek

p

pp

agitato

To mortal eye this light might seem A northern flash or meteor

beam

But well the enraptured PE-RI

espresso

knew 'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw From Heaven's Gate, to hail that

dear Her harbinger of glo-ry near

ARIA

VIVACE

MODERATO

mez

"Joy, joy for e-ver! my task is done — The

Gates are past, and Heav'n is won! Oh! am I not

happy? I am, I am — Oh! am I not happy? I

dol: esp.

am, I am — To thee, sweet E— den how dark and

Sad, To thee, sweet E---den! how dear and sad Are the

di. amond turrets of SHADUKIAM, And the fra grant bowrs of AMBE. RABAD! The

di amond tur rets of SHADUKIAM, And the fra grant bowrs of AMBERRABAD!

MINORE

LARGHETTO

Fare_ wel, ye o_ dours of Earth, that die,

mf

Pas sing a_ _ way like a lov_ er's sigh;— My feast is now of the

mf

len: len:

Soo_ _ ba Thee, Whose scent is the breath of E_ ter_ ni_ ty! Fare-

cal^do

lento

cal^do

ten

wel ye vanishing flow'rs, that shone In my fes_ ty wreath so

p

bright and brief, — Oh! what are the bright- est that e'er have blown, So the

Lote- tree springing from Al- lah's throne, Whose flowers have a soul in

ev — ry leaf Whose flowers have a soul in ev'- ry leaf

Da capo

Joy, joy for ever! my task is done!

Braw lads on Yarrow braes

Andante

dol

f

f

Braw braw lads on Yar row braes ye wan-der thro the

blooming hea ther But yar row braes nor Ettrick shows can

match the lads of Gal la wa ter

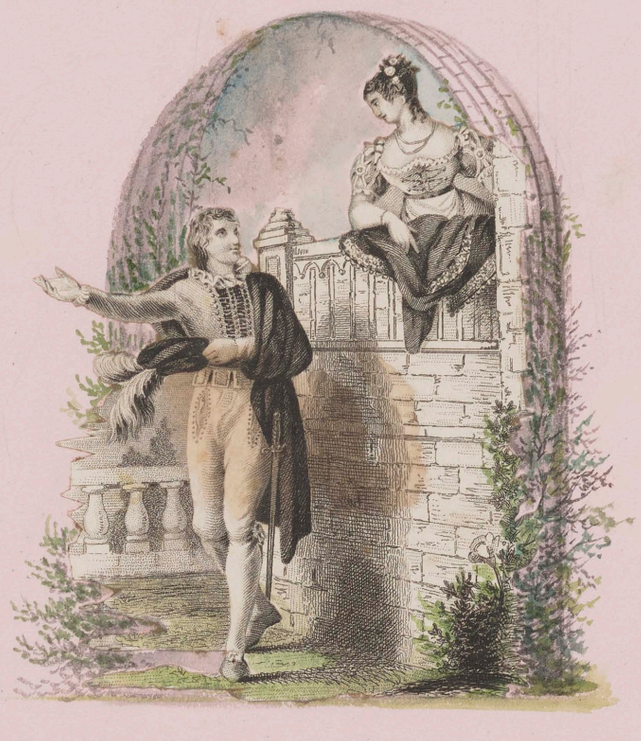
f

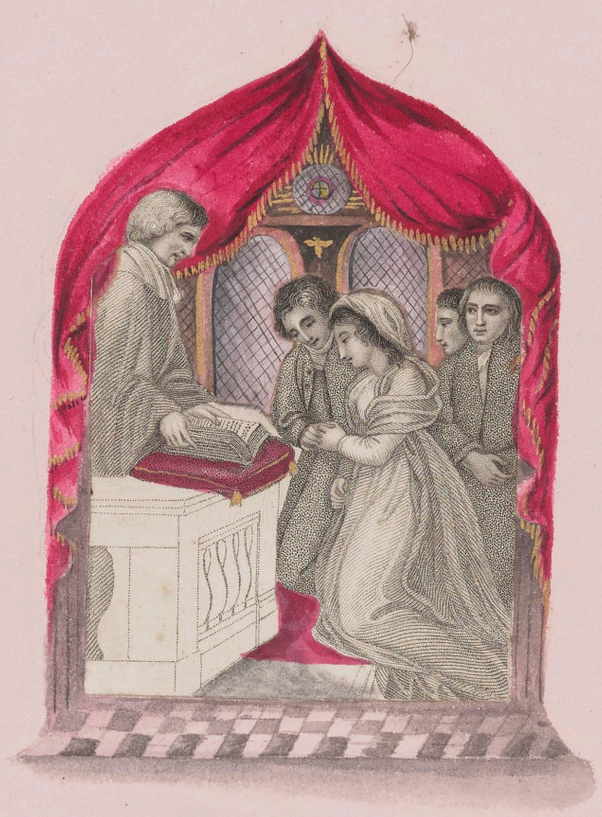
pp

The Song of Antar

Literally from the Arabic.

Ibla I love thee with a warrior's love!
Thy very shadow is my happiness:
Thou fairest all the fancies of my heart
My queen, my spirits hope, and faith and love.
I cannot paint thy beauty, for it leaves
All picturing praise. Were I to say the moon
Looks in her midnight glory like thy brow,
Where is the wild sweet sparkling of thine eye?
Or that thy shape was stately as the palm,
Can all its waving blossoms show thy grace?
Thy forehead whiteness is my rising sun,
The ebon tresses wreathing it like night:
Like night beside the sun, thy brilliant teeth
Are pearls of the blue Ocean's purest water!
* *May Heaven*
That made thee in perfection, guard thy peace.
Ibla, 'twas blessing to be at thy side—
But now my world is darkness—for thou'rt gone!
Thy look was to my life what evening dews
Are to the drooping rose; thy single glance
Went swifter, deeper to thy lovers heart
Than spear or scimitar; and still I gaze
Hopeless on thee, as on the glorious moon,
For thou like her, art bright—like her, above me!





The guiles happiness of married love.

"That which ye misdeem, your love is vaine,
"That fondly fear to lose your liberty,
"When loosing one, two liberties ye gaine,
"And make two one, two happy instead of thy.
"Sweet be the bands the which true love doth tye,
"Without constraint, or dread of any ill:
"The gentle bird feels no captivity
"Within her cage, but sings, and feeds her fill.
"There pride dare not approach, nor discord spoile
"The league 'twixt them, that loyal love hath bound,
"But simple truth and mutuall goodwill,
"Seeks with meek peace to salve each others wounds:
"There Faith doth fearless dwell in brazen tower,
"And spotless Pleasure builds her sacred bower."

Spenser's minor poems.

Song of the Princess Jeanne.*

Song for the voice of the newly born
Falls in sweet sounds on the brotherd ear;
Like the sun-beams mingled with the cloud of morn,
On her cheek is blended smile and tear.

She sees of her love, her husband's hope,
Here alone when in joys young hours she smiled;
But feeble and faint to her maiden bliss,
As she clasps to her bosom her first born child.

When the child is a man, to the battle field
He will follow his father the foe to meet;
And in victory's pride bay his foe-man's shield,
With a high throbbing heart, at his mother's feet.

* The mother of Henry the fourth of France

Addressed to my Brother.

Brother beloved: if health shall smile again
Upon thine wasted form and fevered cheek;
If o'er returning vigour bid those weak
And languid limbs their gladsome strength regain;
Will many thy brow the placid glow retain
Of sweet contents, and thy pleased eye many speak
Thy conscious self-applause: but should I seek
To view what this heart can feel, ah! vain
Were the attempt! Yet kindest friend, no'er
May conch ye dread, and wasted with tenderness
The being whom your cares could e'en restore
Feign the cold grasp of Death; may ease your gaze
The feelings which this pen can ne'er express?
Feelings deep fixed in grateful Memory's store?

On gathering a Christmas Rose.

Oh, say, sweet Maid! what hand has been so cruel
To tear from its home the last poor flower
That patient lingered to this wintry hour,
Expanding slowly to the bungrial sun
It flourished yet, and yet it might have blown,
Had not thy sudden devastating power
Destroyed what many a storm and angry shower
Had pitying spared. The pride of summer gone,
Cherish what yet in plainer life can bloom,
And if domestic love still sweetly smiles,
If sheltered by thy cot, he yet beguiles
Thy wintry prospect of its dreary gloom,
Oh, from the spoiler's touch thy treasure screen,
To bask beneath Contentment's heam serene!

---------- Bright various flower
Who graces Mid the cold bound bower
Of wintry Spring! —

Like Patience, thou
Art found in thy Path
Instructing Hope, that Virtue's birth
Is Feeling's woe.

Thy pencil'd Petals!
The delicate Snowdrop, keeps
Her home with thee; she wakes and sleeps
Near thy pure side.

Dire Want and Grief!
A simple flower can steal
Dark Anarchy in his mind shall dwell
Through Passion's sphere.

J. B. Price.

Home

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved of Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth—
Time-honoured age, and long-enduring youth:
The wandering voyager, whose eye explores
The wealthiest cities, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Breathes not the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to the pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter, spot than all the rest;
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
There woman reigns: the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delighted eye,
An angel guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knee domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land, thy country, and that spot, thy home.

Ehrenbreitstein

Sour Child, we behold the best copy of Adam before his fall, although in a small letter: most he is happy whose hands practice in the world can only write their characters. He is nature's fresh picture newly drawn, which time and travelling stains and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith at length it becomes a blurred and confused note-book. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He trifles away hours, and, when the sweetness of the rod is past, smiles on its bearer. Nature and his parents alike dandle him, and tice him on with a bait of sugar, to a draught of wormwood: he plays yet, like a young jeantice, the fresh day, and is not come to his task of misery. All the language he speaks yet is love: his first business is in his tongue, as if he were both to make up for lost time and recover his long silence with talking. He hath all the world yet before him, whereof to make his choice: his ignorance makes him docible, and his innocence happy. Such is the disposition of that child, whose father kisses in jest before he whips in earnest; who makes his sports his exercises, and his very play a kind of labour; whose drums, rattles, and hobby-horses, but the emblems and mockings of man's business: his father hath writ him an abridgment of himself, a little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he cannot remember, and sighs to see what innocence he hath outlived. He is the Christian's example, and the old man's anapse: the one imitates his pureness, and the other finds out his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden, and exchanged but one Heaven for another.

Fran. Kirkham Elementy.

There is a flower, a snow white flower
Fragile as ice in morning shower
Would ever it's being, and the earth
Forget to what it gave a birth;
And it looks innocent and pale,
Light as the lead flame could avail
To black it from its bed, and yet
It's root in depths and strength is set.
The fairy sun, the autumn rain,
Lead on its tender stalk in vain.
Around it sprends, despite of care,
Till the whole garden is it's share,
And other plants must fade and pine
Beneath it's deep and deadly shade.
This is love's emblem, it is sweet
For all accompaniments of feast,
For light, too fair, to make mistake,
So ripe how that an after hour
Will ruin and reap it's fatal power.

Extracts from the Troubadour. &c. &c.

— This was now the loveliest part
Of the young poet's life, when first,
His wildest and most silvered moments,
His genius rises like a spring
Unmarked in its wanderings;
Ere winds shook its summer sleep,
Have chilled, or wasted it away;
When thoughts with their own brightness fill,
And their own beauty gleam over all,
Its waters flow in lovely moods divided
Between the perfume and whatever they fade.
I know not whether love can flow
So deeper with a boy's young wing
Than gaily loves. Power of song from him,
Yet ah! What wreath shall bind the shrine,
Though seemingly all bloom and light
Violet, thorn, and cankers, mourn and blight.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

One early oak grew by the spring,
The forest's patriarch and king;
A nightingale had built her nest
In the green shadow of its crest;
Bees in the hollow trunk like bees
Dwelt in their honey palaces;
Deer underneath its shelter stood,
Leaning like beauty o'er the flood
Watching each tender bud unclose,
A beautiful white Provencie rose.—
Yet warm and pale as that it knew
What changing skies and suns could do,
As that it knew, amid, knowing, sighs,
The vanity of human joys;
As watching could put off the hour
When fade the leaf, and fall the flower.
Alas! that every lovely thing
Lives only but for withering!—
That spring rainbows usual summer shine
Cold but in contrast's pale decline

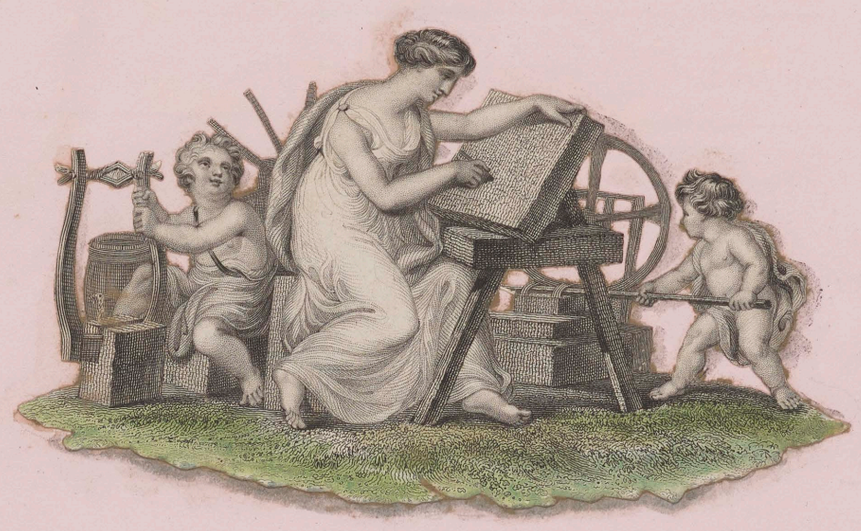
* * * * * * * * * * * *

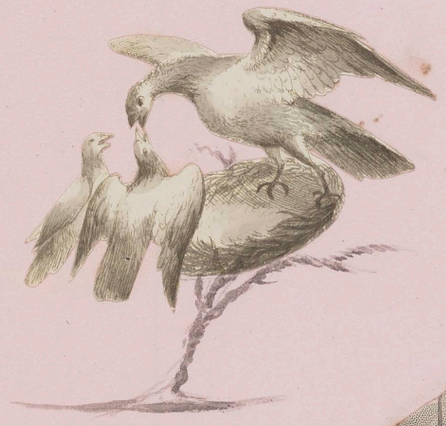
ROME.
VIEW FROM THE VILLA PAMFILI.

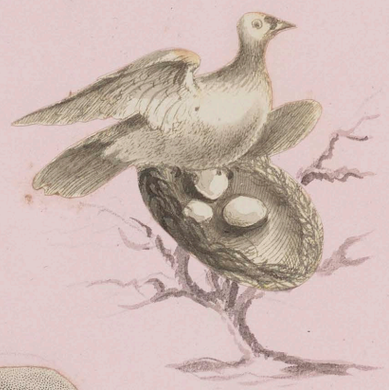
Pinelli f.

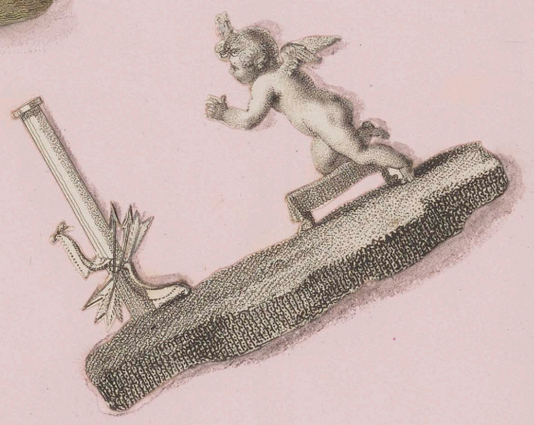
ROME.
VIEW OF THE CHURCH OF S^t JOHN AND S^t PAUL.

Pinelli f.





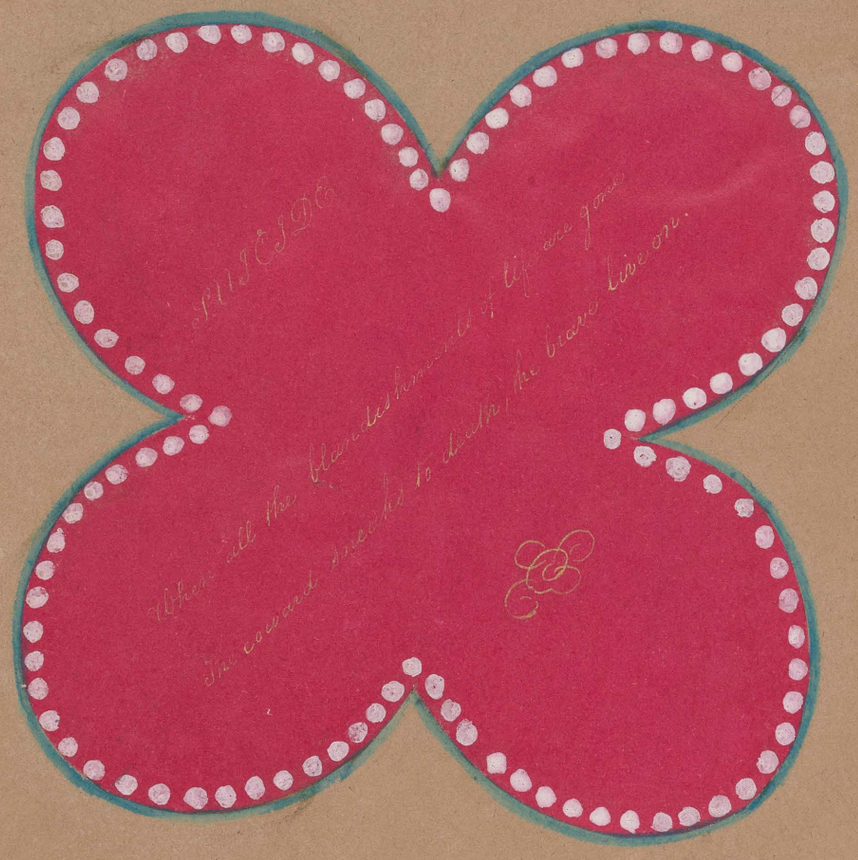




It has ever been considered that a knowledge of the Arts and Sciences is the greatest acquisition that can ornament and dignify the mind. To the discoveries of art we are indebted for all those elegant pursuits so congenial to a refined taste and so necessary to a finished education.

The arts may be divided into mechanical and liberal; the mechanical belonging more particularly to those which furnish us with the necessaries of life: and which policy will recommend to every country. The polite arts are more precarious; depending rather upon the labour of the mind than the hand, and are the produce of the imagination. The essence of the polite arts consists in expression; the end is pleasure; whereas the aim of the sciences is instruction and utility. Science as opposed to art denotes any doctrine deduced from self-evident principles. To Science seem to belong such things as may be discovered by the aid of sense and reason: Such as the laws of nature, — the rules of right and wrong — truth and error, of lines and numbers — in fine Science is a series of deductions or conclusions orderly and artfully laid down in words.

A Treatise on the Arts and Sciences


WHITE'D
When all the blandishments of life are gone
The coward wretch descends to death, the brave Lives on.

CROESUS
To Fortune with his latest breath he bound unmind
Who still is one thing, without her a meer nothing found

Dr. Popes Death
Arise ye glimmering Starr Forth
For, lo! the Sun of Verse is set

WHEAT'S HONOUR
Not to be confined, nor unjustly taxed
'Tis to confess what's wrong, and do what's right

Written at Sea.

When the dark fly a gentle breath is heaven,
And the bright stars dances in the Heaven
Up and down, as the rocking boat
Upon the ruffy waves doth float —
And the fresh sea sprinkles the sleeping decks,
And naught is seen but some drowsy speck
On the distant verge — and the sky above,
And the waters around — 'tis sweet to move
Gladly from one to another sound,
Guided by some invisible hand.
Gladly? — aye! for him who leaves
No friend behind, who dreams, and grieves
And dreads that every buoyy breath
Is the winged charioteer of death.
Ah! thus love is a fearful thing;
It hovers round on a vampire's wing;
Darkness is its abode — it dwells
In caverns and sepulchre — peopled cells;
'Tis wont to play with phantasms dread,
And wreathe the aconite round its head:
The desert and the grave it seeks,
And clouds are on its splendent cheeks;
And it sits in storms — and builds its throne
In lonely dark pavilions;
And its bright and spirit-piercing eyes
Are shrouded in thick anxieties.
Onwards! onwards! — lo, we sweep
The heaving bosom of the deep; —
Freshens the wind! — how gay to ride
On the pinions of the eternal tide,
And to live, as it were, in life's wreck,
Amidst the wild waters' fierce wrath!
It is as if life's currents too,

Driven by no impulse strange and new,
Held'd aside a sacrilegious course, — partaking
Of the eager spirit toward us waking).

But soon, too soon, the busy sea
Is still'd to us — reality
Dawn'd over us her tendrils wound:
We heard the dull and changeless sound:
Our bark conducts us to the shore,
And the fresh breeze impels no more;
For us repose the joyous waves —
And we all slumber in our graves.

Thou Maker of the storm! who guidest
Our little vessel, — who divided
The waves around us, — who hast spread
Heaven's canopy above our head,
And scatter'd thro' its gates of love
To waft us to our port above:
Thou! whose omnipotent voice can stay
The mighty ocean on the way;
Thou! subject vast of praise and wonder,
Who in the breeze and in the thunder
Art heard alike — to Thee, oh Friend!
O Father! I my lot commend.
And be it Thine, All-wise! as now,
A favouring passage to bestow
Through life's dark ocean — like the bound
Receives us in its mighty) wound,
Where we shall slumber like the day
Of days the greatest, sends its ray
Into the gloom sepulchral — then
Shall the saved spirit live again,
And enter on a course which never
Can be disturbed by vain endeavour,
Nor check'd by storms or billows dreary, —
Nor hearts despond — nor hopes be weary).

Witty Men it has been observed are generally poor, Whether justly so or no their poverty has been as Generally attributed to their wit. There may be Some justness in the observation, yet as no rule is Without an exception there are also many instances of Men who have risen in the world by their humour. Dr. Mountain Bishop of Durham, in the reign of George the second, was one of those fortunate mortals For from being the son of a beggar he raised himself To the highest eminence in the church— The See of York becoming vacant, his Majesty consulted the Bishop of Durham as to a proper successor to the Bishoprick; upon which the Doctor facetiously said— "Hadst thou faith as a grain of mustard seed— Thou wouldst say to this Mountain (Pointing to Himself) be removed, and cast into the Sea."—

Profitable Punning
101

Man flies from Time, and Time from Man.

Of all the methods which man in the abundance of his ingenuity, has invented by which to cheat himself, that of Procrastination is probably the most effectual. There is a trite remark of a venerable sage extant to this purpose, All the good you will ever do-must be done To day for there is no To morrow. That period which lies beyond the present moment, is not guaranteed to us by any pledge. To morrow, to us may become to day, or eternity. To suspend any thing important then upon so absolute uncertainty, is madness.

Defer not till to morrow to be wise,
To morrow's Sun to you may never rise,"

and if even it should return, opportunity may not return with it.

The day in hand
Like a Bird struggling to get loose is going
Scarce now possessed, so suddenly 'tis gone"
And if misused how terrible when gone!
"Gone – they never go; when past they haunt us still;
The spirit walks of every day deceased,
And smiles an Angel or a fury frowns.

The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort and an honest aim,
At once he draws the springs of life and death;
He walks with nature, and her paths are peace.

Friendship.

Oh! 'tis sweet to meet again
Forms that Fate hath hid full long;
'Tis sweet in grief to hear some strain
Resembling childhood's early song:
Those forms, those tones, at once renew
The smiles that graced each happy hour,
And steal as sweet as summer dew,
Reviving ev'ry sleeping flower.

Oh! 'tis sweet when fairies creep
Round the couch on which we lie,
And with midnight's peaceful sleep
Mingle dreams of days gone by:
Past vows, past loves, come o'er us then,
With cheeks in smiles whose home's the tomb,
And hours too bright to shine again,
Life's shadowy pathway to illume.

Oh! 'tis sweet to meet upon
Cheeks we prized in Love's young day,
Friendship's smile slow stealing on,
As Love's begins to fade away.
Love's moonlit'es sun may boast more light,
While it shines 'tis lovelier far;
But suns, tho' bright, will sink in night;
Then how holy's Friendship's star!

With violets, fragrant herbs, let none presume
To crown the summit of my lowly tomb;
Nor grace the spot where my remains are laid,
With the tall pyramid's majestic shade.

Rather let him whose proffered love would claim
The festive honours of fair friendship's name,
While life remains, such kind attention show,
And, ere too late, what friendship asks, bestow.

For when the sheers of fate have cleft in twain—
Embitt'ring thought!—sweet life's delusive chain,
I care not them, should thorns their blossom shed
'Mid the wide ruins of my channel bed.

The Snowdrop.

I've oft admired the lonely flower
That 'midst the windy snows,
When other flowrets bloom no more,
Its silv'ry bosom shows.

I've thought it represented Hope,
Which, with support replete,
Pours in the bitterest earthly cup
A more than earthly sweet.

Yes, let affliction force the tear,
The world our bosoms sting;
Hope, like the snowdrop, still should cheer,
And point to coming Spring.

'Twas not alone this loveliness
That falls to loveliest woman's share,
Though even there her form could spare
From its own beauty's rich excess,
Enough to make all others fair;—
But 'twas the mind sparkling about
Through her whole frame—the soul brought out
To light each charm, yet independent
Of what it lighted; as the sun
That shines on flow'rs would be resplendent,
Were there no flow'rs to shine upon.

Song.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,—
As if the soul that mine did take caught
Some treasure it through life had sought.

As if the very lips and eyes
Predestin'd to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy every glance and tone,
When first on me they breath'd and shone,
Now, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome, as if lov'd for years.

E. S.

What is Prayer?

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on High!

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watch-word at the gates of death,
He enters Heaven with prayer!

Oh, Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life - the Truth - the Way.—
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod,
Lord teach us how to pray. —

As sweeps the bark before the breeze,
White waters calmly close around,
Till of her pathway through the seas
The track no more is found; —
Thus, passing down Oblivion's tide,
The wanderous visions of the mind
Fleet as that ocean fragrance glide,
And leave no trace behind.

But the bare page may still recall
Some dream of feeling else untold. —
The silent record of a heart,
Even when that heart is cold:
Its love memorials here may bloom,
Perchance to gentle bosoms dear, —
Like flowers that linger o'er the tomb,
Bedewed with Friendship's tear.

Seek not, for the record of fame,
The wreath above my head to twine; —
Enough for me to leave my name
Within their friendly shrine; —
To think that o'er these lines thine eye
May wander in some future year,
And Memory breathe a passing sigh
For her who traced them here.

Calm sleeps the sea when storms are o'er,
With bosoms stilled and serene,
And but the planet upon the shore
Reveals that wrecks have been.
So some frail leaf, like this, may be
Left floating o'er Time's silent tide;
The sole remaining trace of me;
To tell I lived and died.

Religion! soother of all our human sorrows, source and refiner of all our real joys! shed thy heavenly influence on our souls;
direct our pursuits; pervade and consecrate all our thoughts, words and actions; or we can never answer the designs of God in our creation.